

THE
NEW (ENGLISH DRAMA)

WITH

PREFATORY REMARKS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, AND NOTES,

Critical and Explanatory ;

*Being the only Edition existing which is faithfully marked with
the*

STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS, .

As Performed

At the Theatres Royal.

By (W. OXBERRY) COMEDIAN.

VOLUME SEVENTH.

CONTAINING

A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.—ROAD TO RUIN.

BEAUX' STRATAGEM.—AS YOU LIKE IT.—KING JOHN

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE-STREET ;
AND C. CHAPPLE, 66, FALL-MALL.

1819.

Oxberry's Edition.

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A COMEDY;

By Mrs. Centlivre.

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**From the Press of W. Oxberry & Co:
8, White-hart-yard,**

Remarks.



A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE is another of Mrs. Centlivre's comedies ; and an admirable one it is. The scope it gives for the various display of an actor's talents in the principal character, Colonel Feignwell, is unequalled. The affected fine gentleman, the impudent quack, the Dutch merchant, and the gifted brother, who are supposed to pay their court to the four guardians of the same young lady, have all an opportunity of shewing themselves in their true and striking colours, and while we laugh at their different jargon, dress, foppery, and quaintness, we are proportionably delighted with the ingenuity of the performer who wears so many disguises, and in all of them pleases. The conscious pleasure we derive from the ability of a good actor is in general, as it were, defeated by the very excellence of his performance, which leads us to identify the individual with the character he represents so nearly to the life. It is only when he in some sort reconciles contradictions, and personates opposite characters before our eyes, that we are forcibly undeceived, and enjoy at the same time the truth of the imitation of nature, together with the triumph of the actor's art. We remember to have had this sensation in a very proud and pre-eminent degree in witnessing Mr. Bannister's representation of the versatile hero of this comic romance. While the extreme contrasts of outward manners and appearance strike the mind as more ludicrous from being thus incongruously combined in the same person, and assumed in sport, they perhaps suggest another lesson tacitly to the spectator, that it is the dress which makes the chief distinction not only on the stage, but in real life, and that at bottom there is little other distinction than a broad brim or regimental cocked hat between the actual Colonel Feignwell and the true Simon Pure. Anne Lovely, the ward of so many guardians, the object and the prize of so many shifting contrivances, starts at the

sight of the supposed sanctified grimacer, but as soon as she finds her mistake, runs into the embraces of her military gallant. But it has been long observed that *the hood does not make the monk*: and the fair lady might have been equally mistaken in her man, though he should have worn a plain drab instead of a gay scarlet coat all his life, and not merely once for a frolic. The invention exhibited in the plot of *A Bold Stroke for a Wife* cannot be too much praised: the execution of the details is nearly equal to it. Of the several parts which Feignwell has to assume in the prosecution of his design, that of the beau is the least prominent, and that of the burgo-master the most mechanical. The Egyptian traveller and the Quaker brother are the most copious and amusing. Simon Pure is indeed so very plausible in his pretensions, and moved so irresistibly by the flesh and the spirit, that he has become a kind of proverbial nickname for a canting hypocritical Friend. The four guardians are well described, and happily made to contribute their parts to the success of the main enterprise. Though the design upon all four is the same, it does not run into monotony, but is varied with different episodes and accompaniments, and meets with different obstacles, in each instance. Sackbut, the landlord, is also a very entertaining character; and makes a good second in a mischievous plot. On the whole, though there are many comedies more rich in wit and sentiment, there are very few more full of life and spirit than the following.

W. H.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. THURMOND.

To-night we come upon a bold design,
To try to please without one borrow'd line;
Our plot is new and regularly clear;
And not one single tittle from *Moliere*;
O'er buried poets we with caution tread,
And parish sextons leave to rob the dead.
For you, bright British fair, in hopes to charm ye,
We bring to-night a lover from the army;
You know the soldiers have the strangest arts,
Such a proportion of prevailing parts,
You'd think that they rid post to women's hearts. }
I wonder whence they draw their bold pretence;
We do not choose them sure for our defence?—
That plea is both impolitic and wrong,
And only suit such dames as want a tongue.
Is it their eloquence and fine address?
The softness of their language?—Nothing less.
Is it their courage, that they bravely dare
To storm our sex at once?—'Egad, 'tis there:
They act by us as in the rough campaign,
Unmindful of repulses, charge again;
They mine and countermine, resolv'd to win,
And, if a breach is made,—they will come in.
You'll think, by what we have of soldiers said,
Our female wit was in the service bred;
But she is to the hardy toil a stranger,
She loves the cloth indeed, but hates the danger.
Yet to this circle of the brave and gay, }
She bid one for her good intentions say,
She hopes you'll not reduce her to half-pay.
As for our play, 'tis English humour all;
Then will you let our manufacture fall?
Would you the honour of our nation raise,
Keep English credit up, and English plays.

ÉPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. SEWEL.

WHAT new strange ways our modern beaux devise
What trials of love's skill to gain the prize !
The heathen gods, who never matter'd rapes,
Scarce wore such strange variety of shapes ;
The devil take their odious, barren skulls,
To court in form of snakes and filthy bulls,
Old Jove once nick'd it too, as I am told,
In a whole lapful of true standard gold ;
How must his godship then fair Danae warm !
In trucking ware for ware, there is no harm ;
Well, after all that, money has a charm. }
But now, indeed, that stale invention's past ;
Besides, you know, that guineas fall so fast, }
Poor nymph must come to pocket-piece at last,
Old Harry's face, or good queen Bess's ruff,—
Not that I'd take 'em,—may do well enough ;
No ;—my ambitious spirit's far above
Those little tricks of mercenary love.
That man be mine, who, like the col'nel here,
Can top his character in every sphere ;
Who can a thousand ways employ his wit,
Out-promise statesmen, and out-cheat a cit ;
Beyond the colours of a trav'ller paint,
And cant, and ogle too,—beyond a saint.
The last disguise most pleas'd me, I confess ;
There's something tempting in the preaching dress ;
And pleas'd me more than once a dame of note,
Who lov'd her husband in his footman's coat.
To see one eye in wanton motions play'd ;
The other to the heav'nly regions stray'd, }
As if it for its fellow frailties pray'd ;
But yet I hope, for all that I have said,
To find my spouse a man of war in bed.

Costume.

COLONEL FEIGNWELL. .

First Dress.—Blue regimental coat, white waistcoat and breeches.
Second Dress.—Green dress coat. do. do. do. **Third Dress.**—Black gown, yellow sash. **Fourth Dress.**—Drab coloured great coat. **Fifth Dress.**—Drab coat, waistcoat, and breeches. **Sixth Dress.**—Brown coloured quaker's suit.

FREEMAN.

Blue coat buff waistcoat and breeches.

OBADIAH PRIM.

Dark brown Quaker's suit.

SIR PHILIP MODELOVE.

Suit of velvet dress clothes embroider'd.

PERIWINKLE.

Drab coloured doublet cloak and breeches.

TRADELOVE.

Plain suit.

SACKBUT.

Blue coat, buff waistcoat and breeches.

SIMON PURE.

Drab coloured Quaker's suit.

MRS. PRIM.

Grey silk gown, white quilted petticoat, white apron, and black hood.

ANNE LOVELY.

First Dress.—White muslin dress trimmed with lace. **Second Dress.**—Grey sarsnet, round gown.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Covent-garden, 1774. Drury-lane, 1814.</i>	
<i>Colonel Feignwell</i>	Mr. Woodward.	Mr. Banuister.
<i>Sir Philip Modelove</i>	Mr. Booth.	Mr. Penley.
<i>Periwinkle</i>	Mr. Quick.	Mr. Munden.
<i>Tradelove</i>	Mr. Dunstall.	Mr. Penson.
<i>Obadiah Prim</i>	Mr. Shuter.	Mr. Downton.
<i>Freeman</i>	Mr. Whitefield.	Mr. Wallack.
<i>Simon Pure</i>	Mr. Wewitzer.	Mr. Oxberry.
<i>Sackbut</i>	Mr. Fearon.	Mr. Palmer.
<i>Anne Lovely</i>	Miss Macklin.	Mrs. Glover.
<i>Mrs. Prim</i>	Mrs. Pitt.	Mrs. Sparks.
<i>Betty</i>	Mrs. Evans.	Miss Tidswell.

Stackbrokers, Gentlemen, Travellers, Coachman, &c. &c.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is one hour and forty-seven minutes. The first act occupies the space of nineteen minutes;—the second, eighteen;—the third, twenty;—the fourth twenty;—and the fifth, twenty-four. The half price commences, generally, at half past eight.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H.....		Left Hand.
S.E.....		Second Entrance.
U.E.....		Upper Entrance.
M.D.....		Middle Door.
D.F.....		Door in Flat.
R.H.D.....		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.....		Left Hand Door.

A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Tavern.*

COLONEL FEIGNWELL and FREEMAN are discovered over a Bottle.

Free. Come, colonel, his majesty's health.—You are as melancholy as if you were in love! I wish some of the beauties of Bath han't snapt your heart.

Col. F. Why 'faith, Freeman, there is something in't: I have seen a lady at Bath, who has kindled such a flame in me; that all the waters there can't quench.

Free. Is she not to be had, colonel?

Col. F. That's a difficult question to answer; however, I resolve to try; perhaps you may be able to serve me; you merchants know one another.—The lady told me herself she was under the charge of four persons.

Free. Odso! 'tis miss Anne Lovely.

Col. F. The same;—do you know her?

Free. Know her! ay.—'Faith, colonel, your condition is more desperate than you imagine: why, she is the talk and pity of the whole town: and it is the opinion of the learned, that she must die a maid.

Col. F. That's somewhat odd, in this charitable city.—She's a woman, I hope?

Free. For aught I know;—but it had been as well for her had nature made her any other part of the creation. The man who keeps this house served her father; he is a very honest fellow, and may be of use to you: we'll send for him to take a glass with us; he'll give you her whole history, and 'tis worth your hearing.

Col. F. But may one trust him?

Free. With your life; I have obligations enough upon him, to make him do any thing; I serve him with wine. (*Rings.*)

Col. F. Nay, I know him very well myself. I once used to frequent a club that was kept here.

Enter WAITER, L.H.

Wai. Gentlemen, d'ye call?

Free. Ay, send up your master.

Wai. Yes, sir.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Col. F. Do you know any of this lady's guardians, Freeman?

Free. I know two of them very well.

Enter SACKBUT, L.H.

Free. Here comes one will give you an account of them all.—Mr. Sackbut, we sent for you to take a glass with us. 'Tis a maxim among the friends of the bottle, that as long as the master is in company, one may be sure of good wine.

Sack. Sir, you shall be sure to have as good wine as you send in.—Colonel, your most humble servant; you are welcome to town.

Col. F. I thank you, Mr. Sackbut.

Sack. I am as glad to see you as I should a hundred tun of French claret, custom free.—My service to you, sir. (*Drinks.*) You don't look so merry as you used to do; aren't you well, colonel?

Free. He has got a woman in his head, landlord; can you help him?

Sack. If 'tis in my power, I shan't scruple to serve my friend.

Col. F. 'Tis one perquisite of your calling.

Sack. Ay, at t'other end of the town, where you officers use, women are good forcers of trade: a well-customed house, a handsome bar-keeper, with clean obliging drawers, soon get the master an estate; but our citizens seldom do any thing but cheat within the walls.—But as to the lady, colonel, point you at particulars? Or have you a good Champagne stomach? Are you in full pay, or reduced, colonel?

Col. F. Reduced, reduced, landlord!

Free. To the miserable condition of a lover!

Sack. Pish! that's preferable to half-pay: a woman's resolution may break before the peace: push her home, colonel, there's no parlying with the fair sex.

Col. F. Were the lady her own mistress, I have some reasons to believe I should soon command in chief.

Free. You know miss Lovely, Mr. Sackbut?

Sack. Know her! Ay, poor Nancy; I have carried her to school many a frosty morning. Alas! if she's the woman, I pity you, colonel; her father, my old master, was the most whimsical, out-of-the-way temper'd man, I ever heard of, as you will guess by his last will and testament. This was his only child; and I have heard him wish her dead a thousand times. He died worth thirty thousand pounds, which he left to his daughter, provided she married with the consent of her guardians; but that she might be sure never to do so, he left her in the care of four men, as opposite to each other as the four elements; each has his quarterly rule, and three months in the year she is obliged to be subject to each of their humours, and they are pretty different, I assure you.—She is just come from Bath.

Col. F. 'Twas there I saw her.

Sack. Ay, sir, the last quarter was her beau guardian's.—She appears in all public places during his reign.

Col. F. She visited a lady who boarded in the same house with me; I liked her person, and found an opportunity to tell her so. She replied she had no

objection to mine ; but if I could not reconcile contradictions, I must not think of her, for that she was condemned to the caprice of four persons, who never yet agreed in any one thing, and she was obliged to please them all,

Sack. 'Tis most true, sir ; I'll give you a short description of the men, and leave you to judge of the poor lady's condition. One is a kind of virtuoso, a silly half-witted fellow, but positive and surly, fond of every thing antique and foreign, and wears his clothes of the fashion of the last century, dotes upon travellers, and believes more of sir John Mandeville than he does of the Bible.

Col. F. That must be a rare odd fellow.

Sack. Another is a change broker ; a fellow that will out-lie the devil for the advantage of stock, and cheat his father that got him, in a bargain ; he is a great stickler for trade, and hates every man that wears a sword.

Free. He is a great admirer of the Dutch management, and swears they understand trade better than any nation under the sun.

Sack. The third is an old beau, that has May in his fancy and dress, but December in his face and his heels : he admires all new fashions, and those must be French ; loves operas, balls, masquerades, and is always the most tawdry of the whole company on a birth-day.

Col. F. These are pretty opposite one to another, truly ; and the fourth, what is he, landlord ?

Sack. A very rigid quaker, whose quarter began this day.—I saw miss Lovely go in, not above two hours ago.—Sir Philip set her down. What think you now, colonel, is not the poor lady to be pitied ?

Col. F. Ay, and rescued too, landlord.

Free. In my opinion that's impossible.

Col. F. There is nothing impossible to a lover. What would not a man attempt for a fine woman and thirty thousand pounds ? Besides my honour is at

stake : I promised to deliver her, and she bid me win her and wear her.

Sack. That's fait, faith !

Free. If it depended upon knight-errantry, I should not doubt your setting free the damsel ; but to have avarice, impertinence, hypocrisy, and pride, at once to deal with, requires more cunning than generally attends a man of honour.

Col. F. My fancy tells me I shall come off with glory. I resolve to try however.—Do you know all the guardians, Mr. Sackbut ?

Sack. Very well ; they all use my house.

Col. F. And will you assist me, if occasion requires ?

Sack. In every thing I can, colonel.

Free. I'll answer for him.

Col. F. First I'll attack my beau guardian ; where lives he ?

Sack. 'Faith, somewhere about St. James's ; though to say in what street, I cannot ; but any chairman will tell you where sir Philip Modelove lives.

Free. Oh ! you'll find him in the Park at eleven every day ; at least I never pass through at that hour without seeing him there.—But what do you intend ?

Col. F. To address him in his own way, and find what he designs to do with the lady.

Free. And what then ?

Col. F. Nay, that I can't tell ; but I shall take my measures accordingly.

Sack. Well, 'tis a mad undertaking, in my mind ; but here's to your success, colonel. (*Drinks.*)

Col. F. 'Tis something out of the way, I confess ; but fortune may chance to smile, and I succeed.

*Bold was the man who ventur'd first to sea,
But the first vent'ring lovers holder were.
The path of love's a dark and dang'rous way,
Without a landmark or one friendly star.
And he that runs the risk, deserves the fair.*

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Prim's House.*

Enter MISS LOVELY and her maid BETTY, R.H.

Betty. Bless me, madam! why do you fret and teaze yourself so? This is giving them the advantage, with a witness.

Miss L. Must I be condemned all my life to the preposterous humours of other people, and pointed at by every boy in town!—Oh! I could tear my flesh and curse the hour I was born. Isn't it monstrously ridiculous that they should desire to impose their quaking dress upon me at these years? When I was a child, no matter what they made me wear; but now,—

Betty. I would resolve against it, madam; I'd see 'em hanged before I'd put on the pinch'd cap again.

Miss L. Then I must never expect one moment's ease; she has rung such a peal in my ears already, that I shan't have the right use of them this month.—What can I do?

Betty. What can you not do, if you will but give your mind to it? Marry, madam.

Miss L. What! and have my fortune go to build churches and hospitals?

Betty. Why, let it go.—If the colonel loves you, as he pretends, he'll marry you without a fortune, madam; and I assure you a colonel's lady is no despicable thing.

Miss L. So you would advise me to give up my own fortune, and throw myself upon the colonel's!

Betty. I would advise you to make yourself easy, madam.

Miss L. That's not the way, I'm sure. No, no, girl, there are certain ingredients to be mingled with matrimony, without which I may as well change for the worse as the better. When the woman has fortune enough to make the man happy, if he has either honour or good manners, he'll make her easy. Love makes but

a slovenly figure in a house, where poverty keeps the door.

Betty. And so you resolve to die a maid, do you, madam?

Miss L. Or have it in my power to make the man I love master of my fortune.

Betty. When you don't like the colonel so well as I thought you did, madam, or you would not take such a resolution.

Miss L. It is because I do like him, Betty, that I do take such a resolution.

Betty. Why, do you expect madam, the colonel can work miracles? Is it possible for him to marry you with the consent of all your guardians?

Miss L. Or he must not marry me at all; and so I told him; and he did not seem displeased with the news.—He promised to set me free; and I, on that condition, promised to make him master of that freedom.

Betty. Well! I have read of enchanted castles, ladies delivered from the chains of magic, giants killed, and monsters overcome; so that I shall be the less surprised if the colonel shall conjure you out of the power of your four guardians: if he does, I am sure he deserves your fortune.

Miss L. And shall have it, girl, if it were ten times as much;—for I'll ingeniously confess to thee, that I do love the colonel above all the men I ever saw:—There's something so jantee in a soldier, a kind of je ne scais quoi air, that makes them more agreeable than all the rest of mankind. They command regard, as who shall say, "We are your defenders; we preserve your beauties from the insults of rude and unpolished foes, and ought to be preferred before those lazy indolent mortals, who, by dropping into their father's estates, set up their coaches, and think to rattle themselves into your affections."

Betty. Nay, madam, I confess that the army has engrossed all the prettiest fellows.—A laced coat and a feather have irresistible charms.

Miss L. But the colonel has all the beauties of the

mind as well as the body.—O all ye powers that favour happy lovers, grant that he may be mine! Thou god of love, if thou be'st aught but name, assist my Feignwell!

*Point all thy darts to aid his just design,
And make his plots as prevalent as thine.*

[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Park.*

SIR PHILIP MODELOVE discovered upon a bench, with a Woman, masked, L.H.

Sir P. Well but, my dear, are you really constant to your keeper?

Wom. Yes, really, sir.—Hey-day! who comes yonder? He cuts a mighty figure.

Sir P. Ha! a stranger, by his equipage keeping so close at his heels.—He has the appearance of a man of quality.—Positively French, by his dancing air.

Wom. He crosses, as if he meant to sit down here.

Sir P. He has a mind to make love to thee, child.

Enter COLONEL, L.H.

Wom. It will be to no purpose if he does.

Sir P. Are you resolved to be cruel then?

Col. F. You must be very cruel indeed, if you can deny any thing to so fine a gentleman, madam.

(*Takes out his watch.*)

Wom. I never mind the outside of a man.

Col. F. And I'm afraid thou art no judge of the inside.

Sir P. I am positively of your mind, sir; for creatures of her function seldom penetrate beyond the pocket.

Wom. Coxcombs ! *[Aside, and exit, L.H.*

Sir P. Pray what says your watch? mine is down.
(*Pulling out his watch.*)

Col. F. I want thirty-six minutes of twelve, sir.
(*Puts up his Watch, and takes out his Snuff-box.*)

Sir P. May I presume, sir.

Col. F. Sir, you honour me. *(Presenting the box.)*

* *Sir P.* He speaks good English,—though he must be a foreigner: (*Aside.*)—This snuff is extremely good,—and the box prodigious fine: the work is French, I presume, sir.

Col. F. I bought it in Paris, sir.—I do think the workmanship pretty neat.

Sir P. Neat ! 'tis exquisitely fine, sir. Pray, sir, if I may take the liberty of inquiring,—what country is so happy to claim the birth of the finest gentleman in the universe ? France, I presume.

Col. F. Then you don't think me an Englishman?

Sir P. No, upon my soul, don't I.

Col. F. I am sorry for't.

Sir P. Impossible you should wish to be an Englishman ! Pardon me, sir, this island could not produce a person of such alertness.

Col. F. As this mirror shows you, sir. (*Puts up a pocket-glass to Sir Philip's Face.*) I know not how to distinguish you, sir; but your mien and address speak you right honourable.

Sir P. Thus great souls judge of others by themselves.—I am only adorned with knighthood : that's all, I assure you, sir ; my name is Sir Philip Modelove.

Col. F. Of French extraction?

Sir P. My father was French.

Col. F. One may plainly perceive it.—There is a certain gaiety peculiar to my nation, (for I will own myself a Frenchman,) which distinguishes us every where.—A person of your figure would be a vast addition to a coronet.

Sir P. I must own I had the offer of a barony about five years ago, but I abhorred the fatigue which

must have attended it.—I could never yet bring myself to join with either party.

Col. F. You are perfectly in the right, sir Philip;—a fine person should not embark himself in the slovenly concern of politics: dress and pleasure are objects proper for the soul of a fine gentleman.

Sir P. And love.—

Col. F. Oh! that's included under the article of pleasure.

Sir P. Parbleu! il est un homme d'esprit. May I crave your name, sir?

Col. F. My name is La Feignwell, sir, at your service.

Sir P. The La Feignwells are French, I know; though the name is become very numerous in Great Britain of late years.—I was sure you was French the moment I laid my eyes upon you; I could not come into the supposition of your being an Englishman: this island produces few such ornaments.

Col. F. Are you married, sir Philip?

Sir P. No; nor do I believe I shall ever enter into that honourable state: I have an absolute tendre for the whole sex.

Col. F. That's more than they have for you, I dare swear. (*Aside.*) I find I was very much mistaken.—I imagined you had been married to that young lady whom I saw in the chariot with you this morning in Gracechurch-street.

Sir P. Who, Nancy Lovely? I am a piece of a guardian to that lady. You must know her father, I thank him, joined me with three of the most preposterous old fellows,—that, upon my soul, I am in pain for the poor girl; she must certainly lead apes, ha, ha!

Col. F. That's a pity, sir Philip. If the lady would give me leave, I would endeavour to avert that curse.

Sir P. As to the lady, she'd gladly be rid of us at any rate, I believe; but here's the mischief: he who marries miss Lovely, must have the consent of us all four,—or not a penny of her portion.—For my part, I shall never approve of any but a man of figure,—and

the rest are not only averse to cleanliness, but have each a peculiar taste to gratify,—For my part, I declare I would prefer you to all men I ever saw.

Col. F. And I her to all women,——

Sir P. I assure you, Mr. Feignwell, I am for marrying her, for I hate the trouble of a guardian, especially among such wretches; but resolve never to agree to the choice of any one of them,—and I fancy they'll be even with me, for they never came into any proposal of mine yet.

Col. F. I wish I had leave to try them, sir Philip.

Sir P. With all my soul, sir; I can refuse a person of your appearance nothing.

Col. F. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you.

Sir P. But do you really like matrimony?

Col. F. I believe I could with that lady.

Sir P. The only point in which we differ.—But you are master of so many qualifications, that I can excuse one fault: for I must think it a fault in a fine gentleman; and that you are such, I'll give it under my hand.

Col. F. I wish you'd give me your consent to marry miss Lovely under your hand, sir Philip.

Sir P. I'll do't, if you'll step into St. James's Coffee-house, where we may have pen and ink;—though I can't foresee what advantage my consent will be to you, without you can find a way to get the rest of the guardians; but I'll introduce you, however. She is now at a quaker's, where I carried her this morning, when you saw us in Gracechurch-street.—I assure you she has an odd ragôt of guardians, as you will find when you hear the characters, which I'll endeavour to give you as we go along.—Hey! Pierre, Jacque, Renno.—Where are you all, scoundrels?—Order the chariot to St. James's Coffee-house.

Col. F. Le Noire, La Brun, La Blanc—Morbleu, où sont ces coquins là? Allons, monsieur le Chevalier.

[*Enter three Servants, L.H.*

Sir P. Ah! Pardonnez moi, monsieur.

Col. F. Not one step upon my soul, sir Philip.

Sir P. The best bred man in Europe, positively.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*Obadiah Prim's House.*

Enter MISS LOVELY and MRS. PRIM, L.H.

Mrs. P. Then thou wilt not obey me; and thou dost really think those fallals become thee?

Miss L. I do, indeed.

Mrs. P. Now will I be judged by all sober people, if I don't look more like a sober woman than thou dost, Anne.

Miss L. More like a hypocrite you mean, Mrs. Prim.

Mrs. P. Ah! Anne, Anne, that wicked Philip Mode-love will undo thee.—Satan so fills thy heart with pride, during the three months of his guardianship, that thou becomest a stumbling-block to the upright.

Miss L. Pray who are they? Are the pinched cap and formal hood the emblems of sanctity? Does your virtue consist in your dress, Mrs. Prim?

Mrs. P. It doth not consist in cut hair, spotted face, and a bare neck.—Oh the wickedness of the generation! the primitive women knew not the abomination of short petticoats.

Miss L. No; nor the abomination of cant neither. Dont tell me, Mrs. Prim, don't.—I know you have as much pride, vanity, self-conceit, and ambition among you, couched under that formal habit and sanctified countenance, as the proudest of us all; but the world begins to see your prudery.

Mrs. P. Prudery! What! do they invent new words as well as new fashions? Ah! poor fantastic age, I pity thee.—Poor deluded Anne, which dost thou think most resemblenth the saint, and which the sinner, thy dress or mine? Thy naked bosom allureth the eye of the by-stander,—encourageth the frailty of human nature,—and corrupteth the soul with evil longings.

Miss L. And pray who corrupted your son Tobias

with evil longings? Your maid Tabitha wore a handkerchief, and yet he made the saint a sinner.

Mrs. P. Well, well, spit thy malice. I confess Satan did buffet my son Tobias, and my servant Tabitha: the evil spirit was at that time too strong, and they both became subject to its workings; not from any outward provocation,—but from an inward call: he was not tainted with the rottenness of the fashions, nor did his eyes take in the drunkenness of beauty.

Miss L. No! that's plainly to be seen.

Mrs. P. Tabitha is one of the faithful: he fell not with a stranger.

Miss L. So! then you hold wenching no crime, provided it be within the pale of your own tribe.—You are an excellent casuist, truly!

Enter OBADIAH PRIM, L.H.

Obad. Not stripped of thy vanity yet, Anne! Why dost thou not make her put it off, Sarah?

Mrs. P. She will not do it

Obad. Verily thy naked bosom troubleth my outward man: put on an handkerchief, Anne Lovely.

Miss L. I hate handkerchiefs when 'tis not cold weather, Mr. Prim.

Mrs. P. I have seen thee wear a handkerchief, in the middle of July.

Miss L. Ay to keep the sun from scorching me.

Obad. If thou couldst not bear the sunbeams, how dost thou think man can bear thy beams?

Miss L. Let me be quiet, I say.—Must I be tormented thus for ever?—Sure no womans's condition ever equalled mine! Foppery, folly, avarice, and hypocrisy are, by turns, my constant companions.—I cannot think my father meant this tyranny! No, you usurp an authority which he never intended you should take.

Obad. Hark thee, dost thou call good counsel tyranny? Do I or my wife tyrannise, when we desire thee in all love to put off thy tempting attire?

Miss L. I wish I were in my grave! Kill me rather than treat me thus:

Obad. Kill thee! ha, ha! thou thinkest thou art acting some lewd play sure.—Kill thee! Art thou prepared for death, Anne Lovely? No, no, thou would'st rather have a husband, Anne.—Thou wantest a gilt coach, with six lazy fellows behind, to flaunt it in the ring of vanity, among the princes and rulers of the land,—who pamper themselves with the fatness thereof; but I will take care that none shall squander away thy father's estate; thou shalt marry none such, Anne.

Miss L. Would you marry me to one of your own canting sect?

Obad. Yea, verily, no one else shall ever get my consent, I do assure thee, Anne.

Miss L. And I do assure thee, Obadiah, that I will as soon turn Papist, and die in a convent.

Mrs. P. O wickedness!

Miss L. O stupidity!

Obad. O blindness of heart!

Miss L. Thou blinder of the world, don't provoke me,—lest I betray your sanctity, and leave your wife to judge of your purity?—What were the emotions of your spirit,—when you squeeze'd Mary by the hand last night in the pantry.—Don't you remember, Mr. Prim?

Mrs. P. What does she say, Obadiah?

Obad. She talketh unintelligibly, Sarah.—Which way did she hear this? This should not have reach'd the ears of the wicked ones.—Verily it troubleth me.

(*Aside.*)

Enter a SERVANT, L.H.

Serv. Philip Modelove, whom they call sir Philip, is below, and such another with him; shall I send them up?

Obad. Yea.

[*Exit Servant, L.H.*]

*Enter SIR PHILIP MODELOVE and COLONEL FEIGN-
WELL, L.H.*

Sir P. How dost thou do, friend Prim? Odso! my

she friend here too ! What, are you 'documenting miss Nancy ? Reading her a lecture upon the pinch'd coif, I warrant ye !

Mrs. P. I am sure thou didst never read her any lecture that was good. My flesh so riseth at these wicked ones, that prudence adviseth me to withdraw from their sight.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Col. F. Oh, that I could find means to speak with her ! How charming she appears ! I wish I could get this letter into her hand.

(*Aside.*)

Sir P. Well, miss, I hope thou hast got the better of them.

Miss L. The difficulties of my life are not to be surmounted, sir Philip. I hate the impertinence of him as much as the stupidity of the other.

(*Aside.*)

Obad. Verily Philip, thou wilt spoil this maiden.

Sir P. I find we still differ in opinion ; but that we may none of us spoil her, pr'ythee, Prim, let us consent to marry her. I have sent for our brother quar-drant to meet me here about this very thing.—Madam, will you give me leave to recommend a husband to you ?—Here's a gentleman, whom, in my mind, you can have no objection to.

(*Presents the Colonel to her ; she looks another way.*)

Miss L. Heaven deliver me from the formal and the fantastic fool !

Col. F. A fine woman,—a fine horse, and fine equipage, are the finest things in the universe ; and if I am so happy to possess you, madam, I shall become the envy of mankind, as much as you outshine your whole sex. (*As he takes her Hand to kiss it, he endeavours to put a letter into it ; she lets it drop ;—Prim takes up.*)

Miss L. I have no ambition to appear conspicuously ridiculous, sir.

(*Turning from him.*)

Col. F. So fail the hopes of Feignwell.

Miss L. Ha ! Feignwell ! 'tis he ! What have I done ! Prim has the letter, and it will be discovered.

(*Aside.*)

Obad. Friend, I know not thy name, so cannot call thee by it; but thou seest thy letter is unwelcome to the maiden: she will not read it.

Miss L. Nor shall you; (*Snatches the Letter.*) I'll tear it in a thousand pieces, and scatter it, as I will the hopes of all those that any of you shall recommend to me. (*Tears the Letter.*)

Sir P. Ha! Right woman, 'faith!

Col. F. Excellent woman! (*Aside.*)

Obad. Friend, thy garb savoureth too much of the vanity of the age for my approbation; nothing that resembleth Philip Modelove, shall I love—Mark that therefore friend Philip bring no more of thy own apes, under my roof.

Sir P. I am so entirely a stranger to the monsters of thy breed, that I shall bring none of them I am sure.

Col. F. I am likely to have a pretty task by the time I have gone through them all; but she's a city worth taking, and 'egad I'll carry on the siege: if I can but blow up the out-works, I fancy I am pretty secure of the town. (*Aside.*)

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Serv. Toby Periwinkle and Thomas Tradelove demand to see thee. (*To Sir Philip.*)

Sir P. Bid them come up. [*Exit Servant, L.H.*]

Miss L. Deliver me from such an inundation of noise and nonsense. Oh, Feignwell! whatever thy contrivance be, prosper it, heaven. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Sir P. Sic transit gloria mundi!

Enter PERIWINKLE and TRADELOVE, L.H.

These are my brother guardians, Mr. Feignwell.—
Pr'ythee observe the creatures.

(*Aside to Colonel Feignwell.*)

Trade. Well, sir Philip, I obey your summons.

Per. Pray what have you to offer for the good of miss Lovely, sir Philip?

Sir P. First, I desire to know what you intend to do

with that lady? Must she be sent to the Indies for a venture,—or live an old maid, and then be entered amongst your curiosities, and shown for a monster, Mr. Periwinkle?

Col. F. Humph, curiosities; that must be the virtuous. (Aside.)

Per. Why what would you do with her?

Sir P. I would recommend this gentleman to her for a husband, sir,—a person whom I have pick'd out from the whole race of mankind.

Obad. I would advise thee to shuffle him again with the rest of mankind; for I like him not.

Col. F. Pray, sir, without offence to your formality, what may be your objections?

Obad. Thy person, thy manners, thy dress, thy acquaintance,—thy every thing, friend.

Sir P. You are most particularly obliging, friend. Ha, ha.

Trade. What business do you follow, pray, sir?

Col. F. Humph, by that question he must be the broker. (Aside.) Business, sir! the business of a gentleman.

Trade. That is as much as to say, you dress fine, feed high, and pay your debts of honour, better than your tailor's or your butcher's.

Col. F. The court is much obliged to you, sir, for your character of a gentleman.

Trade. The court, sir! What would the court do without us citizens?

Sir P. Without your wives and daughters, you mean, Mr. Tradelove.

Per. Have you ever travelled, sir?

Col. F. That question must not be answered now. (Aside.) In books I have, sir.

Per. In books! That's fine travelling indeed!—Sir Philip, when you present a person I like, he shall have my consent to marry miss Lovely; till then, your servant. [Exit, L.H.]

Col. F. I'll make you like me before I have done with you, or I am mistaken. (Aside.)

Trade. And when you can convince me that a beau is more useful to my country than a merchant, you shall have mine ; till then you must excuse me.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Col. F. So much for trade.—I'll fit you too.

(*Aside.*)

Sir P. In my opinion this is very inhuman treatment, as to the lady, Mr. Prim.

Obad. Thy opinion and mine happen to differ as much as our occupations, friend : business requireth my presence, and folly thine ; and so I must bid thee farewell.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Sir P. Here's breeding for you, Mr. Feignwell !—'Gad take me.

Half my estate I'd give to see 'em bit.

(*Aside.*)

Col. F. I hope to bite you all, if my plot hit.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Tavern.*

COLONEL FEIGNWELL *is discovered in an Egyptian Dress, with SACKBUT.*

Sack. A lucky beginning, colonel ;—you have got the old beau's consent.

Col. F. Ay, he's a reasonable creature ; but the other three will require some pains. Shall I pass upon him, think you ? 'Egad, in my mind, I look as antique as if I had been preserv'd in the ark.

Sack. Pass upon him ! ay, ay, if you have assurance enough.

Col. F. I have no apprehension from that quarter ; assurance is the cockade of a soldier.

Sack. Ay, but the assurance of a soldier differs much from that of a traveller.—Can you lie with a good grace ?

Col. F. As heartily, when my mistress is the prize, as I would meet the foe when my country call'd and king commanded; so don't you fear that part: if he don't know me again, I am safe.—I hope he'll come.

Sack. I wish all my debts would come as sure: I told him you had been a great traveller, had many valuable curiosities, and was a person of most singular taste: he seem'd transported, and begg'd me to keep you till he came.

Col. F. Ay, ay, he need not fear my running away. Let's have a bottle of sack, landlord; our ancestors drank sack.

Sack. You shall have it.

Col. F. And whereabouts is the trap-door you mentioned?

Sack. There's the conveyance, sir. [*Exit, m.*]

Col. F. Now, if I should cheat all these roguish guardians, and carry off my mistress in triumph, it would be what the French call a grand coup d'eclat.—O so! here comes Periwinkle.—Ah! deuce take this beard; pray Jupiter it does not give me the slip and spoil all.

Enter SACKBUT, L.H. with Wine, and PERIWINKLE following.

Sack. Sir, this gentleman hearing you have been a great traveller, and a person of fine speculation, begs leave to take a glass with you; he is a man of a curious taste himself.

Col. F. The gentleman has it in his face and garb; sir, you are welcome.

Per. Sir, I honour a traveller and men of your inquiring disposition; the oddness of your habit pleases me extremely; 'tis very antique, and for that I like it.

Col. F. 'Tis very antique, sir. This habit once belonged to the famous Claudius Ptolemeus, who lived in the year one hundred and thirty-five.

Sack. If he keeps up to the sample, he shall lie with the devil for a bean-stack, and win it every straw.

(*Aside.*)

Per. A hundred and thirty-five! why, that's prodigious now!—Well, certainly 'tis the finest thing in the world to be a traveller.

Col. F. For my part, I value none of the modern fashions a fig-leaf.

Per. No more don't I, sir; I had rather be the jest of a fool than his favourite.—I am laughed at here for my singularity.—This coat, you must know, sir, was formerly wore by that ingenious and very learned person, Mr. John Tradescant, of Lambeth.

Col. F. John Tradescant! Let me embrace you, sir.—John Tradescant was my uncle, by my mother's side; and I thank you for the honour you do his memory; he was a very curious man indeed.

Per. Your uncle, sir!—Nay, then 'tis no wonder that your taste is so refined; why you have it in your blood. My humble service to you, sir; to the immortal memory of John Tradescant, your never-to-be-forgotten uncle. (*Drinks.*)

Col. F. Give me a glass, landlord.

Per. I find you are primitive, even in your wine; Canary was the drink of our wise forefathers; 'tis balsamic, and saves the charge of 'pothecaries cordials.—Oh! that I had lived in your uncle's days! or rather, that he were now alive!—Oh! how proud he'd be of such a nephew! A person of your curiosity must have collected many rarities.

Col. F. I have some, sir, which are not yet come ashore; as an Egyptian idol.

Per. Pray what may that be?

Col. F. It is, sir, a kind of an ape, which they formerly worship'd in that country; I took it from the breast of a female mummy.

Per. Ha, ha! our women retain part of their idolatry to this day; for many an ape lies on a lady's breast, ha, ha!—

Sack. A smart old thief. (*Aside.*)

Col. F. Two tusks of an hippotamus, two pair of Chinese nut-crackers, and one Egyptian mummy.

Per. Pray, sir, have you never a crocodile?

Col. F. Humph! the boatswain brought one with a design to show it, but touching at Rotterdam, and hearing it was no rarity in England, he sold it to a Dutch poet.—Look ye, sir, do you see this little vial?

Per. Pray you what is it.

Col. F. This is call'd poluflosboio.

Per. Poluflosboio!—It has a rumbling sound.

Col. F. Right, sir; it proceeds from a rumbling nature.—This water was part of those waves which bore Cleopatra's vessel when she sail'd to meet Antony.

Per. Well, of all that travelled, none had a taste like you.

Col. F. But here's the wonder of the world.—This, sir, is called zona, or moros musphonon; the virtues of this are inestimable.

Per. Moros musphonon! What in the name of wisdom can that be?—To me it seems a plain belt.

Col. F. This girdle has carried me all the world over.

Per. You have carried it, you mean.

Col. F. I mean as I say, sir.—Whenever I am girded with this I am invisible; and by turning this little screw, can be in the court of the great mogul, the grand signior, and king George, in as little time as your cook can poach an egg.

Per. You must pardon me, sir, I can't believe it.

Col. F. If my landlord pleases, he shall try the experiment immediately.

Sack. I thank you kindly, sir; but I have no inclination to ride post to the devil.

Col. F. No, no, you shan't stir a foot; I'll only make you invisible.

Sack. But if you could not make me visible again.

Per. Come, try it upon me, sir; I am not afraid of the devil nor all his tricks.—'Sbud, I'll stand 'em all.

Col. F. There, sir, put it on.—Come, landlord, you and I must face the east. (*They turn about.*) Is it on, sir?

Per. 'Tis on. (*They turn about again.*)

Sack. Heaven protect me! where is he?

Per. Why here, just where I was.

Sack. Where, where, in the name of virtue? Ah, poor Mr. Periwinkle!—Egad, look to't, you had best, sir; and let him be seen again, or I shall have you burnt for a wizard.

Col. F. Have patience, good landlord.

Per. But really don't you see me now?

Sack. No more than I see my grandmother, that died forty years ago.

Per. Are you sure you don't lie? Methinks I stand just where I did, and see you as plain as I did before.

Sack. Ah! I wish I could see you once again.

Col. F. Take off the girdle, sir. (*He takes it off.*)

Sack. Ah, sir, I am glad to see you with all my heart.
(*Embraces him.*)

Per. This is very odd; certainly there must be some trick in't.—Pray, sir, will you do me the favour to put it on yourself?

Col. F. With all my heart.

Per. But first I'll secure the door.

Col. F. You know how to turn the screw Mr. Sackbut.

Sack. Yes, yes.—Come, Mr. Periwinkle, we must turn full east.

(*They turn; the Colonel sinks through the Trap-door.*)

Col. F. 'Tis done; now turn. (*They turn.*)

Per. Ha! mercy upon me; my flesh creeps upon my bones.—This must be a conjurer, Mr. Sackbut.

Sack. He's the devil, I think.

Per. Oh, Mr. Sackbut, why do you name the devil, when perhaps he may be at your elbow?

Sack. At my elbow! Marry, heaven forbid?

Col. F. Are you satisfied? (*From under the stage.*)

Per. Yes, sir, yes.—How hollow his voice sounds!

Sack. Your's seem'd just the same.—Faith, I wish this girdle were mine, I'd sell wine no more. Harkye, Mr. Periwinkle, (*Takes him aside till the Colonel rises again.*) if he would sell this girdle, you might travel with great expedition.

Col. F. But it is not to be parted with for money.

Per. I am sorry for't, sir, because I think it the greatest curiosity I ever heard of.

Col. F. By the advice of a learned physiognomist in Grand Cairo, who consulted the lines in my face, I returned to England; where he told me I should find a rarity in the keeping of four men, which I was born to possess for the benefit of mankind; and the first of the four that gave me his consent, I should present him with this girdle.—Till I have found this jewel, I shall not part with the girdle.

Per. What can this rarity be? Didn't he name it to you?

Col. F. Yes, sir; he call'd it a chaste, beautiful, unaffected woman.

Per. Pish! women are no rarities; women are the very gewgaws of the creation; playthings for boys, who when they write man they ought to throw aside.

Sack. A fine lecture to be read to a circle of ladies!
(*Aside.*)

Per. What woman is there, dress'd in all the pride and foppery of the times, can boast of such a foretop as the cockatoo?

Col. F. I must humour him. (*Aside.*) Such a skin as the lizard?

Per. Such a shining breast as the humming-bird?

Col. F. Such a shape as the antelope?

Per. Or, in all the artful mixture of their various dresses, have they half the beauty of one box of butterflies?

Col. F. No; that must be allow'd.—For my part, if it were not for the benefit of mankind, I'd have nothing to do with them; for they are as indifferent to me as a sparrow or a flesh fly.

Per. Pray, sir, what benefit is the world to reap from this lady?

Col. F. Why, sir, she is to bear me a son, who shall revive the art of embalming, and the old Roman manner of burying the dead; and for the benefit of posterity, he is to discover the longitude, so long sought for in vain.

Per. Od! these are valuable things, Mr. Sackbut!

Sack. He hits it off admirably; and t'other swallows

it like sack and sugar. ¹ (*Aside.*) Certainly this lady must be your ward, Mr. Periwinkle, by her being under the care of four persons.

Per. By the description it should—'Egad, if I could get that girdle, I'd ride with the sun, and make the tour of the world in four-and-twenty hours. (*Aside.*) And you are to give that girdle to the first of the four guardians that shall give his consent to marry that lady, say you, sir?

Col. F. I am so order'd, when I can find him.

Per. I fancy I know the very woman;—her name is Anne Lovely.

Col. F. Excellent!—He said, indeed, that the first letter of her name was L.

Per. Did he really?—Well, that's prodigiously amazing; that a person in Grand Cairo should know any thing of my ward.

Col. F. Your ward?

Per. To be plain with you, sir, I am one of those four guardians.

Col. F. Are you indeed, sir? I am transported to find that the very man who is to possess this moros musphonon is a person of so curious a taste.—Here is a writing drawn up by that famous Egyptian, which if you will please to sign, you must turn your face full north, and the girdle is your's.

Per. If I live till the boy is born, I'll be embalm'd, and sent to the Royal society when I die.

Col. F. That you shall most certainly.

Enter Waiter, L.H.

Waiter. Here's Mr. Staytape, the tailor, inquires for you colonel.

Col. F. Who do you speak to, you son of a whore?

Per. Ha! colonel. (*Aside.*)

Col. F. Confound the blundering dog! (*Aside.*)

Waiter. Why to colonel—

Sack. Get you out, you rascal.

(*Kicks him out, and goes after him, L.H.*)

Per. What the devil is the matter ?

Col. F. This dog has ruined all my schemes, I see by Periwinkle's looks. (*Aside.*)

Per. How finely I should have been choused.—Colonel, you'll pardon me that I did not give you your title before.—it was pure ignorance; 'faith it was.—Pray,—hem,—hem ! Pray, colonel, what post had this learned Egyptian in your regiment ?

Col. F. A plague of your sneer. (*Aside.*) I don't understand you sir.

Per. No, that's strange ! I understand you, colonel.—An Egyptian of Grand Cairo ! ha, ha, ha !—I'm sorry such a well-invented tale should do you no more service. We old fellows can see as far into a millstone as them that pick it ;—I am not to be trick'd out of my trust ;—mark that.

Col. F. The devil ! I must carry it off ; I wish I were fairly out. (*Aside.*) Lookye, sir, you may make what jest you please,—but the stars will be obey'd, sir ; and depend upon't I shall have the lady, and you none of the girdle.—Now for Mr. Freeman's part of the plot.

[*Aside. Exit, L.H.*

Per. The stars ! ha, ha !—No star has favour'd you, it seems.—The girdle ! ha, ha, ha ! none of your leger-demain tricks can pass upon me.—Why what a pack of trumpery has this rogue picked up.—His pagod, polustosboio, his zonos moros musphonons, and the devil knows what.—But I'll take care.—Ha, gone !—Ay, 'twas time to sneak off. Soho ! the house !

Enter SACKBUT, L.H.

Where is this trickster ? Send for a constable ; I'll have this rascal before the lord mayor ; I'll Grand Cairo him, with the plague to him.—I believe you had an hand in putting this imposture upon me, Sackbut.

Sack. Who, I, Mr. Periwinkle ? I scorn it. I perceiv'd he was a cheat, and left the room on purpose to send for a constable to apprehend him, and endeavour'd to stop him when he went out.—But the rogue made but one step from the stairs to the door, call'd a coach,

leap'd into it, and drove away like the devil, as Mr. Freeman can witness, who is at the bar, and desires to speak with you ; he is this minute come to town.

Per. Send him in. [*Exit Sackbut, L.H.* What a scheme this rogue has laid ! How I should have been laugh'd at, had it succeeded !

Enter FREEMAN, L.H. booted and spurred.

Mr. Freeman, I had like to have been imposed on by the veriest rascal,—

Free. I am sorrow to hear it.—The dog flew for't ; he had not 'scap'd me, had I been aware of him ; Sackbut struck at him, but miss'd his blow, or he had done his business for him.

Per. I believe you never heard of such a contrivance, Mr. Freeman, as this fellow had found out.

Free. Mr. Sackbut has told me the whole story, Mr. Periwinkle ; but now I have something to tell you of much more importance to yourself.—I happen'd to lie one night at Coventry, and knowing your uncle, sir Toby Periwinkle, I paid him a visit, and, to my great surprise, found him dying.

Per. Dying !

Free. Dying, in all appearance ; the servants weeping, the room in darkness ; the 'pothecary, shaking his head, told me the doctors had given him over ; and then there are small hopes, you know.

Per. I hope he has made his will,—he always told me he would make me his heir.

Free. I have heard you say as much, and therefore resolved to give you notice. I should think it would not be amiss if you went down to-morrow morning.

Per. It is a long journey, and the roads very bad.

Free. But he has a great estate, and the land very good.—Think upon that.

Per. Why that's true, as you say ; I'll think upon it. In the mean time, I give you many thanks for your civility, Mr. Freeman, and should be glad of your company to dine with me.

Free. I am obliged to be at Jonathan's Coffee-house at two, and now it is half an hour after one ; if I dis-

patch my business, I'll wait on you; I know your hour.

Per. You shall be very welcome, Mr. Freeman, and so your humble servant. [Exit, L.H.]

Re-enter COLONEL FEIGNWELL and SACKBUT, L.H.S.E.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! I have done your business, colonel; he has swallow'd the bait.

Col. F. I overheard all, though I am a little in the dark. I am to personate a highwayman, I suppose;—that's a project I am not fond of; for though I may fright him out of his consent, he may fright me out of my life when he discovers me, as he certainly must in the end.

Free. No, no; I have a plot for you without danger; but first we must manage Tradelove.—Has the tailor brought your clothes?

Sack. Yes, pox take the thief.

Free. Well, well, no matter; I warrant we have him yet.—But now you must put on the Dutch merchant.

Col. F. The deuce of this trading plot.—I wish he had been an old soldier, that I might have attack'd him in my own way, and heard him fight over all the battles of the late war.—But for trade, by Jupiter, I shall never do it.

Sack. Never fear, colonel: Mr. Freeman will instruct you.

Free. You'll see what others do; the coffee-house will instruct you.

Col. F. I must venture however.—But I have a further plot in my head upon Tradelove, which you must assist me in, Freeman; you are in credit with him, I heard you say.

Free. I am, and will scruple nothing to serve you, colonel.

Col. F. Come along then.—Now for the Dutchman.—Honest Ptolemy, by your leave.

Now must bob-wig and business come in play,
A thirty thousand pound girl leads the way.

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.--*Jonathan's Coffee-house in Change Alley.*
A Croud of people, with Rolls of paper and parchment in their Hands ; a Bar, Waiters, &c.

Enter TRADELOVE and Stock-jobbers, with Rolls of Paper and Parchment.

Stock. South sea at seven-eights ; who buys ?

Trade. Harkye, Gabriel, you'll pay the difference of that stock we transacted for t'other day ?

Gab. Ay, Mr. Tradelove, here's a note for the money:

Trade. I would fain bite the spark in the brown coat ; he comes very often into the alley, but never employs a broker.

Enter COLONEL FEIGNWELL and FREEMAN.

Trade. Mr. Freeman, your servant ! Who is that gentleman ?

Free. A Dutch merchant just come to England ; but, harkye, Mr. Tradelove,—I have a piece of news will get you as much as the French king's death did, if you are expeditious. (*Showing him a Letter.*) Read there : I received it just now from one that belongs to the emperor's minister.

Trade. (*Reads.*) *Sir,—As I have many obligations to you, I cannot miss any opportunity to show my gratitude : this moment my lord has receiv'd a private express, that the Spaniards have rais'd their siege from before Cagliari. If this proves of any*

advantage to you, it will answer both the ends and wishes of, sir, your most obliged humble servant,

HENRICUS DUSSELDORP.

P.S. *In two or three hours the news will be public.*

May one depend upon this, Mr. Freeman?

(Aside to Freeman.)

Free. You may.—I never knew this person send me a false piece of news in my life.

Trade. Sir, I am much obliged to you; 'egad, tis rare news.—Who sells South sea for next week?

Stock. *(All together.)* I sell; I, I, I, I, I sell.

1 Stock. I'll sell five thousand, at five-eighths, for the same time.

Trade. Nay, nay; hold, hold; not all together, gentlemen; I'll be no bull; I'll buy no more than I can take; will you sell ten thousand pounds at a man, for any day next week, except Saturday?

1 Stock. I'll sell it you, Mr. Tradelove.

(Freeman whispers to one of the gentlemen.)

1 Gent. The Spaniards rais'd the siege of Cagliari! I don't believe one word of it. *(Aside.)*

2 Gent. Rais'd the siege! as much as you have rais'd the Monument.

Free. 'Tis rais'd, I assure you, sir.

2 Gent. What will you lay on't?

Free. What you please.

1 Gent. Why I have a brother upon the spot in the emperor's service; I am certain if there were any such thing, I should have had a letter.

2 Gent. I'll hold you fifty pounds 'tis false.

Free. 'Tis done.

2 Gent. I'll lay you a brace of hundreds upon the same.

Free. I'll take you.

Trade. I'll lay any man a brace of thousands the siege is rais'd.

Free. The Dutch merchant is your man to take in. *(Aside to Tradelove.)*

Trade. Does he not know the news?

Free. Not a syllable; if he did he would bet a hun

dred thousand pounds as soon as one penny ; he's plaguy rich, and a mighty man at wagers. (*To Tradelove.*)

Trade. Say you so ?—'Egad, I'll bite him, if possible.—Are you from Holland, sir ?

Col. F. Ya, mynheer.

Trade. Had you the news before you came away ?

Col. F. What believe you, mynheer ?

Trade. What do I believe ? Why I believe that the Spaniards have actually rais'd the siege of Cagliari.

Col. F. What duyvel's news is dat ? 'Tis niet waer, mynheer,—'tis no true, sir.

Trade. 'Tis so true, mynheer, that I'll lay you two thousand pounds on it.

Col. F. Two duyvel's pound, mynheer, 'tis gadaen.—dis gentleman sal hold de gelt.

(*Gives Freeman Money.*)

Trade. With all my heart,—this binds the wager.

Free. You have certainly lost, mynheer ; the siege is rais'd indeed.

Col. F. Ik gelay't niet, mynheer Freeman, ik sal ye doubled honden, if you please.

Free. I am let into the secret, therefore won't win your money.

Trade. Ha, ha, ha ! I have snapp'd the Dutchman, 'faith, ha, ha ! this is no ill day's work.—Pray may I crave your name, mynheer ?

Col. F. Myn maem, mynheer ? Myn maem is Jan Van Timtantielereletta Heer Van Feignwell.

Trade. Zounds, 'tis a damn'd long name ; I shall never remember it—Myn Heer Van, Tim, Tim, Tim—Wha' the devil is it ?

Free. Oh ! never heed : I know the gentleman, and will pass my word for twice the sum.

Trade. That's enough.

Col. F. You'll hear of me sooner than you wish, old gentleman, I fancy. (*Aside.*) You'll come to Sackbut's, Freeman ? (*Aside to Freeman.*)

Free. Immediately. (*Asideto Colonel [Exit, Col. L.H.*

Trade. Mr. Freeman, I give you many thanks for your kindness,—

Free. I fear you'll repent when you know all.

(*Aside.*)

Trade. Will you dine with me ?

Free. I am engag'd at Sackbut's : adieu.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Trade. Sir, your humble servant. Now I'll see what I can do upon Change with my news. [*Exit, L.H.*

SCENE II.—*The Tavern.*

Enter FREEMAN and COLONEL FRIGNWELL, L.H.

Free. Ha, ha, ha ! The old fellow swallowed the bait as greedily as a gudgeon.

Col. F. I have him, 'faith, ha, ha, ha ! His two thousand pounds secure.—If he would keep his money, he must part with the lady, ha, ha !

Enter SACKBUT, L.H.

Sack. Joy, joy, colonel ! the luckiest accident in the world.

Col. F. What say'st thou ?

Sack. This letter does your business.

Col. F. (Reads.) *To Obudiah Prim, hosier, near the building call'd the Monument in London.*

Free. A letter to Prim ! how came you by it ?

Sack. Looking over the letters our post woman brought, as I always do, to see what letters are directed to my house I spy'd this directed to Prim, so paid for it among the rest. I have given the old fellow a pint of wine, on purpose to delay time, till you see if the letter be of any service ; then I'll seal it up again, and say I took it by mistake.—I have read it, and fancy you'll like the project.—read, read, colonel.

Col. F. (Reads.) *Friend Prim, there is arrived from Pennsylvania one Simon Pure, a leader of the faithful, who hath sojourned with us eleven days, and hath been of great comfort to the brethren.—He intendeth for the quarterly meeting in London ; I have recommended him to thy house. I pray thee treat*

him kindly, and let thy wife cherish him, for he's of a weakly constitution ; he will depart from us the third day ; which is all from thy friend in the faith,

AMINIDAB HOLDEFAST.

Ha, ha ; excellent ! I understand you, landlord ; I am to personate this Simon Pure, am I not ?

Sack. Don't you like the hint ?

Col. F. Admirably well !

Free. 'Tis the best contrivance in the world, if the right Simon gets not there before you,—

Col. F. No, no, the quakers never ride post ; and suppose, Freeman, you should wait at the Bristol coach, that if you see any such person, you might contrive to give me notice.

Free. I will.

(*Bell rings, L.H.*)

Sack. Coming, coming !

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Free. Thou must dispatch Periwinkle first,—Remember his uncle, sir Toby Periwinkle, is an old bachelor of seventy-five,—that he has seven hundred a year, most in abbey-land,—that he was once in love with your mother ; shrewdly suspected by some to be your father.—That you have been thirty years his steward,—and ten years his gentleman,—remember to improve these hints.

Col. F. Never fear ; let me alone for that ; but what's the steward's name ?

Free. His name is Pillage.

Col. F. Enough.—Now for the country put.

Enter SACKBUT, L.H.

Sack. Zounds ! Mr. Freeman, yonder is Tradelove in the damned'st passion in the world.—He swears you are in the house,—he says you told him you were to dine here.

Free. I did so, ha, ha, ha ! he has found himself bit already.

Col. F. The devil ! he must not see me.

Sack. I told him I expected you here, but you were not come yet.

Free. Very well,—make you haste out, colonel, and let me alone to deal with him : where is he ?

Sack. In the King's-head.

Free. Ay, ay, very well. Landlord, let him know I am come in,—and now, Mr. Pillage, success attend you.
[*Exit Sackbut, L.H.*]

..*Col. F.* Mr. Proteus rather,—

From changing shape, and imitating Jove,
I draw the happy omens of my love.

I'm not the first young brother of the blade,
Who made his fortune in a masquerade.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter TRADELOVE, L.H.

Free. Zounds ! Mr. Tradelove, we're bit it seems.

Trade. Bit, do you call it, Mr. Freeman ! I'm ruin'd.
—Plague on your news.

Free. Plague on the rascal that sent it me.—

Trade. Sent it you ! Why Gabriel Skinflint has been at the minister's, and spoke with him ; and he has assured him 'tis every syllable false ; he received no such express.

Free. I know it ; I this minute parted with my friend, who protested he never sent me any such letter.—Some roguish stock-jobber has done it on purpose to make me lose my money, that's certain ; I wish I knew who he was ; I'd make him repent it,—I have lost three hundred pounds by it.

Trade. What signifies your three hundred pounds to what I have lost ? There's two thousand pounds to that Dutchman with a cursed long name, besides the stock I bought ; the devil ! I must never show my face upon 'Change more ;—for, by my soul, I can't pay it.

Free. I am heartily sorry for it ! What can I serve you'in ? Shall I speak to the Dutch merchant, and try to get you time for the payment ?

Trade. Time ! Ads'heart ! I shall never be able to look up again.

Free. I am very much concerned that I was the occasion, and wish I could be an instrument of retrieving your misfortune ; for my own, I value it not. Adso, a thought comes into my head, that well improv'd, may be of service,

Trade. Ah ! there's no thought can be of any service to me, without paying the money or running away.

Free. How do ye know ? What do you think of my proposing miss Lovely to him ? He is a single man,—and I heard him say he had a mind to marry an English woman,—nay, more than that, he said somebody told him you had a pretty ward,—he wished you had betted her instead of your money.

Trade. Ay, but he'd be hanged before he'd take her ~~instead~~ of the money : the Dutch are too covetous for that ; besides, he did not know that there were three more of us, I suppose.

Free. So much the better ; you may venture to give him your consent, if he'll forgive you the wager. It is not your business to tell him that your consent will signify nothing.

Trade. That's right, as you say ; but will he do it, think you ?

Free. I can't tell that ; but I'll try what I can do with him.—He has promised to meet me here an hour hence ; I'll feel his pulse, and let you know : if I find it feasible, I'll send for you ; if not, you are at liberty to take what measures you please.

Trade. You must extol her beauty, double her portion, and tell him I have the entire disposal of her, and that she can't marry without my consent,—and that I am a covetous rogue, and will never part with her without a valuable consideration.

Free. Ay, ay, let me alone for a lie at a pinch.

Trade. 'Egad, if you can bring this to bear, Mr. Freeman, I'll make you whole again : I'll pay the three hundred pounds you lost with all my soul.

Free. Well, I'll use my best endeavours.—Where will you be ?

Trade. At home ; pray heaven you prosper !—If I were but the sole trustee now, I should not fear it.

Free. Ha, ha, ha !—he has it. [Exit, L.H.]

SCENE III.—PERIWINKLE'S *House*.

Enter PERIWINKLE, R.H. on one side, and a Footman on the other, L.H.

Foot. A gentleman from Coventry inquires for you, sir.

Per. From my uncle, I warrant you ; bring him up. This will save me the trouble, as well as the expense of a journey.

Enter COLONEL FEIGNWELL, L.H.

Col. F. Is your name Periwinkle, sir ?

Per. It is, sir.

Col. F. I am sorry for the message I bring.—My old master, whom I served these forty years, claims the sorrow due from a faithful servant to an indulgent master. (Weeps.)

Per. By this, I understand, sir, my uncle, sir Toby Periwinkle, is dead.

Col. F. He is, sir, and has left you heir to seven hundred a year, in as good abbey land as ever paid Peter-pence to Rome.—I wish you long to enjoy it, but my tears will flow when I think of my benefactor.—
(Weeps) Ah ! he was a good man,—he has not left many of his fellows ; the poor lament him sorely.

Per. I pray, sir, what office bore you.

Col. F. I was his steward, sir.

Per. I have heard him mention you with much respect ; your name is,——

Col. F. Pillage, sir.

Per. Ay, Pillage ; I do remember he called you Pillage. *(The Colonel sits down.)* Pray, Mr. Pillage, when did my uncle die.

Col. F. Monday last, at four in the morning. About two he signed his will, and gave it into my hands, and strictly charged me to leave Coventry the moment he expired, and deliver it to you with what speed I could; I have obeyed him, sir, and there is the will.

(Gives it to Periwinkle.)

Per. 'Tis very well, I'll lodge it in the Commons.

Col. F. There are two things which he forgot to insert, but charged me to tell you, that he desired you'd perform them as readily as if you had found them written in the will, which is to remove his corpse, and bury him by his father at St. Paul's, Covent-garden, and to give all his servants mourning.

Per. That will be a considerable charge; a pox of all modern fashions *(Aside.)* Well! it shall be done, Mr. Pillage; I will agree with one of death's fashion-monger's, called an undertaker, to go down, and bring up the body.

Col. F. I hope, sir, I shall have the honour to serve you in the same station I did your worthy uncle; I have not many years to stay behind him, and would gladly spend them in the family, where I was brought up.—*(Weeps.)*—He was a kind and tender master to me.

Per. Pray don't grieve, Mr. Pillage, you shall hold your place, and every thing else which you held under my uncle.—You make me weep to see you so concern'd. *(Weeps.)* He lived to a good old age, and we are all mortal.

Col. F. We are so, sir, and therefore I must beg you to sign this lease. You'll find sir Toby has taken particular notice of it in his will;—I could not get it time enough from the lawyer, or he had signed it before he died.

(Gives him a Paper.)

Per. A lease! for what?

Col. F. I rented a hundred a year farm of sir Toby upon lease, which lease expires at Lady-day next. I desire to renew for twenty years;—that's all, sir.

Per. Let me see. *(Looks over the lease.)* Very well.—Let me see what he says in his will about it. *(Lays*

the Lease upon the Table, and looks on the Will.) Ho, here it is.—*The farm lying,—now in possession of Samuel Pillage,—suffer him to renew his lease,—at the same rent.*—Very well, Mr. Pillage, I see my uncle does mention it, and I'll perform his will. Give me the lease.—*(Colonel gives it him, he looks at it, and lays it upon the Table.)* Pray you step to the door, and call for pen and ink, Mr. Pillage.

Col. F. I have a pen and ink in my pocket, sir. *(Pulls out an Ink-horn.)* I never go without that.

Per. I think it belongs to your profession.—*(He looks upon the Pen, while the Colonel changes the Lease and lays down the Contract.)* I doubt this is but a sorry pen, though it may serve to write my name. *(Writes.)*

Col. F. Little does he think what he signs.

(Aside.)

Per. There is your lease, Mr. Pillage. *(Gives him the Paper.)* Now, I must desire you to make what haste you can down to Coventry, and take care of every thing, and I'll send down the undertaker for the body; do you attend it up, and whatever charge you are at, I'll repay you.

Col. F. You have paid me already, I thank you, sir. *(Aside.)*

Per. Will you dine with me?

Col. F. I would rather not; there are some of my neighbours which I met as I came along, who leave town this afternoon, they told me, and I should be glad of their company down.

Per. Well, well, I won't detain you. I will give orders about mourning. *[Exit Colonel, L. H.]* Seven hundred a year! I wish he had died seventeen years ago.—What a valuable collection of rarities might I have had by this time?—I might have travelled over all the known parts of the globe, and made my own closet rival the Vatican at Rome.—Odso, I have a good mind to begin my travels now,—let me see,—I am but sixty? My father, grandfather, and great grandfather, reached ninety odd;—I have almost forty years good. Let

me consider! what will seven hundred a year amount to in,—ay; in thirty years, I say but thirty.—thirty times seven, is seven times thirty,—that is, just twenty-one thousand pounds,—’tis a great deal of money,—I may very well reserve sixteen hundred of it for a collection of such rarities as will make my name famous to posterity.—I would not die like other mortals, forgotten in a year or two, as my uncle will be,—No,

*With nature’s curious works I’ll raise my fame,
That men till doomsday may repeat my name.*

[Exit, R.H.]

SCENE IV.—A Tavern.

FREEMAN and TRADELOVE discovered over a bottle.

Trade. Come, Mr. Freeman, here’s Mynheer Jan, Van, Tim, Tam, Tam,—I shall never think of that Dutchman’s name.—

Free. Mynheer Jan Van Timamtirelereletta Heer Van Feignwell.

Trade. Ay, Heer Van Feignwell: I never heard such a confounded name in my life,—here’s his health, I say.

Free. With all my heart.

Trade. Faith, I never expected to have found so generous a thing in a Dutchman.

Free. As soon as I told him your circumstances, he replied, he would not be the ruin of any man for the world,—and immediately made this proposal himself. Let him take what time he will for the payment, said he; or if he’ll give me his ward, I’ll forgive him the debt.

Trade. Well, Mr. Freeman, I can but thank you.—’Egad you have made a man of me again! and if ever I lay a wager more, may I rot in gaol.

Free. I assure you, Mr. Tradelove, I was very much concerned, because I was the occasion, though very innocently, I protest.

Trade. I dare swear you was, Mr. Freeman.

Enter COLONEL FEIGNWELL, dressed as the Dutch Merchant, L.H.

Col. F. Ha, mynheer Tradelove, Ik bin sorry voor your trouble,—maer Ik sal you easie maken, Ik will de gelt nie hebben,——

Trade. I shall for ever acknowledge the obligation, sir.

Free. But you understand upon what condition, Mr. Tradelove; miss Lovely.

Col. F. Ya, de vrouw sal al te regt setten, mynheer.

Trade. With all my heart, mynheer; you shall have my consent to marry her freely,——

Free. Well then, as I am a party concerned between you, mynheer Jan Van Tintamtirelereledda Heer Van Feignwell, shall give you a discharge of your wager under his own hand,—and you shall give him your consent to marry miss Lovely under yours; that is the way to avoid all manner of disputes hereafter.

Col. F. Ya, weeragtig.

Trade. Ay, ay, so it is, Mr. Freeman; I'll give it under mine this minute. *(Sits down to write.)*

Col. F. And so Ik sal. *(Does the same.)*

Free. So ho, the house!

Enter WAITER, L.H.

Bid your master come up. *(Exit Waiter, L.H.)* I'll see there be witnesses enough to the bargain. *(Aside.)*

Enter SACKBUT, L.H.

Sack. Do you call, gentlemen?

Free. Ay, Mr. Sackbut, we shall want your hand here,——

Trade. There, mynheer, there's my consent as amply as you can desire; but you must insert your own

name, for I know not how to spell it; I have left a blank for it. *(Gives the Colonel a Paper.)*

Col. F. Ya Ik sal dat well doen,—

Free. Now, Mr. Sackbut, you and I will witness it. *(They write.)*

Col. F. Daer, mynheer Tradelove, is your discharge. *(Gives him a Paper.)*

Trade. Be pleased to witness this receipt too, gentlemen. *(Freeman and Sackbut put their Hands.)*

Free. Ay, ay, that we will.

Col. F. Well, mynheer, ye most meer doen, ye most myn voorsprach to de vrow syn.

Free. He means you must recommend him to the lady.

Trade. That I will, and to the rest of my brother guardians.

Col. F. Wat voor, de duyvel heb you meer guardians,

Trade. Only three, mynheer.

Col. F. What donder heb ye myn betrocken, mynheer?—Had Ik dat gewoeten, Ik soude eaven met you geweest syn.

Sack. But Mr. Tradelove is the principal, and he can do a great deal with the rest, sir.

Free. And he shall use his interest, I promise you, mynheer.

Trade. I will say all that ever I can think on to recommend you, mynheer; and if you please, I'll introduce you to the lady.

Col. F. Well, dat is waer,—Maer ye must first spreken f mynto de vrow, and to ondere gentlemen.

Free. Ay, that's the best way,—and then I and the Heer Van Reignwell will meet you there.

Trade. I will go this moment, upon my honour.—Your most obedient humble servant.—My speaking will do you little good, mynheer; ha, ha! we have bit you, faith! ha, ha! *(Aside.)*

Well,—my debts discharged, and as for Nan, He has my consent—to get her if he can. (Aside.)

[Exit, B.H.]

Col. F. Ha, ha, ha ! this was a masterpiece of contrivance, Freeman.

Free. He hugs himself with his supposed good fortune, and little thinks the luck's on our side !—But come, pursue the fickle goddess, while she's in the mood.—Now for the quaker.

Col. F. That's the hardest task.

... *Of all the counterfeits perform'd by man,
A soldier makes the simplest puritan.*

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in PRIM's House.*

Enter MRS. PRIM, L.H. and MISS LOVELY, R.H. in a Quaker's Dress.

Mrs. P. So, now I like thee, Anne ; art thou not better without thy monstrous vanities and patches ? If heaven should make thee so many black spots upon thy face, would it not fright thee, Anne ?

Miss L. If it should turn you inside outward, and show all the spots of your hypocrisy, 'twould fright me worse.

Mrs. P. My hypocrisy ! I scorn thy words, Anne ; I lay no baits.

Miss L. If you did, you'd catch no fish.

• *Mrs. P.* Well, well, make thy jests ;—but I'd have thee to know, Anne, that I could have caught as many fish (as thou call'st them,) in my time, as ever thou didst with all thy fool-traps about thee.

• *Miss L.* Is that the reason of your formality, Mrs. Prim ? Truth will out ; I ever thought, indeed, there was more design than godliness in the pinched cap.

Mrs. P. Go, thou art corrupted with reading lewd plays, and filthy romances.—Ah! I wish thou art not already too familiar with the wicked ones.

Miss L. Too familiar with the wicked ones! Pray, no more of these freedoms, madam.—I am familiar with none so wicked as yourself;—how dare you thus talk to me! you,—you,—you, unworthy woman you.

(*Bursts into tears.*)

Enter TRADELOVE, L.H.

Trade. What in tears, Nancy? What have you done to her, Mrs. Prim, to make her weep?

Miss L. Done to me! I admire I keep my senses among you; but I will rid myself of your tyranny, if there be either law or justice to be had.—I'll force you to give me up my liberty.

Mrs. P. Thou hast more need to weep for thy sins, Anne,—yea, for thy manifold sins.

Miss L. Don't think that I'll be still the fool which you have made me;—no, I'll wear what I please,—go when and where I please,—and keep what company I think fit, and not what you shall direct;—I will.

Trade. For my part, I do think all this very reasonable, miss Lovely,—'tis fit you should have your liberty, and for that very purpose I am come!

Enter PERIWINKLE and OBADIAH PRIM with a Letter in his Hand, L.H.

Per. I have bought some black stockings of your husband, Mrs. Prim, but he tells me the glover's trade belongs to you? therefore I pray you look me out five or six dozen of mourning gloves, such as are given at funerals, and send them to my house.

Obad. My friend Periwinkle has got a good wind-fall to-day;—seven hundred a year.

Mrs. P. I wish thee joy of it, neighbour.

Trade. What, is sir Toby dead then?

Per. He is! You'll take care, Mrs. Prim.

Mrs. P. Yea, I will, neighbour.

Obad. This letter recommendeth a speaker; 'tis from Aminadab Holdfast of Bristol; peradventure he will be here this night; therefore, Sarah, do thou take care for his reception. (*Gives her the Letter.*)

Mrs. P. I will obey thee. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Obad. What art thou in the dumps for, Anne?

Trade. We must marry her, Mr. Prim.

Obad. Why truly, if we could find a husband worth having, I should be as glad to see her married as thou would'st, neighbour.

Per. Well said, there are but few worth having.

Trade. I can recommend you a man now, that I think you can none of you have an objection to!

Enter SIR PHILIP MODELOVE, L.H.

Per. You recommend? Nay, whenever she marries, I'll recommend the husband

Sir P. What, must it be a whale, or a rhinoceros, Mr. Periwinkle? Ha, ha, ha!

Per. He shall be none of the fops at your end of the town, with mop-heads and empty skulls,—nor yet any of our trading gentry, who puzzle the heralds to find arms for their coaches.—No, he shall be a man famous for travels, solidity, and curiosity;—one who has searched into the profundity of nature! When heaven shall direct such a one, he shall have my consent, because it may turn to the benefit of mankind.

Miss L. The benefit of mankind! What, would you anatomize me?

Sir P. Ay, ay, madam, he would dissect you.

Trade. Or, pore over you through a microscope, to see how your blood circulates from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot;—ha, ha! but I have a husband for you, a man that knows how to improve your fortune; one that trades to the four corners of the globe.

Miss L. And would send me for a venture perhaps.

Trade. One that will dress you in all the pride of

Europe, Asia, Africa, and America;—a Dutch merchant, my girl.

Sir P. A Dutchman! ha, ha! 'there's a husband for a fine lady.—Ya frow, will you meet myn slapen,—ha, ha! he'll learn you to talk the language of the hogs, madam, ha, ha!

Trade. He'll teach you that one merchant is of more service to a nation than fifty coxcombs. 'Tis the merchant makes the belle.—How would the ladies sparkle in the box, without the merchant? The Indian diamond! The French brocade! The Italian fan! The Flanders lace! The fine Dutch holland! How would they vent their scandal over their tea-tables? And where would your beaux have Champagne to toast their mistresses, were it not for the merchant.

Obad. Verily, neighbour Tradelove, thou dost waste thy breath about nothing.—All that thou hast said tendeth only to debauch youth, and fill their heads with the pride and luxury of this world.—The merchant is a very great friend to satan, and sendeth as many to his dominions as the pope.

Per. Right; I say knowledge makes the man.

Obad. Yea, but not thy kind of knowledge;—it is the knowledge of truth. Search thou for the light within, and not for baubles, friend.

Miss L. Ah, study your country's good, Mr. Periwinkle, and not her insects. Rid you of your home-bred monsters, before you fetch any from abroad. I dare swear you have maggots enough in your own brain to stock all the virtuosos in Europe with butterflies.

Sir P. By my soul, miss Nancy's a wit.

Obad. That is more than she can say of thee, friend. Lookye, 'tis in vain to talk;—when I meet a man worthy of her, she shall have my leave to marry him.

Miss L. Provided he be of the faithful. Was there ever such a swarm of caterpillars to blast the hopes of a woman! (*Aside.*) Know this, that you contend in vain; I'll have no husband of your choosing, nor shall you lord it over me long. I'll try the power of an

English senate. Orphans have been redressed, and wills set aside,—and none did ever deserve their pity more. O Feignwell! where are thy promises to free me from these vermin? Alas! the task was more difficult than he imagined! (*Aside.*)

*A harder task than what the poets tell
Of yore, the fair Andromeda befell;
She but one monster fear'd, I've four to fear,
And see no Perseus, no deliv'rer near.*

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter SERVANT, L.H. who whispers to Obad.

Per. The woman is mad. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Sir P. So are you all, in my opinion. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Serv. One Simon Pure inquireth for thee.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Obad. Friend Tradelove, business requireth my presence.

Trade. Oh, I shan't trouble you;—plague take him for an unmannerly dog; however, I have kept my word with my Dutchman, and I'll introduce him too, for all you. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter COLONEL in a Quaker's Habit, L.H.

Obad. Friend Pure, thou art welcome: how is it with friend Holdfast, and all friends in Bristol; Timothy Littleworth, John Slenderbrain, and Christopher Keepfaith?

Col. F. A goodly company! (*Aside.*) They are all in health, I thank thee for them.

Obad. Friend Holdfast writes me word, that thou camest lately from Pennsylvania: how do all friends there?

Col. F. What the devil shall I say? I know just as much of Pennsylvania as I do of Bristol. (*Aside.*)

Obad. Do they thrive?

Col. F. Yea, friend, the blessing of their good works fall upon them.

Enter MRS. PRIM and MISS LOVELY, R.H.

Obad. Sarah, know our friend Pure.

Mrs. P. Thou art welcome. (*He salutes her.*)

Col. F. Hefe comes thesum of all my wishes.—How charming she appears even in that disguise! (*Aside.*)

Obad. Why dost thou consider the maiden so attentively, friend.

Col. F. I will tell thee. About four days ago I saw a vision.—This very maiden, but in vain attire, standing on a precipice, and heard a voice which called me by my name,—and bid me put forth my hand and save her from the pit.—I did so, and methought the damsel grew unto my side.

Mrs. P. What can that portend?

Obad. The damsel's conversion,—I am persuaded:

Miss L. That's false, I'm sure.— (*Aside.*)

Obad. Wilt thou use the means, friend Pure?

Col. F. Means! What means? Is she not thy daughter, already one of the faithful?

Mrs. P. No, alas! she's one of the ungodly.

Obad. Pray thee mind what this good man will say unto thee: he will teach thee the way thou should'st walk, Anne.

Miss L. I know my way without his instruction: I hop'd to have been quiet when once I had put on your odious formality here.

Col. F. Then thou wearest it out of compulsion, not choice, friend?

Miss L. Thou art in the right of it, friend.—

Mrs. P. Art thou not ashamed to mimic the good man? Ah! thou stubborn girl.

Col. F. Mind her not; she hurteth not me.—If thou wilt leave her alone with me, I will discuss some few points with her, that may perchance soften her stubbornness, and melt her into compliance.

Obad. Content; I pray thee put it home to her.—Come, Sarah, let us leave the good man with her.

Miss L. (*Catching hold of Prim; he breaks loose;*

exeunt Obad. and Mrs. P. R.H.) What, do you mean to leave me with this old enthusiastical canter? Don't think because I complied with your formality, to impose your ridiculous doctrine upon me.

Col. F. I pray thee, young woman, moderate thy passion.

Miss L. I pray thee walk after thy leader; you will but lose your labour upon me.—These wretches will certainly make me mad!

Col. F. I am of another opinion! the spirit telleth me I shall convert thee, Anne.

Miss L. 'Tis a lying spirit, don't believe it.

Col. F. Say'st thou so? Why then thou shalt convert me, my angel. *(Catching her in his Arms.)*

Miss L. (Shrieks,) Ah! monster, hold off, or I'll tear thy eyes out.

Col. F. Hush! for heaven's sake,—dost thou not know me? I am Feignwell!

Miss L. Feignwell!

Re-enter OBADIAH PRIM, R.H.

Oh, I'm undone! Prim here! I wish with all my soul I had been dumb.

Obad. What is the matter? Why didst thou shriek out, Anne?

Miss L. Shriek out! I'll shriek and shriek again, cry murder, thieves, or any thing, to drown the noise of that eternal babbler, if you leave me with him any longer.

Obad. Was that all? Fie, fie, Anne.

Col. F. No matter, I'll bring down her stomach, I'll warrant thee.—Leave us, I pray thee?

Obad. Fare thee well. Verily, I was afraid the flesh had got the better of the spirit. *[Exit, R.H.]*

Col. F. My charming lovely woman!

(Embraces her.)

Miss L. What meanest thou by this disguise, Feignwell?

Col. F. To set thee free, if thou wilt perform thy promise.

Miss L. Make me mistress of my fortune, and make thy own conditions.

Col. F. This night shall answer all my wishes.— See here I have the consent of three of thy guardians already, and doubt not but Prim will make the fourth.

(*Obad. listening, R.H.*)

Obad. I would gladly hear what arguments the good man useth to bend her. (*Aside.*)

Miss L. Thy words give me new life, methinks.

Obad. What do I hear? (*Aside.*)

Miss L. Thou best of men, heaven meant to bless me sure, when I first saw thee.

Obad. He hath mollified her.—O wonderful conversion ! (*Aside*)

Col. F. (Softly.) Ha! Prim listening.—No more my love, we are observed: seem to be edified, and give 'em hopes that thou wilt turn quaker, and leave the rest to me. (*Aloud.*) I am glad to find that thou art touched with what I said unto thee, Anne; another time I will explain the other article unto thee: in the mean while be thou dutiful to our friend Prim.

Miss L. I shall obey thee in every thing.

(*Obadiah comes forward.*)

Obad. Oh, what a prodigious change is here ! Thou hast wrought a miracle, friend ! Anne, how dost thou like the doctrine he hath preached ?

Miss L. So well that I could talk to him for ever, methinks ;—I am ashamed of my former folly, and ask your pardon.

Col. F. Enough, enough, that thou art sorry ; he is no pope, Anne.

Obad. True, I am no pope, Anne. Verily, thou dost rejoice me exceedingly, friend : will it please thee to walk into the next room, and refresh thyself ?—Come, take the maiden by the hand.

Col F. We will follow thee. (*Going, R.H.*)

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Serv. There is another Simon Pure, inquireth for thee, master.

Col. F. The devil there is. (Aside.)

Obad. Another Simon Pure ! ' I do not know him, is he any relation of thine ?

Col. F. No, friend, I know him not.—Plague take him ; I wish he were in Pennsylvania again, with all my soul. (Aside.)

Miss L. What shall I do ? (Aside.)

Obad. Bring him up. [Exit Servant, L.H.]

Col. F. Humph ! then one of us must go down, that's certain.—Now impudence assist me.

Enter SIMON PURE, L.H.

Obad. What is thy will with me, friend ?

Simon. Didst thou not receive a letter from Amina—
dab Holdfast of Bristol, concerning one Simon Pure ?

Obad. Yea, Simon Pure is already here, friend.

Col. F. And Simon Pure will stay here, friend, if it be possible. (Aside.)

Simon. That's an untruth, for I am he.

Col. F. Take thou heed, friend, what thou dost say : I do affirm that I am Simon Pure.

Simon. Thy name may be Pure, friend, but not that Pure.

Col. F. Yea, that Pure which my good friend, Amiadab Holdfast, wrote to my friend Prim about ; the same Simon Pure that came from Pennsylvania, and sojourned in Bristol eleven days ; thou would'st not take my name from me, would'st thou ?—till I have done with it. (Aside.)

Simon. Thy name ! I am astonished !

Col. F. At what ? At thy own assurance ?

(Going up to him, Simon Pure starts back.)

Simon. Avaunt, satan, approach me not : I defy thee, and all thy works.

Miss L. Oh, he'll out-cant him.—Undone, undone for ever. (Aside.)

Col. F. Hark thee, friend, thy sham will not take.--Don't exert thy voice, thou art too well acquainted

with satan to start at him, thou wicked reprobate.—
What can thy design be here ?

Enter a SERVANT, L.H. who gives Prima Letter.

Obad. One of these must be a counterfeit, but which I cannot say.

Col. F. What can that letter be ? *(Aside.)*

Simon. Thou must be the devil, friend, that's certain ; for no human power can speak so great a falsehood.

Obad. This letter sayeth that thou art better acquainted with that prince of darkness, than any here.—
Read that, I pray thee, Simon. *(To Simon.)*

(Gives it to the Colonel.)

Col. F. (Aside.) 'Tis Freeman's hand. *(Reads.)* *There is a design formed to rob your house this night, and eat your throat ; and for that purpose there is a man disguised like a quaker, who is to pass for one Simon Pure : the gang, whereof I am one, though now resolved to rob no more, has been at Bristol : one of them came in the coach with the quaker, whose name he hath taken ; and from what he hath gathered from him, formed that design, and did not doubt but he should impose so far upon you as to make you turn out the real Simon Pure, and keep him with you. Make the right use of this. Adieu.—Excellent well !*

(Aside.)

Obad. Dost thou hear this ? *(To Simon Pure.)*

Simon. Yea, but it moveth me not ; that doubtless is the imposter. *(Pointing to the Colonel.)*

Col. F. Ah ! thou wicked one.—now I consider thy face, I remember thou didst come up in the leathern conveniency with me.—thou hadst a black bob-wig on, and a brown camblet coat with brass buttons.—Canst thou deny it, ha ?

Simon. Yea, I can, and with a safe conscience too, friend.

Obad. Verily, friend, thou art the most impudent villain I ever saw.

Miss L. Nay, then, I'll have a fling at him. (*Aside.*) [remember the face of this fellow at Bath.—Ay, this is he that pick'd my lady Raffle's pocket in the grove.—Don't you remember that the mob pump'd upon you friend?—This is the most notorious rogue—

Simon. What does provoke thee to seek my life? Thou wilt not hang me, wilt thou, wrongfully?

Obad. She will do thee no hurt; nor thou shalt do me none; therefore get thee about thy business, friend, and leave thy wicked course of life, or thou may'st not come off so favourably every where. Simon, I pray thee, put him forth.

Col. F. Go, friend, I would advise thee, and tempt thy fate no more.

Simon. Yea, I will go; but it shall be to thy confusion; for I shall clear myself; I will return with some proofs that shall convince thee, Obadiah, that thou art highly imposed upon. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Col. F. Then there will be no staying for me, that's certain;—what the devil shall I do? (*Aside.*)

Obad. What monstrous works of iniquity are there in this world, Simon?

Col. F. Yea, the age is full of vice.—'Sdeath, I am so confounded I know not what to say. (*Aside.*)

Obad. Thou art disorder'd, friend;—art thou not well?

Col. F. My spirit is greatly troubled, and something telleth me, that though I have wrought a good work in converting this maiden, this tender maiden, yet my labour will be in vain, for the evil spirit fighteth against her and I see, yea I see with the eye of my inward man, that satan will re-buffet her again, whenever I withdraw myself from her; and she will, yea, this very damsel will return again to that abomination from whence I have retriev'd her, as it were, yea, as if it were out of the jaws of the fiend.—

Miss L. I must second him. (*Aside.*) What meaneth this struggling within me? I feel the spirit resisteth the vanities of this world, but the flesh is rebellious, yea, the flesh,—I greatly fear the flesh and the weakness thereof,—hum.—

Obad. The maid is inspired. (*Aside.*) Prodigious !
The damsel is filled with the spirit,—Sarah.

Enter MRS. PRIM, R.H.

Mrs. P. I am greatly rejoiced to see such a change in our beloved Anne. I came to tell thee that supper stayeth for thee.

Col. F. I am not disposed for thy food ; my spirit longeth for more delicious meat ! --fain would I redeem this maiden from the tribe of sinners, and break those cords asunder wherewith she is bound,—hum.—

Miss L. Something whispers in my ears, methinks,—that I must be subject to the will of this good man, and from him only must hope for consolation,—hum.—It also telleth me that I am a chosen vessel to raise up seed to the faithful, and that thou must consent that we two be one flesh according to the word,—hum.

Obad. What a revelation is here ! This is certainly part of thy vision, friend ; this is the maiden's growing unto thy side : ah ! with what willingness should I give thee my consent, could I give thee her fortune too,—but thou wilt never get the consent of the wicked ones.

Col. F. I wish I was sure of yours. (*Aside.*)

Obad. (*To Miss L.*) Thy soul rejoiceth, yea rejoiceth I say, to find the spirit within thee ; for lo, it moveth thee with natural agitation ;—yea, with natural agitation towards this good man,—yea, it stirreth, as one may say,—yea, verily I say, it stirreth up thy inclination,—yea, as one would stir a pudding.

All. Hum !

Miss L. I see, I see ! the spirit guiding of thy hand, good Obadiah Prim, and now behold thou art signing thy consent,—and now I see myself within thy arms, my friend and brother, yea, I am become bone of thy bone, and flesh of thy flesh. (*Embracing Col. F.*) Hum.—

Mrs. P. The spirit hath greatly moved them both,—Friend Prim, thou must consent ; there's no resisting of the spirit !

Obad. Fetch me the pen and ink, Sarah,—and my hand shall confess its obedience to the spirit.

[*Exit Mrs. P. R.H.*]

Col. F. I wish it were over.

Re-enter Mrs. PRIM, with pen and ink, R.H.

Miss L. I tremble lest this quaking rogue should return, and spoil all. (*Aside.*)

Obad. Here, friend, do thou write what the spirit prompteth, and I will sign it. (*Col. F. sits down.*)

Col. F. (Reads.) *This is to certify all whom it may concern, that I do freely give all my right and title in Anne Lovely to Simon Pure, and my full consent that she shall become his wife according to the form of marriage. Witness my hand.*

Obad. That's enough,—give me the pen. (*Signs it.*)

Enter BETTY, L.H.

Betty. Oh! madam, madam, here's the quaking man again: he has brought a coachman, and two or three more. (*Aside to Miss L. and exit, R.H.*)

Miss L. Ruin'd past redemption!

(*Aside to the Colonel.*)

Col. F. No, no; one minute sooner had spoil'd all; but now,—here's company coming, friend, give me the paper. (*Going to Prim hastily.*)

Obad. Here it is, Simon; and I wish thee happy with the maiden.

Miss L. 'Tis done; and now, devil, do thy worst,

Enter SIMON PURE, Coachman and others, L.H.

Simon. Look thee, friend, I have brought these people to satisfy thee that I am not that impostor which thou didst take me for; this is the man that did drive the leathern conveniency, and brought me from Bristol;—and this is,—

Col. F. Lookye, friend, to save the court the trouble of examining witnesses.—I plead guilty, ha, ha!

Obad. How's this? Is not thy name Pure then?

Col. F. No, really, sir; I only made bold with this gentleman's name; but here I give it up safe and sound; it has done the business I had occasion for, and now I intend to wear my own, which shall be at his service upon the same occasion at any time.—Ha, ha, ha!

Simon. Oh! the wickedness of the age!

[*Exit Couchman, &c.* L.H.]

Obad. I am struck dumb with thy impudence, Anne; thou hast deceived me,—and perchance undone thyself.

Mrs. P. Thou art a dissembling baggage, and shame will overtake thee. [Exit, R.H.]

Simon. I am grieved to see thy wife so much troubled; I will follow and console her. [Exit, R.H.]

Enter Servant, L.H.

Serv. Thy brother guardians inquire for thee; here is another man with them. [Exit, L.H.]

Miss L. Who can that man be? (To *Col. F.*)

Col. F. 'Tis Freeman, a friend of mine, whom I ordered to bring the rest of the guardians here.

Enter SIR PHILIP MODELOVE, TRADELOVE, PERIWINKLE, and FREEMAN, L.H.

Free. Is all safe?—Did my letter do you service? (Aside to the Colonel.)

Col. F. All, all's safe! ample service. (Aside.)

Sir P. Miss Nancy, how dost do, child?

Miss L. Don't call me miss, friend Philip; my name is Anne, thou knowest.—

Sir P. What, is the girl metamorphos'd?

Miss L. I wish thou wert so metamorphos'd. Ah! Philip, throw off that gaudy attire, and wear the clothes becoming thy age.

Obad. I am ashamed to see these men. (Aside.)

Sir P. My age! the woman is possess'd.

Col. F. No, thou art possess'd rather, friend.

Trade. Harkye, miss Lovely, one word with you. (Takes hold of her hand.)

Col. F. This maiden is my wife, thanks to my friend Prim, and thou hast no business with her.

(Takes her from him.)

Trade. His wife! harkye, Mr. Freeman.

Per. Why, you have made a very fine piece of work of it, Mr. Prim.

Sir P. Married to 'a quaker ! thou art a fine fellow to be left guardian to an orphan truly,—there's a husband for a young lady !

Col. F. When I have put on my beau clothes, sir Philip, you'll like me better.—

Sir P. Thou wilt make a very scurvy beau, friend.—

Col. F. I believe I can prove it under your hand that you thought me a very fine gentleman in the park t'other day, about thirty-six minutes after eleven ; will you take a pinch, sir Philip ?—One of the finest snuff-boxes you ever saw. (*Offers him Snuff.*)

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha ! I am overjoyed, 'faith I am, if thou be'st the gentleman.—I own I did give my consent to the gentleman I brought here to-day,—but whether this is he I can't be positive.

Obad. Canst thou not !—Now I think thou art a fine fellow to be left guardian to an orphan.—Thou shallow-brain'd shuttlecock, he may be a pickpocket for aught thou dost know.

Per. You would have been two rare fellows to have been entrusted with the sole management of her fortune, would ye not, think ye ? But Mr. Tradelove and myself shall take care of her portion.—

Trade. Ay, ay, so we will.—Didn't you tell me the Dutch merchant desired me to meet him here, Mr. Freeman ?

Free. I did so, and I am sure he will be here, if you'll have a little patience.

Col. F. What, is Mr. Tradelove impatient ? Nay, then, ib ben gereet voor your, he be, Jan Van Tim-tamtircleleetta Heer Van Feignwell, vergeeten !

Trade. Oh ! plague of the name ! what have you trick'd me too, Mr. Freeman ?

Col. F. Trick'd, Mr. Tradelove ! did not I give you two thousand pounds for your consent fairly ? And now do you tell a gentleman he has trick'd you ?

Per. So, so, you are a pretty guardian, 'faith, to sell your charge ? what, did you look upon her as part of your stock ?

Obad. Ha, ha, ha ! I am glad thy knavery is found

out, however,—I confess the maiden over-reached me, and I had no sinister end at all.

Per. Ay, ay, one thing or other over-reached you all.—But I'll take care he shall never finger a penny of her money, I warrant you ;—over-reach'd, quotha ! Why I might have been over-reach'd too, if I had no more wit : I don't know but this very fellow may be him that was directed to me from Grand Cairo t'other day. Ha, ha, ha !

Col. F. The very same.

Per. Are you so, sir ? But your trick would not pass upon me.

Col. F. No, as you say, at that time it did not, that was not my lucky hour,—but, harkye, sir, I must let you into one secret. You may keep honest John Tradescant's coat on, for your uncle, sir Toby Periwinkle, is not dead,—so the charge of mourning will be saved, ha, ha, ha !—Don't you remember Mr. Pillage, your uncle's steward ? Ha, ha, ha !

Per. Not dead ! I begin to fear I am trick'd too.

Col. F. Don't you remember the signing of a lease, Mr. Periwinkle ?

Per. Well, and what signifies that lease, if my uncle is not dead ?—Ha ! I am sure it was a lease I signed.—

Col. F. Ay, but it was a lease for life, sir, and of this beautiful tenement, I thank you.

(Taking hold of Miss Lovely.)

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha ! neighbour's fare.

Free. So then, I find, you are all trick'd, ha, ha !

Per. I am certain I read as plain a lease as ever I read in my life.

Col. F. You read a lease I grant you ; but you sign'd this contract.

(Showing a Paper.)

Per. How durst you put this trick upon me, Mr. Freeman ? Didn't you tell me my uncle was dying ?

Free. And would tell you twice as much to serve my friend, ha, ha !

Sir P. What, the learned and famous Mr. Periwinkle chous'd too !—Ha, ha, ha !—I shall die with laughing, ha, ha, ha !

Trade. Well, since you have out-witted us all, pray you what and who are you, sir?

Sir P. Sir, the gentleman is a fine gentleman.—I am glad you have got a person, madam, who understands dress and good breeding.—I was resolved she should have one of my choosing.

Trade. A beau! nay, then, she is finely help'd up.

Miss L. Why beaus are great encouragers of trade, sir, ha, ha, ha!

Col. F. Lookye, gentlemen:—I am the person who can give the best account of myself; and I must beg sir Philip's pardon, when I tell him, that I have as much aversion to what he calls dress and breeding, as I have to the enemies of my religion. I have had the honour to serve his majesty, and headed a regiment of the bravest fellows that ever push'd bayonet in the throat of an enemy; and notwithstanding the fortune this lady brings me, whenever my country wants my aid, my sword and arm are at her service.

And now, my fair, if thou'lt but deign to smile,

I meet a recompense for all my toil:

Love and religion ne'er admit restraint,

And force makes many sinners, not one saint;

Still free as air the active mind does rove,

And searches proper objects for its love;

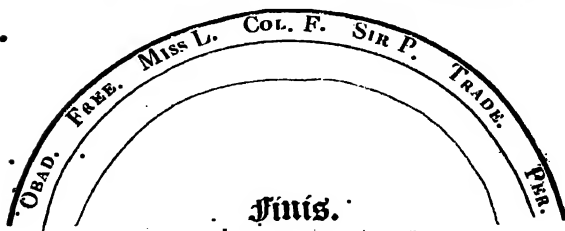
But that once fix'd, 'tis past the power of art

To chase the dear idea from the heart:

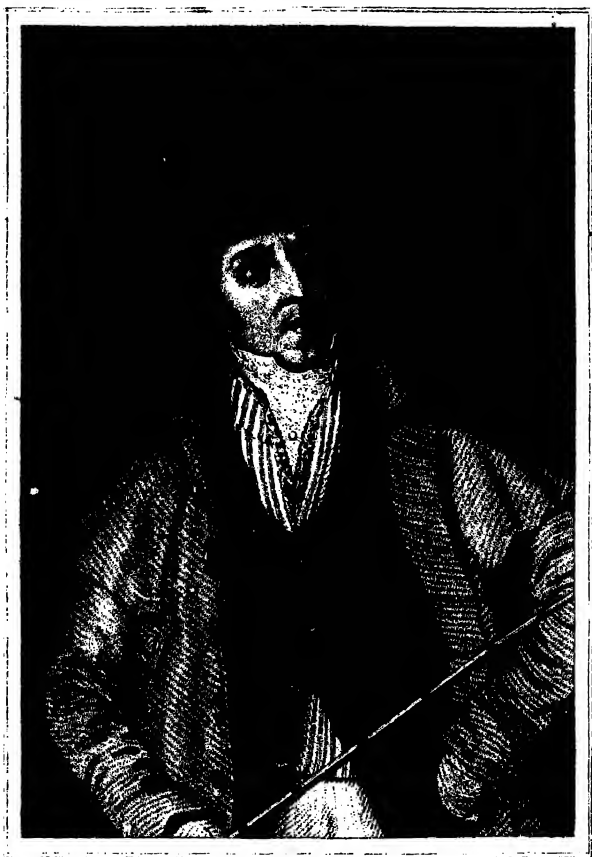
'Tis liberty of choice that sweetens life,

Makes the glad husband, and the happy wife.

Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls.



W. OXBERRY, AND CO. PRINTERS, 8,



MR. PLATTENBERG,
AND HIS SON.

Engraved by J. H. Green from an original painting by 'L. Wille'

Orberry's Edition.

THE ROAD TO RUIN,

A COMEDY;

By T. Holcroft.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

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Remarks.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

MR. HOLCROFT's play of the ROAD TO RUIN, whatever other objections may be made to it, has this great excellence, that the author seems to have done in it just what he intended. The design may not be lofty or elegant, but the execution is in general complete. Sophia, the innocent heroine of the piece, is the only exception to this remark; she is meant to be interesting, and is only girlish and insipid. The Widow Warren, her relation and rival, is meant to be disgusting; and in that the author certainly has not failed. Mr. Holcroft has more than once satirised the prominent vices of city-manners, and made them to consist in a sordid union of gross ignorance, impudence, selfishness, and upstart purse-proud self-importance. In the present play, however, he has contrasted these glaring and odious qualities with the more respectable features and domestic virtues of a city-life in the person and family of the elder Dornton. This character is an admirable representative of that class of English merchants who to plain manners and an unassuming outside, unite unsophisticated, upright sentiments; who have enlarged their minds with their fortunes; who have made frugality and industry factors for benevolence, and the path of honour the road to wealth; who do not let their generosity get the better of their justice—nor their justice of their generosity; in whom the maxims of the world have not obliterated the dictates of humanity; who have heaped up piles of silver and gold, but not to bury the natural affections under them; whose names stand at the head of their *firm*, and are written in the hearts of the distressed; who are members of the Stock-Exchange, without having ceased to belong to the larger community of mankind. If such examples form the exception to the general rule, (as excellence is in all its kinds rare,) they deserve the more to be held up to admiration and imitation; and in this respect, old Dornton may be considered as stamping this very lively and entertaining comedy with an additional moral value. Nothing can well surpass, in the expression of natural genuine feeling, or in happy dramatic effect, some of the scenes between him, and his son, the thoughtless, ex-

travagant, but warm-hearted and noble-minded Harry Dornton. We might point out in particular the very admirable and touching scene between Dornton and his son, in which he returns to bid him "good-night;" and that, in which the son bears his name struck off from the *firm*, with the most frank good-humoured admission of his own failings, and the same sincere, involuntary declarations of respect and affection to his father. The invention (among the *Dramatis Personæ*,) of the names of Mr. Sulky and Mr. Silky, is not one of the least merits of this comedy; whose characters are as decidedly opposed as their names are nicely distinguished. The character, however, which has given an almost unprecedented popularity to this play, is that of Goldfinch. This personage is a lucky compound of dulness and vivacity. His whole stock of ideas consists of half a dozen cant terms, as "That's your sort," "Go it, my lad," &c.; and yet it cannot be denied that he gives its soul and spirit to the piece. His volubility of speech and action is the pivot on which every thing else turns round with dazzling rapidity. He is a sublimation of animal life and motion, without a particle of understanding or any principle of virtue. We do not hate, nay, we hardly despise him; though, it would be difficult to say, judging by the ordinary standard, whether he is most knave or fool. He talks nothing but nonsense, always the same nonsense and that incessantly; and still we are not tired of him, for he seems never tired of himself or of his own excentric folly and gross vulgarity. "Pleas'd with himself, who all the world can please." In the hands of the late Mr. Lewis (his original representative) he made the most irresistible caricature possible; and his exclamation, "Damn all dancing-masters and their umbrellas," had a most electrical effect upon the house. In a word, honest Goldfinch was the forerunner of a race of dramatic heroes, who have turned comedy into a school of dashing impertinence; and the Road to Ruin, with all its excellences, led the way to that style of fashionable dialogue, which combines the extreme points of metaphysical sentiments and slang phrases, with a success truly enviable, if not altogether unaccountable.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. FAWCETT.

Enter driving a boy across the stage.

Away ! 'Sblood ! Run for the author ! We can do nothing
till he appears ;
Tell him in less than five minutes we shall have the house
about our ears !

(To the audience.)

Oh sirs ! The Prompter has mislaid the prologue, and we
are all a mort.
I suppose our friends above yonder will soon be making
pretty sport !
For pity's sake, suffer us to go on without it,—good, dear
sirs, do !
'Twas most abominably dull.—Zounds ! There stands the
writer. Well ! It's very true,
One of our ti tum ti heroes was to have spoken it, who
measure out nonsense by the yard ;
And our chief hope was you'd make too much noise for it
to be heard.
The author had mounted on the stilts, of oratory and 'elo-
cution :
Not but he had a smart touch or two, about Poland, France,
and the—the revolution ;
Telling us that Frenchman, and Polishman, and every man
is our brother :
And that all men, ay, even poor negro men, have a right
to be free ; one as well as another !

PROLOGUE.

Freedom at length, said he, like a torrent is spreading and
swelling,

To sweep away pride and reach the most miserable dwell-
ing ;

To ease, happiness, art, science, wit, and genius to give
birth ;

Ay, to fertilize a world, and renovate old earth ;

Thus he went on, not mentioning a word about the play ;

For he says prologues are blots, which ought to be wiped
away.

A Gothic practice, and in spite of precedent, not the better
for being old ;

For, if we tell any part of the plot, it then becomes a tale
twice told ;

And such twice telling can rarely once excite our wonder ,

Ergo, he that says nothing is least likely to blunder,

Since therefore prologues are bad things at best, pray, my
good friends,

Never mind the want of one, but live in hopes the play
will make amends.

Costume.

OLD DORNTON.

A grey cloth coat, lined with black, and black buttons, black silk waistcoat, breeches and stockings, and a cocked hat.

YOUNG DORNTON.

First dress.—A light coloured morning frock coat, striped waistcoat, breeches, boots, and a round hat. Second dress.—A fashionable full dress.

SILKY.

A snuff brown full trimmed suit.

SULKY.

A dark brown half trimmed suit.

GOLDFINCH.

First dress.—A scarlet frock coat, buff waistcoat, white cord breeches, and top boots. Second dress.—A grey frock coat.

TRADESMEN.

Plain cloaths.

JACOB.

A comic old fashion, livery.

WIDOW WARREN.

First dress.—Spangled dress trimmed with black. Second dress.—White satin dress, trimmed with silver, spangled drapery trimmed with roses.

SOPHIA.

White frock, black sash.

JENNY.

Neat coloured gown and cap.

Persons Represented.

As it was Originally acted.

<i>Mr. Dornton</i>	Mr. Munden.
<i>Harry Dornton</i>	Mr. Holman.
<i>Mr. Sulky</i>	Mr. Wilson.
<i>Mr. Silky</i>	Mr. Quick.
<i>Goldfinch</i>	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Mr. Milford</i>	Mr. Harley.
<i>Mr. Smith</i>	Mr. Powell.
<i>Hosier</i>	Mr. Macready.
<i>Bailiff</i>	Mr. Thompson.
<i>Jacob</i>	Mr. Rees.
<i>Mrs. Warren</i>	Mrs. Mattocks.
<i>Sophia</i>	Mrs. Merry.
<i>Jenny</i> ..	Mrs. Harlowe.
<i>Mrs. Ledger</i>	Mrs. Powell.

	<i>Drury-lane.</i>	<i>Covent-garden.</i>
<i>Mr. Dornton</i>	Mr. Munden.	Mr. Terry.
<i>Harry Dornton</i>	Mr. H. Kemble.	Mr. Vining.
<i>Mr. Milford</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Mr. Sulky</i>	Mr. Williams.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Goldfinch</i>	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Mathews.
<i>Silky</i>	Mr. Knight.	Mr. Emery.
<i>Mr. Smith</i>	Mr. Coveney.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Hosier</i>	Mr. Ley.	Mr. Murray.
<i>Jacob</i>	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Treby.
<i>Clerk</i>	Mr. Marshall.	Mr. Brown.
<i>Furrier</i>	Mr. Minton.	Mr. Lee.
<i>Hatter</i>	Mr. Miller.	Mr. Louis.
<i>Bailiff</i>	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. Porteus.
<i>Tennis Marker</i>	Mr. Ebsworth.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Waiter</i>	Mr. Cooper.	Mr. Sergeant.
<i>William</i>	Mr. Evans.	Mr. Platt.
<i>Thomas</i>	Mr. Buxton.	Mr. Powers.
<i>George</i>	Mr. Appleby.	Mr. Crumpton.
<i>Postillions</i> }	Mr. Brown.	Mr. S. Chapman.
	Mr. Seymour.	Mr. C. Parsloe.
<i>Widow Warren</i>	Mrs. Harlowe.	Mrs. Kennedy.
<i>Sophia</i>	Mrs. Mardyn.	Miss S. Booth.
<i>Mrs. Ledger</i>	Miss Tidswell.	Mrs. Whitmore.
<i>Milliner</i>	Mrs. Ebsworth.	Mrs. Bologna.
<i>Mantua Maker</i>	Miss Carr.	Mrs. Watts.
<i>Jenny</i>	Mrs. Hughes.	Miss Cogan.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I—*The house of Dornton.*

Enter Mr. DORNTON, R.H.

Dornton. Past two o'clock and not yet returned!—
Well, well,—it's my own fault!—Mr. Smith!

Enter Mr. SMITH, L.H.

Mr. Smith. Sir.

Dornton. Is Mr. Sulky come in?

Mr. Smith. No, sir.

Dornton. Are you sure Harry Dornton said he should return to-night?

Mr. Smith. Yes, sir.

Dornton. And you don't know where he is gone?

Mr. Smith. He did not tell me, sir.

Dornton. (*Angrily.*) I ask you if you know!

Mr. Smith. I believe to Newmarket, sir.

Dornton. You always believe the worst!—I'll sit up no longer.—Tell the servants to go to bed.—And do you hear, should he apply to you for money, don't let him have a guinea.

Mr. Smith. Very well, sir.

Dornton. I have done with him; he is henceforth no son of mine! Let him starve!

Mr. Smith. He acts very improperly, sir, indeed.

Dornton. Improperly! How? What does he do?

(*Alarmed.*)

Mr. Smith. Sir!

Dornton. Have you heard any thing of,—?

Mr. Smith. (*Confused.*) No,—no, sir,—Nothing.—nothing but what you yourself tell me.

Dornton. Then how do you know he has acted improperly?

Mr. Smith. He is certainly a very good hearted young gentleman, sir.

Dornton. Good-hearted! How dare you make such an assertion?

Mr. Smith. Sir!

Dornton. How dare you, Mr. Smith, insult me so? Is not his gaming notorious; his racing, driving, riding, and associating with knaves, fools, debauchees, and black legs?

Mr. Smith. Upon my word, sir,—I—

Dornton. But it's over! His name has this very day been struck out of the firm! Let his drafts be returned. It's all ended! (*Passionately.*) And, observe, not a guinea! If you lend him any yourself, I'll not pay you. I'll no longer be a fond doating father! Therefore take warning! Take warning, I say! Be his distress what it will, not a guinea! Though you should hereafter see him begging, starving in the streets, not so much as the loan or the gift of a single guinea.

(*With great passion.*)

Mr. Smith. I shall be careful to observe your orders, sir.

Dornton. Sir! (*With terror.*) Why, would you see him starve?—Would you see him starve and not lend him a guinea? Would you, sir? Would you?

Mr. Smith. Sir!—Certainly not, except in obedience to your orders!

Dornton. (*With amazement and compassion.*) And could any orders justify your seeing a poor unfortunate youth, rejected by his father, abandoned by his friends, starving to death?

TO RUIN.

Mr. Smith. There is no danger of that, sir.

Dornton. I tell you the thing shall happen! He shall starve to death! (*With horror at the supposition.*) I'll never look on him more as a son of mine; and I am very certain, when I have forsaken him, all the world will forsake him too. (*Almost in tears.*) Yes, yes! He is born to be a poor wretched outcast!

Mr. Smith. I hope, sir, he still will make a fine man.

Dornton. Will!—There is not a finer, handsomer, nobler looking youth in the kingdom; no, not in the world!

Mr. Smith. I mean a worthy good man, sir.

Dornton. How can you mean any such thing? The company he keeps would corrupt a saint.

Mr. Smith. Sir, if you will only tell me what your pleasure is, I will endeavour to act like a faithful servant.

Dornton. I know you are a faithful servant, Mr. Smith.—(*Takes his hand.*) I know you are.—But you—You are not a father.

Enter Mr. SULKY, L.H. and Mr. SMITH goes off, L.H.

Dornton. Well, Mr. Sulky, have you heard any thing of him?

Sulky. Yes.

Dornton. And, hay—? (*Excessively impatient.*) Any thing consoling, any thing good?

Sulky. No.

Dornton. No?—No, say you!—Where is he? What is he about?

Sulky. I don't know.

Dornton. Don't—? You love to torture me, sir! You love to torture me.

Sulky. Humph!

Dornton. For heaven's sake tell me what you have heard!

Sulky. I love to torture you.

Dornton. Put me out of my pain! If you are not a tiger, put me out of my pain!

Sulky. (*Reluctantly drawing a newspaper out of his pocket.*) There ;—read !

Dornton. Dead !

Sulky. Worse.

Dornton. Mercy defend me !—Where ? What ?

Sulky. The first paragraph in the postscript : the beginning line in capitals.

Dornton. (*Reads.*) ‘ *The junior partner of the great banking house, not a mile from the Post-office, has again been touched at Newmarket, for upwards of ten thousand pounds —* (*Pause.*) It can’t be !

Sulky. Humph.

Dornton. Why, can it ?

Sulky. Yes.

Dornton. How do you know ? What proof have you that this is not a lie ?

Sulky. His own hand writing.

Dornton. How !

Sulky. Bills at three days sight to the full amount have already been presented.

Dornton. And accepted ?

Sulky. Yes.

Dornton. But !—Why !—Were you mad, Mr. Sulky ? Were you mad ?

Sulky. I soon shall be.

Dornton. Is not his name struck off the firm ?

Sulky. They were dated two days before.

Dornton. The credit of my house begins to totter !

Sulky. Well it may !

Dornton. What the effect of such a paragraph may be, I cannot tell !

Sulky. I can ;—Ruin.

Dornton. Are you serious, sir ?

Sulky. I am not inclined to laugh.—A run against the house, stoppage, disgrace, bankruptcy.

Dornton. Really, Mr. Sulky, you—

Sulky. Yes, I know I offend. I was bred in your house, you used me tenderly, I served you faithfully, and you admitted me a partner. Don’t think I care for myself. No. I can sit at the desk again. But you !

You ! first man of the first commercial city on earth, your name in the Gazette ? Were it mine only I would laugh at it. What am I ? Who cares for me ?

(Crosses to R.H.)

Dornton. Where is the vile ?—(Calling.) Mr. Smith ! Thomas !—William !

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Enter Mr. SMITH, L.H.

Call all the servants together, Mr. Smith ; clerks, footmen, maids, every soul ! Tell them their young master is a scoundrel !

Mr. Smith. Very well, sir.

Dornton. Sir ?—(His anger recurring.) Bid them shut the door in his face ! I'll turn the first away that lets him set foot in this house ever again !

Mr. Smith. Very well, sir.

Dornton. Very well, sir ? Damn your very well, sir ! I tell you it is not very well, sir. He shall starve, die, rot in the street ! Is that very well, sir ?

[*Exeunt Mr. Dornton and Mr. Smith, L.H.*]

Sulky. He has a noble heart. A fond father's heart. The boy was a fine youth.—But he spoiled him ; and now he quarrels with himself and all the world, because he hates his own folly. (Distant knocking heard at the street door, L.H.) So ! Here is the youth returned. (Knocking again.) [Exit, R.H.]

Enter Mr. DORNTON, followed by Servants, L.H.

Dornton. Don't stir ! On your lives don't go to the door ! Are the bolts and locks all fastened ?

Servants. All, sir. (Knocking.)

Dornton. Don't mind his knocking ! Go to bed every soul of you instantly, and fall fast asleep !—He shall starve in the streets ! (Knocking again.) Fetch me my blunderbuss ! Make haste ! [Exeunt, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, MILFORD, and Postillions, L.H.:

Postillions. We smoked along, your honour !

Harry. (*Knocks at D.F.*) I know you did. Had you been less free with your whip, you would have been a crown the richer. Your next step should be to turn drummers, and handle the cat o' nine tails.

Postillions. It is very late, your honour !

Harry. Be gone ! I'll give you no more. (*Knocks.*)
[*Exeunt Postillions, L.H.*]

Dornton. (*Throwing up the sash and presenting the blunderbuss ; Mr. Sulky behind.*) Knock again, you scoundrel, and you shall have the full contents loaded to the muzzle, rascal !

Harry. So ! I suspected dad was in his tantrums.

Milford. You have given him some cause.

Harry. Very true. (*To his father.*) Consider, my dear sir, the consequences of lying out all night !

Dornton. Be gone, villain !

Harry. Bad women, sir ; damp, night air !

Dornton. Will you be gone ?

Harry. Watch-houses, pick-pockets, cut-throats !

Sulky. Come, come, sir.—(*Shutting down the window.*)

Milford. We shall not get in.

Harry. Pshaw ! How little do you know of my father ! The door will open in less than fifteen seconds.

Milford. Done, for a hundred !

Harry. Done, done ! (*They take out their watches, and the door opens.*) I knew you were had ; double or quits we find the cloth laid, and supper on the table.

Milford. No, it won't do. [*Exeunt into the house.*]

SCENE III.—*The former Apartment.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, MILFORD, and Footman, L.H.

Footman. My old master is in a bitter passion, sir.

Harry. I know it.

Footman. He is gone down to turn the servant out of doors that let you in.

Harry. Is he? Then go you and let your fellow-servant in again.

Footman. I dare not, sir.

Harry. Then I must.

[Exit, L.H.]

Footman. He inquired who was with my young master.

Milford. Well!

Footman. And when he heard it was you, sir, he was ten times more furious. *[Exit Footman, R.H.]*

Re-enter HARRY DORNTON, L.H.

Harry. All's well that ends well. This has been a cursed losing voyage, Milford!

Milford. I am a hundred and fifty in.

Harry. And I ten thousand out!

Milford. I believe I had better avoid your father, for the present.

Harry. I think you had. Dad considers you as my tempter; the cause of my ruin.

Milford. And I being in his debt, he conceives he may treat me without ceremony.

Harry. Nay, damn it, Jack, do him justice! It is not the money you had of him, but the ill advice he imputes to you, that galls him.

Milford. I hear he threatens to arrest me.

Harry. Yes! He has threatened to strike my name out of the firm, and disinherit me, a thousand times!

Milford. Oh, but he has been very serious in menacing me.

Harry. And me too.

Milford. You'll be at the tennis-court to-morrow?

Harry. No.

Milford. What, not to see the grand match?—

Harry. No.

Milford. Oh yes, you will.

Harry. No, I am determined.

Milford. Yes, over night ; you'll waver in the morning.

Harry. No. It is high time, Jack, to grow prudent.

Milford. Ha, ha, ha ! My plan is formed : I'll soon be out of debt.

Harry. How will you get the money ?

Milford. By calculation.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha !

Milford. I am resolved on it. How many men of rank and honour, having lost their fortunes, have doubly recovered them !

Harry. And very honourably !

Milford. Who doubts it ?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha ! Nobody ! nobody !

Milford. But pray, Harry, what is it you find so attractive in my late father's amorous relict ?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha ! What the widow Warren ?

Milford. She seems to think and even reports you are to marry her !

Harry. Marry ? Her ? A coquette of forty, who ridiculously apes all the airs of a girl ! Fantastic, selfish, and a fool ! And marry ? Disgusting idea ! Thou wert philosophising, as we drove, on the condition of a post-horse—?

Milford. Well ?

Harry. I would rather be a post-horse, nay the brute that drives a post horse, than the base thing thou hast imagined !

Milford. Then why are you so often there ?

Harry. Because I can't keep away.

Milford. What, it is her daughter, Sophia ?

Harry. Lovely, bewitching innocent !

Milford. The poor young thing is fond of you ?

Harry. I should be half mad if I thought she was not ; yet am obliged to half hope she is not !

Milford. Why?

Harry. What a question! Am I not a profligate, and in all probability ruined?—Not even my father can overlook this last affair!—No!—Heigho!

Milford. The loss of my father's will, and the mystery made of its contents by those who witnessed it, are strange circumstances!

Harry. In which the widow triumphs. And you being a bastard, and left by law to starve, she willingly pays obedience to laws so wise.

Milford. She refuses even to pay my debts.

Harry. And the worthy alderman, your father, being overtaken by death in the south of France, carefully makes a will, and then as carefully hides it where it is not to be found; or commits it to the custody of some mercenary knave, who has made his market of it to the widow.—So! Here comes the supposed executor of this supposed will.

Enter MR. SULKY, L.H.

My dear Mr. Sulky, how do you do?

Sulky. Very ill.

Harry. Indeed? I am very sorry! What's your disorder?

Sulky. You.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

Sulky. Ruin, bankruptcy, infamy!

Harry. The old story!

Sulky. To a new tune.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

Sulky. You are—

Harry. What, my good cynic?

Sulky. A fashionable gentleman.

Harry. I know it.

Sulky. And fashionably ruined.

Harry. No;—I have a father.

Sulky. Who is ruined likewise.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Is the Bank of England ruined?

Sulky. I say, ruined. Nothing less than a miracle can save the house. The purse of Fortunatus could not supply you.

Harry. No; it held nothing but guineas. Notes, bills, paper for me!

Sulky. Such effrontery is insufferable. For these five years, sir, you have been driving to ruin more furiously than—

Harry. An ambassador's coach on a birth-night. I saw you were stammering for a simile.

Sulky. Sir—!

Harry. Youth mounts the box, seizes the reins, and jehus headlong on in the dark; passion and prodigality blaze in the front, bewilder the coachman, and dazzle and blind the passengers; wisdom, prudence, and virtue are overset and maimed or murdered; and at last, repentance, like the footman's flambeau lagging behind, lights us to dangers when they are past all remedy.

Sulky. Your name is struck off the firm. I was the adviser.

Harry. You were very kind, Mr. Sulky.

Sulky. Your father is at last determined.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Do you think so?

Sulky. You'll find so! And what brought you here, sir? (To Milford.)

Milford. A chaise and four.

Sulky. It might have carried you to a safer place. When do you mean to pay your debts?

Milford. When my father's executor prevails on the widow Warren to do me justice.

Sulky. And which way am I to prevail?

Milford. And which way am I to pay my debts?

Sulky. You might have more modesty than insolently to come and brave one of your principal creditors, after having ruined his son by your evil counsel.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Don't believe a word on't, my good grumbler: I ruined myself: I wanted no counsellor.

Milford. My father died immensely rich; and though I am what the law calls illegitimate, I ought not to starve.

Sulky. You have had five thousand pounds, and are five more in debt.

Milford. Yes, thanks to those who trust boys with thousands.

Sulky. You would do the same now, that you think yourself a man.

Milford. (*Firmly.*) Indeed I would not.

Sulky. Had you been watching the widow at home, instead of galloping after a knot of gamblers and pick-pockets, you might perhaps have done yourself more service.

Milford. Which way, sir?

Sulky. The will of your late father is found.

Milford. Found?

Sulky. I have received a letter, from which I learn it was at last discovered, carefully locked up in a private drawer; and that it is now a full month since a gentleman of Montpelier, coming to England, was entrusted with it. But no such gentleman has yet appeared.

Milford. If it should have got into the hands of the widow—!

Sulky. Which I suspect it has!—You are a couple of pretty gentlemen! But beware! Misfortune is at your heels! Mr. Dornton vows vengeance on you both, and justly. He is not gone to bed; and, if you have confidence enough to look him in the face, I would have you stay where you are.

Milford. I neither wish to insult, nor be insulted.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Sulky. Do you know, sir, your father turned the poor fellow into the street, who compassionately opened the door for you?

Harry. Yes; and my father knows I as compassionately opened the door for the poor fellow in return.

Sulky. Very well, sir! Your fame is increasing daily:

Harry. I am glad to hear it.

Sulky. Humph! Then perhaps you have paragraphed yourself?

Harry. Paragraphed? What? Where?

Sulky. In the St. James's Evening.

Harry. Me?

Sulky. Stating the exact amount.

Harry. Of my loss?

Sulky. Yours.—You march through every avenue to fame, dirty or clean.

Harry. Well said!—Be witty when you can; sarcastic you must be, in spite of your teeth. But I like you the better. You are honest. You are my cruet of Cayenne, and a sprinkling of you is excellent.

Sulky. Well, sir, when you know the state of your own affairs, and to what you have reduced the house, you will perhaps be less ready to grin.

Harry. Reduced the house! Ha, ha, ha?

Enter Mr. DORNTON, with a Newspaper in his Hand, L.H.

Dornton. So, sir!

Harry. (*Bowing.*) I am happy to see you, sir.

Dornton. You are there, after having broken into my house at midnight!—And you are here, (*Pointing to the paper.*) after having ruined me and my house by your unprincipled prodigality! Are you not a scoundrel?

Harry. No, sir: I am only a fool.

Sulky. Good night to you, gentlemen. (*Going, R.H.*)

Dornton. Stay where you are, Mr. Sulky. I beg you (*Crosses to centre.*) to stay where you are, and be a witness to my solemn renunciation of him and his vices!

Sulky. I have witnessed it a thousand times.

Dornton. But this is the last. Are you not a scoundrel, I say? (*To Harry.*)

Harry. I am your son.

Dornton. (*Calling off, L.H.*) Mr. Smith! Bring in those deeds.

Enter Mr. SMITH, with papers, L.H.

You will not deny you are an incorrigible squanderer ?

Harry. I will deny nothing.

Dornton. A nuisance, a wart, a blot, a stain upon the face of nature !

Harry. A stain that will wash out, sir.

Dornton. A redundancy, a negation ; a besotted sophisticated incumbrance ; a jumble of fatuity ; your head, your heart, your words, your actions, all a jargon ; incoherent and unintelligible to yourself, absurd and offensive to others !

Harry. I am whatever you please, sir.

Dornton. Bills never examined, every thing bought on credit, the price of nothing asked ! Conscious you were weak enough to wish for baubles you did not want, and pant for pleasures you could not enjoy, you had not the effrontery to assume the circumspect caution of common sense ! And, to your other destructive follies, you must add the detestable vice of gaming !

Harry. These things, sir, are much easier done than defended.

Dornton. But here.--Give me that parchment ! (*To Mr. Smith.*) The partners have all been summoned. Look, sir ! Your name has been formally erased !

Harry. The partners are very kind.

Dornton. The suspicions already incurred by the known profligacy of a principal in the firm, the immense sums you have drawn, this paragraph, the run on the house it will occasion, the consternation of the whole city—

Harry. All very terrible, and some of it very true.
(*Half aside.*)

Dornton. (*Passionately.*) If I should hapily outlive the storm you have raised, it shall not be to support a prodigal, or to reward a gambler !—[*Exit Mr. Smith, L.H.*] You are disinherited !—Read !

Harry. Your word is as good as the Bank, sir.

Dornton. I'll no longer act the doating father, fascinated by your arts !

Harry. I never had any art, sir, except the one you taught me.

Dornton. I taught you ! What ? Scoundrel ? What ?

Harry. That of loving you, sir.

Dornton. Loving me !

Harry. Most sincerely !

Dornton. (*Forgetting his passion.*) Why, can you say, Harry—Rascal ! I mean, that you love me ?

Harry. I should be a rascal indeed if I did not, sir.

Dornton. Harry ! Harry ! (*Struggling with his feelings.*) No ; Confound me if I do !—sir, you are a vile—!

Harry. I know I am.

Dornton. And I'll never speak to you more.

(*Going, L.H.*)

Harry. Bid me good night, sir. Mr. Sulky here will bid me good night, and you are my father !—Good night, Mr. Sulky.

Sulky. Good night.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Harry. Come, sir—

Dornton. (*Struggling with passion.*) I won't !—If I do—!

Harry. Reproach me with my follies, strike out my name, disinherit me, I deserve it all, and more,—But say, “ Good night, Harry ! ”

Dornton. I won't ! —I won't ! —I won't ! —

Harry. Poverty is a trifle ; we can whistle it off ;—but enmity—

Dornton. I will not !

Harry. Sleep in enmity ? And who can say how soundly ?—Come ! good night.

Dornton. I won't ! I won't. (*Runs off, L.H.*)

Harry. Say you so ?—Why then, my noble-hearted dad, I am indeed a scoundrel !

Re-enter Mr. DORNTON, R.H.

Dornton. Good night !

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Harry. Good night!

[*Exit, R.H.*]

• END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

• SCENE I.—*The house of the Widow Warren.*

Enter JENNY and Mrs. LEDGER, L.H.

Jenny. I tell you, good woman, I can do nothing for you.

Mrs. Ledger. Only let me see Mrs. Warren.

Jenny. And get myself snubbed. Not I indeed.

Enter SOPHIA, Skipping, R.H. •

Sophia. La, Jenny! Yonder's my mamma, with a whole congregation of milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, haberdashers, lace-men, feather-men, and—and all the world, consulting about second mourning!

Jenny. I know it.

Sophia. It will be six months to-morrow, since the death of my father-in-law; and she has been busy giving orders for this fortnight, that every thing might be brought home and tried on to-day. I do believe she'll sleep in her new clothes!

Jenny. How you run on, miss!

Sophia. What would my dear grandma' say, if she saw her? Why she is even fonder of finery than I am!

Jenny. Sure, miss, you are not fond of finery?

• *Sophia.* Oh but I am.—I wonder why she won't let me wear high-heeled shoes! I am sure I am old enough; I shall be eighteen next Christmas day, at midnight: which is only nine months and two days! And since she likes to wear slips, and sashes, and ringlets and—nonsense, like a girl, why should not I have high heels and gowns, and satins, and trains, and sweeps, (*Mimicking*) and—like a non-marry

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Jenny. It's very true what your mamma tells you, Miss ; you have been spoiled by your old fond grandmother, in Gloucestershire.

Sophia. Nay, Jenny, I won't hear you call my dear grandma' names ! Though every body told the loving old soul she would spoil me.

Jenny. And now your mamma has sent for you up to town, to finish your *iddication*.

Sophia. Yes, she began on the very first day. There was the stay-maker sent for, to screw up my shape ; the shoe-maker, to cripple my feet ; the hair-dresser, to burn my hair ; the jeweller, to bore my ears ; and the dentist, to file my teeth.

Jenny. Ah ! You came here such a hoyden ! (*To Mrs. Ledger.*) What, an't you gone yet, mistress ?

Sophia. La, Jenny, how can you be so cross to people ? What is the matter with this good woman ?

Jenny. Oh ! Nothing but poverty.

Sophia. Is that all ? Here, (*Rummaging her pockets.*) give her this half crown, and make her rich.

Jenny. Rich indeed !

Sophia. What, is not it enough ? La, I am sorry I spent all my money yesterday ! I laid it out in sweet-meats, cakes, a canary bird, and a poll parrot. But I hope you are not very, very poor ?

(*Crosses to centre.*)

Mrs. Ledger. My husband served the late alderman five-and-twenty years. His master promised to provide for him ; but his pitiless widow can see him thrown with a broken heart upon the parish.

Sophia. Oh dear !—Stop !—Stop a bit ! (*Running off.*) Be sure you don't go !

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter Mr. SULKY, L.H.

Sulky. Where's your mistress, girl ?

Jenny. My name is Jane Cocket, sir.

Sulky. Where's your mistress ?

Jenny. Busy, sir.

Sulky. Tell her to come down.—Don't stare, girl, but go and tell your mistress I want her.

Jenny. (Aside.) Humph! Mr. Black and gruff!
[*Exit, R.H.*]

Re-enter SOPHIA, with great glee, R.H.

Sophia. I've got it! Here! Take this, good woman; go home and be happy! Take it, I tell you!

(Offering a purse.)
Sulky. Who is this? Mrs. Ledger! How does your worthy husband?

Mrs. Ledger. Alack, sir, ill enough: likely to starve in his latter days.

Sulky. How! Starve?

Mrs. Ledger. The widow refuses to do any thing for him.

Sulky. Humph!

Mrs. Ledger. Service, age, and honesty are poor pleas, with affluence, ease, and Mrs. Warren.

Sulky. Humph!

Mrs. Ledger. You, sir, I understand, are the late alderman's executor?

Sulky. I can't tell.

Mrs. Ledger. Perhaps you may be able to serve my husband?

Sulky. I don't know.—However, give my respects to him. He shan't starve: tell him that.

Sophia. Nay, but take this in the mean time.

Sulky. Ay; take it, take it. [*Exit Mrs. Ledger, much affected, L.H.*] And who are you, miss Charity?

Sophia. Me, sir? Oh! I—I am my grandma's grand-daughter.

Sulky. Humph!

Sophia. Sophia Freelove.

Sulky. Oh!—The widow's daughter by her first husband?

Sophia. Yes, sir.

Re-enter JENNY, R.H.

Sulky. Where's your mistress?

Jenny. Coming, sir.—So ! You have stolen your mamma's purse, miss ?

Sophia. La, don't say so ; I only ran away with it ! She was bargaining for some smuggled lace with one of your acquaintance, and I thought I could dispose of her money to better advantage.

Jenny. Without her consent ?

Sophia. Yes, to be sure ; I knew I should never dispose of it in that manner with her consent.

Jenny. Well ! Here comes your mamma.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter the WIDOW WARREN, R.H. in a fantastic girlish morning dress, surrounded by Milliners, Mantua-makers, Furriers, Hatters, &c. and their attendants with band boxes ; all talking as they come on.

Widow. So you'll be sure not to forget my chapeau a la Prusse, Mr. Mincing !

Hatter. Certainly not, madam.

Widow. And you'll make a delicate choice of the feathers ?

Hatter. The selection will be elegant, madam.

Widow. Yes.—I know Mr. Mincing, you're a charming man !—And you will let me have my pierrot a la Coblentz by nine in the morning, Mrs. Tiffany ?

Mantua-maker. To a minute, ma'am.

Sulky. Madam, when you have a moment's leisure—

Widow. Be quiet you fright ; don't interrupt me !—And my caraco a la hussar, and my bavaraises a la duchesse. And put four rows of pearl in my turban.

Milliner. Ver vell, me ladyship.

Widow. And you'll all come together exactly at nine ?

Omnes. We'll all be here ! (*Going, R.H.*)

Widow. And don't forget the white ermine tippets, and the black fox muffs, and the Kamschatka furs, that you mentioned, Mr. Weazel !

Furrier. I'll bring a fine assortment, madam.

Widow. And, and, and—No ; no,—you may all go ;
—I can think of nothing else ;—I shall remember more
to-morrow.

<i>Hatter, and</i>	} Thank you, madam !	}	(Together.)
<i>Furrier,</i>			
<i>Mantua-</i>			
<i>maker and</i>			
<i>Girls.</i>	} Very much obliged to .	}	
<i>Milliner.</i>			
	} Dee ver good bonjour	}	
	} to me ladyship.		

[*Exeunt, L.H.*

Widow. What was it you were saying, Mr. Sulky ?
—Pray, child, what have you done with my purse ?

Sophia. Given it away, ma'.

Widow. Given it away, minikin ?

Sophia. Yes, ma'.

Widow. Given my purse away ! To whom ? For
what purpose ?

Sophia. La, ma', only—only to keep a poor woman
from starving !

Widow. I protest, child, your grandmother has to-
tally ruined you !

Sulky. Not quite, madam : she has left the finish-
ing to you.

Widow. What were you saying, Mr. Sulky ?

Sulky. You won't give me leave to say any thing,
madam.

Widow. You know you are a shocking troublesome
man, Mr. Sulky ! I have a thousand things to remem-
ber, and can't bear teasing ! It fatigues my spirits !
So pray relate this very urgent business of yours in a
single word. What would you have ?

Sulky. Justice.

Widow. Lord, what do you mean ?—Do you think
I am in the commission ?

Sulky. Yes, of follies innumerable !

Widow. You are a sad savage, Mr. Sulky ! And
who is it you want justice for ?

Sulky. Your late husband's son, John Milford.

Widow. Now pray don't talk to me! You are a very intrusive person! You quite derange my ideas! I can think of nothing soft or satisfactory while you are present!

Sulky. Will you hear me, madam?

Widow. I can't! I positively can't! It is an odious subject!

Sophia. Nay, ma', how can you be so cross to my brother Milford?

Widow. Your brother, child?—Country education!—How often, minikin, have I told you he is no brother of yours!

Sophia. La, ma', he was your husband's son!

Widow. Yes, his ba—Faugh!—Odious word!—Your brother?

Sophia. Yes, that he is!—For he is in distress.

Sulky. Humph!

Widow. And would you now, you who pretend to be a very prudent,—ridiculous kind of a person, wish to see me squander the wealth of my poor dear dead good man on Mr. Milford, and his profligate companions?

Sulky. Not I indeed, madam; though the profligate to whom you make love should happen to be one of them!

Widow. Ha, ha, ha! Oh the monster!—I make love!—You have no eyes, Mr. Sulky! (*Walking and exhibiting herself.*) You are really blind!—But I know whom you mean.

Sulky. I mean young Dornton, madam.

Widow. To be sure you do!—Whom could you mean? Elegant youth!—Rapturous thought!

Sophia. I am sure, sir, young Mr. Dornton is no profligate!

Sulky. (*Significantly.*) You are sure?

Sophia. Yes, that I am!

Sulky. Humph.

Sophia. And its very scandalous, very scandalous indeed, to say he is my ma's lover!

Sulky. Humph.

Sophia. Because he is a fine genteel young gentleman; and you know ma' is—

Widow. Pray, minikin, be less flippant with your tongue.

Sophia. Why la, ma', you yourself know you are too—!

Widow. Go up to your chamber, child!

Sophia. I am sure, ma', I say it is very scandalous to call the handsome Mr. Dornton your lover!

[*Exit, skipping, R.H.*]

Sulky. Do you blush?

Widow. Blush indeed?—Blush? Ha, ha, ha! You are a very unaccountable creature, Mr. Sulky!—Blush at the babbling of a child?

Sulky. Who is your rival?

Widow. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! My rival?—The poor minikin!—My rival?—But I have a message for you! Now do compose your features to softness and complacency! Look pleasant if you can! Smile for once in your life! (*Crosses to Sulky.*)

Sulky. Don't make love to me! I'll have nothing to say to you!

Widow. Ha, ha, ha! Love?

Sulky. Yes, you make love to Dornton! Nay, you make love to the booby Goldfinch! Even I am not secure in your company!

Widow. Ha, ha, ha! You are a shocking being, Mr. Sulky!—But if you should happen to see Mr. Dornton, do astonish your acquaintance; do a good-natured thing, and tell him I am at home all the day. Love to you? Ha, ha, ha! Oh you figure! You caricature of tenderness! You insupportable thing!

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Sulky. (*Sighs.*) Ah!—All labour in vain!

Enter JENNY, L.H.

Stand out of the way, girl! [*Exit, L.H.*]

Jenny. There she goes! (*Looking after the Widow.*) That's lucky! This way, sir!

Enter HARRY DORNTON, followed by a Servant, with bills in his hand, L.H.

Jenny. My mistress is gone up to her toilette, sir ; but I can send you somebody you may like better !

[Exit, R.H.]

Harry. Obliging Abigail !—(*Looking over his Papers.*) 'Sdeath ! What, all these tradesmen's bills ?

Servant. All, sir. Mr. Smith sent me after you with them.

Harry. When were they brought ?

Servant. Some last night, but most this morning.

Harry. Ill news travels fast, and honesty is devilish industrious. Go round to them all, return their bills, and bid them come themselves to-day. Has Mr. Williams the hosier sent in his bill ?

Servant. No, sir.

Harry. I thought as much ; tell him to come with the rest, and on his life not to fail.

Servant. Very well, sir. *[Exit, L.H.]*

Enter SOPHIA, joyously, R.H.

Sophia. Oh, Mr. Dornton, I am glad to see you ! Do you know, I've got the song by heart that you was so good as to teach me !

Harry. And do you know, my charming Sophia, you are the most delightful, beautiful, bewitching scholar that ever took lesson !

Sophia. La, Mr. Dornton, I'm sure I'm very stupid !

Harry. That you are all intelligence, all grace, all wit !

Sophia. To be sure my ma' caught me singing it, and she was pettish ; because you know it's all about love, and ends with a happy marriage.

Harry. But why pettish ?

Sophia. La, I can't tell. I suppose she wants to have all the marriage in the world to herself ! It's her

whole talk! I do believe she'd be married every morning that she rises, if any body would have her!

Harry. Think not of her, my sweet Sophia, but tell me—

Sophia. What?

Harry. I dare not ask.

Sophia. Why?

Harry. Lest I should offend you.

Sophia. Nay now, Mr. Dornton, that is not right of you! I am never offended with any body, and I am sure I should not be offended with you! My grandma' always said I was the best tempered girl in the world. What is it.

Harry. Were you—? (*Taking her hand.*) Did you ever know what it is to love?

Sophia. La, now, how could you ask one such a question?—You know very well one must not tell!—Besides, you know too one must not be in love!

Harry. Why not?

Sophia. Because,—Because I'm but a girl.—My grandma' has told me a hundred times, it's a sin for any body to be in love before they be a woman grown, full one-and-twenty; and I am not eighteen!

Harry. Love they say cannot be resisted.

Sophia. Ah, but I have been taught better!—it may be resisted;—nobody need be in love unless they like: and so I won't be in love, for I won't wilfully do amiss. (*With great positiveness.*) No! I won't love any person, though I should love him ever so dearly!

Harry. (*Aside.*) Angelic innocence! (*Aloud.*) Right, lovely Sophia, guard your heart against seducers.

Sophia. Do you know it is full five weeks since Valentine's day; and, because I'm not one-and-twenty, nobody sent me a Valentine!

Harry. And did you expect one?

Sophia. Nay—! I can't say but I did think—! in Gloucestershire, if any young man happens to have a liking for a young woman, she is sure to hear of it

on Valentine's day. But perhaps Valentine's day does not fall so soon here as it does in the country.

Harry. Why, it is possible you may yet receive a Valentine.

Sophia. Nay now, but don't you go to think that I am asking for one; for that would be very wrong of me, and I know better. My grandma' told me I must never mention nor think of such things till I am a woman, full one-and-twenty grown; and that if I were to find such a thing at my window, or under my pillow, or concealed in a plum-cake,—

Harry. A plum-cake?

Sophia. Yes I assure you I have heard of a Valentine sent baked in a plum-cake;—and indeed, I would not receive such a thing for the world, no not from the finest man on earth, if I did not think him to be a true and faithful, true, true lover!

Harry. But how must he prove his faith and truth!

Sophia. Why first he must love me very dearly!—With all his heart and soul!—And then he must be willing to wait till I am one-and-twenty.

Harry. And would not you love in return?

Sophia. N—yes, when I come to be one-and-twenty.

Harry. Not sooner?

Sophia. Oh no!—I must not!

Harry. Surely you might if you pleased?

Sophia. Oh but you must not persuade me to that! If you do, I shall think you are a bad man, such as my grandma' warned me of!

Harry. And do you think me so?

Sophia. Do I?—No!—I would not think you so for a thou-and, thousand golden guineas!

Harry. (*Aside.*) Fascinating purity!—What am I about? To deceive or trifle with such unsuspecting affection, would indeed be villainy!

Gold. (*Without, at a distance, L.H.*) Is she above! must see her!

Sophia. La, I hear that great, ridiculous, horse-

jockey Goldfinch coming up!—(*Sighs.*)—Good bye, Mr. Dornton?

Harry. Heaven bless you, Sophia!—sweet Sophia, heaven bless you, my lovely angel! heigho!

Sophia. Heigho! [*Exit, R.H.*]

Gold. (*Without, L.H.*) Is she here?

Servant. (*Without, L.H.*) I don't know, sir.

Enter GOLDFINCH, L.H.

Gold. Hah! my tight one!

Harry. (*Surveying him.*) Well, Charles?

Gold. How you stare!—an't I the go? that's your sort!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

Gold. Where's the widow?

Harry. Gone up to dress, and will not be down these two hours.

Gold. A hundred to eighty I'd sup up a string of twenty horses in less time than she takes to dress her fetlocks, plait her mane, trim her ears, and buckle on her body clothes!

Harry. You improve daily, Charles!

Gold. To be sure!—that's your sort! (*Turning round to show himself.*) An't I a genius!

Harry. Quite an original!—you may challenge the whole fraternity of the whip to match you!

Gold. Match me! Newmarket can't match me! (*Shewing himself.*)—That's your sort?

Harry. Oh no! ha, ha, ha! you are harder to match than one of your own pied ponies;—a very different being from either your father or grandfather.

Gold. Father or grandfather!—Shakebags both.

Harry. How!

Goldfinch. Father a sugar-baker, grandfather a slop-seller;—I'm a gentleman;—that's your sort!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! and your father was only a man of worth!

Gold. Kept a gig! (*With great contempt.*)—Knew nothing of life!—never drove four!

Harry. No, but he was a useful member of society.

Gold. A usef—! what's that?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! A pertinent question.

Gold. A gentleman like me a useful member of society!—bet the long odds nobody ever heard of such a thing!

Harry. You have not acquired your character in the world for nothing, Charles.

Gold. World!—what does the world say?

Harry. Strange things.—It says you have got into the hands of jockeys, Jews, and swindlers; and that, though old Goldfinch was in his day one of the richest men on 'Change, his son will shortly become poorer than the poorest black leg at New-market.

Gold. Damn the world!

Harry. With all my heart, damn the world, for it says little better of me.

Gold. Bet you seven to five the Eclipse colts against the Highflyers, the second spring meeting.

Harry. No. I have done with Highflyer and Eclipse too.—So you are in pursuit of the widow?

Gold. Full cry!—must have her!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! heigho! you must?

Gold. All up with me else? If I don't marry the widow, I must smash!—I've secured the knowing one.

Harry. Whom do you mean? the maid?

Gold. Promised her a hundred on the wedding day.

Enter JENNY, R.H.

Jenny. My mistress can't see you at present, gentlemen.

Gold. Can't see me? (*vexed.*) Take Harriet an airing in the phaeton.

Harry. What, is Harriet your favorite?

Gold. To be sure! I keep her.

Harry. You do?

Gold. Fine creature!

Harry. Well bred?

Gold. Just to my taste!—Like myself, free and easy. That's your sort!

Harry. A fine woman?

Gold. Prodigious! Sister to the Irish Giant! Six feet in her stockings!—That's your sort!—Sleek coat, flowing mane, broad chest, all bone!—Dashing figure in a phaeton!—Sky blue habit, scarlet sash, green hat, yellow ribands, white feathers, gold band and tassel!—That's your sort!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! Heigho!—Why you are a high fellow, Charles!

Gold. To be sure!—know the odds!—hold four in hand!—turn a corner in stile!—reins in form—elbows square—wrist pliant—hayait!—drive the Coventry stage twice a week all summer,—pay for an inside place,—mount the box,—tip the coachy a crown,—beat the mail,—come in full speed!—rattle down the gateway!—take care of your heads!—never killed but one woman and a child in all my life,—that's your sort!

(*Going, L.H.*)

Jenny. (*Aside to Goldfinch.*) Take him with you.

(*Exit, R.H.*)

Gold. Want a hedge?—Take guineas to pounds Precipitate against Dragon?

Harry. No.

Gold. (*Aside.*) Wish I could have him a few!—odd or even for fifty? (*Drawing his hand clenched from his pocket.*)

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! odd enough!

Gold. Will you cut a card, hide in the hat, chuck in the glass, draw cuts, heads or tails, gallop the maggot, swim the hedgehog, any thing?

Harry. Nothing.

Gold. I'm up to all,—that's your sort!—get him with me and pigeon him. (*Aside.*)—Come and see my greys,—been to Tattersall's and bought a set of six—smokers!—beat all England for figure, bone, and beauty!—Hayait, charmers!—that's your sort!—bid for two pair of mouse ponies for Harriet.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! The Irish Giantess drawn by mouse ponies!

Gold. Come and see 'em.

Harry. (*Sarcastically.*) No. I am weary of the company of stable-boys.

Gold. Why so?—Shan't play you any tricks.—If they squirt water at you, or make the colts kick you, tell me, and I'll horsewhip 'em—Arch dogs! deal of wit!

Harry. When they do, I'll horsewhip them myself.

Gold. Yourself?—Ware that!—wrong there!

Harry. I think I should be right.

Gold. Do you!—what—been to school?

Harry. To school!—why yes—I—

Gold. Mendoza!—oh!—Good morrow!

[*Exit, L.H.*

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! There goes one of my friends! heigho!

Enter MILFORD in haste, L.H. followed by GOLDFINCH.

Gold. What is it Jack? tell me! (*Eagerly.*)

Milford. Come Harry! we shall be too late! they are about to begin! we may have what bets we please!

Gold. Where? what?

Milford. The great match! the famous Frenchman, and Will the marker! A thousand guineas a side!

Gold. What, tennis?

Milford. Yes. The Frenchman gives fifteen and a bisque.

Gold. To Will the marker?

Milford. Yes.

Gold. Will, for a hundred!

Milford. Done!

Gold. Done, done!

Harry. I bar the bet; the odds are five to four already.

Gold. What, for the Mounseer?

Harry. Yes.

Gold. I'll take it, five hundred to four.

Harry. Done!

Gold. Done, done!

Harry. No, I bar!—I forgot—I have cut. I'll never bet another guinea.

Milford. You do for a hundred?

Harry. Done!

Milford. Done, done! ha, ha, ha!

Harry. Pshaw!

Gold. What a cake!

Milford. But you'll go?

Harry. No.

Milford. Yes, you will. Come, come, the match is begun! every body is there! the Frenchman is the first player in the world!

Harry. It's a noble exercise!

Milford. Ay! Cato himself delighted in it?

Harry. Yes, it was much practised by the Romans.

Gold. The Romans! who are they?

Harry. Ha, ha, ha!

Milford. Ha, ha, ha! will you go or will you not, Harry?

Harry. I can't, Jack. My conscience won't let me.

Milford. Pshaw! Zounds, if we don't make haste it will be all over!

Harry. (*In a hurry.*) Do you think it will? (*Stops short.*) No—I won't—I must not.

Milford. (*Taking hold of his arm.*) Come along, I tell you.

Harry. No.

Milford. They have begun!

Gold. Have they?—I'm off! [*Exit, L.H.*]

Milford. (*Still struggling, and Harry retreating.*) What folly! come along!

Harry. No. I will not.

Milford. (*Leaving him and going.*) Well, well, if you're so positive—

Harry. (Calling.) Stay, Jack ; stay—I'll walk up the street with you, but I won't go in.

Milford. Double or quits the hundred that you won of me last night you do !

Harry. I don't for a thousand !

Milford. No, no, the hundred.

Harry. I tell you I won't. I won't go in with you.

Milford. Done for the hundred !

Harry. Done, done ! [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Parlour of the Tennis-court.*

Markers passing and repassing with Rackets and Balls.

Sheriff's Officer, two Followers, and one of the Markers. L.H.

(Shout.)

Marker. Hurrah ! •

Officer. Pray is Mr. Milford in the court ?

Marker. I'll bet you gold to silver the Frenchman loses ! hurrah ! [*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter MR. SMITH from the Court, M.D.

Mr. Smith. He is not there.

Officer. Are you sure ?

Mr. Smith. The crowd is very great, but I can neither see him nor any of his companions.

Officer. Then he will not come.

Mr. Smith. I begin to hope so !

Officer. (Examining his writ.) "Middlesex to wit—one thousand pounds—Dornton against John Milford."

Mr. Smith. You must take none but substantial bail.
(Shout.) What a scene !

Officer. He will not be here.

Mr. Smith. Heaven send ! (*Shout, M.D.*)

Enter GOLDFINCH, L.H. and a Marker, running across.

Gold. Is the match begun?

Mar. The first game is just over.

Gold. Who lost?

Mar. The Frenchman!

Gold. Hurrah!

Mar. Hurrah!

Gold. Damn the Mounseers! That's your sort.

[Exit, M.D. into the Court.]

Mr. Smith. That's one of his companions. I begin to tremble; (*Aside.*) stand aside! Here they both come!

Officer. Which is he?

Mr. Smith. The second. (*Shout, M.D.*)

Enter HARRY DORNTON and MILFORD, in haste, L.H.

Harry. I hear them! I hear them! Come along!

Milford. Ha, ha, ha!—Harry!—You would not go!—You were determined! (*Shout.*)

Harry. Zounds! Come along!

[Exit in haste, M.D.]

(Milford follows him laughing.)

Officer. (*Stopping him.*) A word with you, sir, if you please.

Milford. With me? Who are you? What do you want?

Officer. You are my prisoner.

Milford. Prisoner! Damnation! Let me go!

Officer. I must do my duty, sir.

Milford. Here, here; this is your duty.

(Pulling out his purse.)

Mr. Smith. (*Advancing.*) It must not be, sir.

Milford. Mr. Smith!—What, at the suit of Dornton?

Mr. Smith. Yes, sir. 'Tis your own fault. Why do you lead his son to these places. He heard you were to bring him here.

Milford. Furies!—Marker! (*To a Marker passing.*) Tell Harry Dornton to come to me instantly.

Mar. Yes, sir.

[*Exit, M.D.*

(*Shout, M.D.*)

Milford. Zounds! Let me but go and see the match!

Mr. Smith. You must not, sir.

Enter MARKER, M.D.

Milford. (*To another Marker.*) Marker!

Mar. Sir!

Milford. Who wins?

Mar. The Frenchman has the best on't.

Milford. Tell Harry Dornton I am here in trouble. Desire him to come this moment.

Mar. Very well, sir.

[*Exit, M.D.*

(*Shout.*)

Milford. (*To the Officer.*) I'll give you ten guineas for five minutes!

Mr. Smith. Take him away, sir.

Officer. You must come along, sir.

Milford. (*To a Marker returning, M.D.*) Have you told him?

Mar. He can't come, sir.

Milford. Very well, Harry! Very well! (*To the second Marker.*) Well, sir?

Mar. He would not leave the court for a thousand pounds.

[*Exit, M.D.*

Officer. Come, come, sir! (*To his two attendants.*) Bring him along!

Milford. Hands off, scoundrels! (*Shout, M.D.*)
Fiends!

[*Exeunt, L.H.*

SCENE III.—*The House of Mr. Silky.*

A Room of Business, Ledger, Letter-files, Ink-stand, &c.

SILKY discovered, and JACOB entering, L.H.

Sil. Well, Jacob! Have you been?

Jacob. Yes, sir.

Sil. Well, and what news? How is he?—Very bad?

Jacob. Dead, sir.

Sil. (*Overjoyed.*) Dead?

Jacob. As Deborah!

Sil. (*Aside.*) I'm a lucky man! (*Aloud.*) Are you sure he is dead, Jacob?

Jacob. I saw him with my own eyes, sir.

Sil. That's right, Jacob! I'm a lucky man! And what say the people at the hotel? Do they know who he is?

Jacob. Oh yes, sir!—He was rich! A gentleman in his own country!

Sil. And did you take care they should not know you?

Jacob. To be sure, sir! You had given me my lesson!

Sil. Ay, ay, Jacob! That's right!—You are a fine boy! Mind me, and I'll make a man of you!—And you think they had heard nothing of his having called on me?

Jacob. Not a word!

Sil. (*Aside.*) It was a lucky mistake! (*Aloud.*) Well, Jacob! Keep close! Don't say a word, and I'll give you—I'll give you a crown!

Jacob. You promised me a guinea, sir?

Sil. Did I, Jacob? Did I? Well, well! I'll give you a guinea! But be close! Did you call at the widow Warren's?

Jacob. Yes, sir.

Sil. And will she see me?

Jacob. She desires you will be there in an hour.

Sil. Very well, Jacob.—Keep close! Not a word about the foreign gentleman, or his having been here a week ago, or his being taken suddenly ill and dying! (*Aside.*) It is a lucky stroke!—Close, Jacob, my boy!

Jacob. But give me the guinea, sir!

Sil. What now, Jacob!

Jacob. If you please, sir. You may forget,—

Sil. Well, there, Jacob; there! You'll be a rich man, Jacob! a cunning fellow! I read it in your countenance, Jacob! Close, Jacob, and then—!

Jacob. Perhaps you'll give me another guinea?

Sil. Well said, Jacob! you'll be a great man. Mind what I say to you, and you'll be a great man!—
(*Knocking*, R.H.) Here's somebody coming! go Jacob! close!

Jacob. And another guinea? [Exit, R.H.]

Sil. This is a lucky stroke!

Enter GOLDFINCH, R.H.

So, Mr. Goldfinch? What do you want?

Gold. Money;—a thousand pounds directly.

Sil. Fine talking, Mr. Goldfinch! money's a scarce commodity! times are ticklish!

Gold. Tellee I must have it.

Sil. Give me but good security, and you know I'm your friend.

Gold. Yes; good security and fifty per cent!

Sil. Why look you there now! for all you know the last annuity I had of you, I gave a full hundred more than was offered by your friend Aaron, the Jew!

Gold. My friend? your friend! you collogue together!

Sil. Hear you now! for all you know I have always been your friend; always supplied you with money have not I? and when I saw you running to ruin, I never told you of it, did I? I was willing to make all things easy!

Gold. Easy enough! you have pretty well eased me!

Sil. There is your companion, Jack Milford; I shall be a heavy loser by him!

Gold. Ah! it's all up with poor Jack! he's fixed at last!

Sil. What do you mean?

Gold. Old Dornton has sent the Nab-man after him!

Sil. And arrested him ?

Gold. Yes, he's touched !

Sil. (*Crosses to R.H.*) Jacob !

Enter JACOB, R.H.

Run as fast as you can to my good friend Mr. Straw-shoe, the attorney, and tell him to take out detainers for all the debts I have bought up against Mr. Milford make haste !

Jacob. Yes, sir. *[Exit, R.H.]*

Gold. I thought you were Jack Milford's friend too !

Sil. So I am, Mr. Goldfinch ; but I must provide for my family !

Gold. Come, come !—The bit !—tellee I want the coal, directly ! sale at Tattersall's to-morrow morning ! three Pot eight O brood mares with each an Eclipse colt ! would not lose 'em for all Lombard-street so will you let me have the bit !

Sil. Dear, dear ! I tell you I can't, Mr. Goldfinch.

Gold. Then some other Jew must.

(Crosses to R.H.)

Sil. Jew ! hear you ! hear you ! this it is to be the friend of an ungrateful spendthrift ! Calls me Jew ! I, who go to morning prayers every day of my life, and three times to tabernacle on a Sunday !

Gold. Yes ! you cheat all day, tremble all night, and act the hypocrite the first thing in the morning.

(Going, R.H.)

Sil. Nay but stay, Mr. Goldfinch ! stay ! I want to talk to you !—I have a scheme to make a man of you !

Gold. What ; bind me 'prentice to a usurer.

Sil. Pshaw ? you are in pursuit of the widow Warren ?

Gold. Well.

Sil. Now what will you give me, and I'll secure her to you.

Gold. You ?

Sil. I.

Gold. Which way ?

Sil. I have a deed in my power, I won't tell you what, but I have it, by which I can make her marry the man I please, or remain a widow all her life ; and that I am sure she will never do if she can help it.

Gold. You a deed !

Sil. Yes, I.

Gold. Shew it me !

Sil. Not for twenty thousand pounds !—Depend upon me, I have it ! I tell you I'm your friend, and you shall have her ! that is on proper conditions ;—if not Mr. Goldfinch, you shall not have her !

Gold. Indeed, old Judas ; well, what are your conditions.

Sil. I find the late alderman died worth a hundred and fifty thousand pounds !

Gold. Ay !

Sil. Every farthing, Mr. Goldfinch ! and my conscience tells me that, risk and character and all things considered, I must come in for my thirds.

Gold. Your conscience telis you that !

Sil. Yes, it does, Mr. Goldfinch ;—fifty thousand is a fair price.

Gold. For the soul of a miser.

Sil. If you'll join me, say so.

Gold. Fifty thousand.

Sil. Not a farthing less ! What will there not be a hundred thousand remaining ?

Gold. Why that's true !—It will cut a fine dash !

Sil. To be sure it will ! Come with me ! I'll draw up a sketch of an agreement. After which we must fight cunning. The widow is a vain, weak woman.—You must get her written promise !

Gold. Written ?

Sil. Under her own hand ; with a good round penalty in case of forfeiture !

Gold. Well said, old one !

Sil. Not less than twenty thousand pounds ! A jury would grant half !

Gold. Dammee you're a good one !

Sil. That would secure something, and we would snack !

Gold. Dammee you're a deep one !

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha ! Do you think I am, Mr. Goldfinch ?—Signed on a stamp !

Gold. You know a thing or two !

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha ! Do you think I do, Mr. Goldfinch ?

Gold. You can teach 'em to bite the bubble !

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha ! You joke, Mr. Goldfinch, you joke !

Gold. But the devil will have you at last !

Sil. Lord forbid, Mr. Goldfinch ! Don't terrify me !—I hate the devil, Mr. Goldfinch ; indeed I do ! I hate the name of him ! Heaven keep me out of 'his fiery clutches !

Gold. No : he has you safe enough ! Bait his trap but with a guinea, and he is sure to find you nibbling !

Sil. Don't talk about the devil, Mr. Goldfinch ! Pray don't ! But think about the widow : secure her.

Gold. I must have the coal though this evening.

Sil. Don't lose a moment, Mr. Goldfinch !

Gold. Must not lose the Eclipse colts !

Sil. Pshaw, Mr. Goldfinch, think less of the colts and more of the widow ! Get her promise in black and white !

(*Goldfinch going, R.H.*)

Gold. (*Turns.*) Tellec I must have 'em !

Sil. All will then be safe !

Gold. Must have 'em !

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The house of the Widow Warren.*

Enter JENNY, L.H. and SOPHIA, R.H.

Jenny. Oh, miss ! I have got something for you !

Sophia. Something for me ! What is it ? What is it ?

Jenny. (*Her hand behind her.*) What will you give me ?

Sophia. Oh I'll give you.—(*Feeling in her pocket.*) La, I've got no money ! But I'll give you a kiss and owe you sixpence.

Jenny. No. A shilling without the kiss.

Sophia. Well, well, a shilling.

Jenny. There then. (*Giving her a small parcel.*)

Sophia. La ! What is it ? (*Reads.*) 'To Miss Sophia Freelove.' And such a beautiful seal ! It's a pity to break it. (*Opening the paper.*) La ! Nothing but a plum-cake !

Jenny. Is that all ?

Sophia. (*Considering.*) Ecod !—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ! I do think—As sure as sixpence it is !—It is !—

Jenny. Is what ?

Sophia. Oh la, it is !

Jenny. What's the matter with the girl ?

Sophia. Ecod, Jenny, it is the most curious plum-cake you ever saw !

Jenny. I see nothing curious about it !

Sophia. Oh but you shall see ! Give me a knife !—Oh no, that would spoil all !—Look you, Jenny, look !—Do but look ! (*Breaks open the cake and finds a Valentine.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha ! I told you so ! The sweet, dear—! (*Kisses it.*) Did you ever see such a plum-cake in your whole life, Jenny ?—And look here ! (*Opening the Valentine.*) Oh, how beautiful !—The shape of a honey-suckle !—What should that mean ?—And two doves cooing ! But here ! —Here's the writing.

The woodbine sweet, and turtle dove
 Are types of chaste and faithful love.
 Ah ! Were such peace and truth but mine,
 I'd gladly be your Valentine !

(*Repeating.*) Were such peace and truth but mine !
 La, now, Mr. Dornton, you know they are yours !

Jenny. So, so ! Mr. Dornton sends you Valentines, miss ?

Sophia. Oh yes, Jenny ! He is the kindest, sweetest, handsomest gentleman !

Jenny. You must give me that Valentine, miss.

Sophia. Give it you !

Jenny. Yes ; that I may show it your mamma.

Sophia. Indeed but don't you think it ! I would not give you this tiny bit of paper, no, not for a diamond as big—as big as the whole world !—And if you were to take it from me, I'd never love you, nor forgive you, as long as I live !

Jenny. Oh but indeed, miss, I'm not obliged to keep secrets for nothing !

Sophia. Nah, Jenny, you know I am very good to you. And here !—Here !—Don't tell ma', and I'll give this silver thimble. [Exit Jenny, L.H.]

Enter WIDOW WARREN *and* Mr. SULKY, R.H.

Widow. You are a very shocking person, Mr. Sulky ! —The wild man of the woods broke loose ! Do return to your keeper, good Ourang Outang ; and don't go about to terrify children !

Sulky. I tell you madam, Mr. Milford is arrested.

Sophia. My brother ?

Sulky. Locked up at a bailiff's in the next street.

Sophia. Oh dear !

Widow. And pray now what is that to me ?

Sulky. Madam !

Widow. I am not arrested.

Sulky. Would you were !

Widow. Oh the savage !

Sulky. The pitiless only should feel pain. The stony-hearted alone should be enclosed by walls of stone.

Sophia. (*Crosses to centre.*) Don't be cross with ma', sir ; I'm sure she'll release my brother.

Widow. You are sure, minikin !

Sophia. Yes, ma' ; for I am sure no soul on earth would suffer a fellow creature to lie and pine to death, in a frightful dark dungeon, and fed with bread and water.

Sulky. Your late husband recommended the payment of his son's debts.

Widow. Recommended ?

Sulky. Yes.

Widow. But leaving it to my own prudence.

Sulky. More's the pity.

Widow. Which prudence I shall follow.

Sulky. It will be the first time in your life.— You never yet followed prudence, you always ran before it.

Sophia. Nay come, dear ma', I am sure you have a pitiful heart ; I am sure you could not rest in your bed if my poor brother was in prison.

Widow. Hold your prattle, child.

Sophia. Ah ; I'm sure you'll make him happy, and pay his debts.

Widow. Why, Jenny.

(*Calling.*)

Sulky. You won't ?

Widow. Jenny.

Enter JENNY, L.H.

Sophia. La, dear sir, have patience—

Sulky. You are an angel ; (*To Sophia.*) And you are ; (*To Widow.*) [*Exit, L.H.*]

Sophia. Nay pray, sir, do stay ! [*Exit, following.*]

Widow. I am glad the monster is gone ; He is a very intolerable person.—Pray, Jenny, how did it happen that Mr. Dornton went away without seeing me ?

Enter SERVANT, and SILKY, L.H.D.

Servant. Mr. Silky, madam.

Widow. Leave us, Jenny. [*Exit Jenny, R.H.*] So, Mr. Silky.—What is this very urgent business of yours?

Sil. (*Looking round.*) Are we safe, madam? Will nobody interrupt us; nobody over-hear us?

Widow. No, no.—But what is the meaning of all this caution?

Sil. (*After fastening the door and carefully drawing the will from his pocket.*) Do you know this hand-writing, madam?

Widow. Ah!—It is my poor old dear man's I see.

Sil. You have heard of a will he left in France?

Widow. Pshaw! Will indeed? He left no will.

Sil. Yes, he did, madam.

Widow. I won't believe it! He loved me too well to rob me of a single guinea! Poor simple soul! I was his darling!

Sil. His darling, madam?—With your permission, I will just read a single clause in which his darling is mentioned! Look, madam; it is the alderman's hand! (*Reads.*) *But as I have sometimes painfully suspected the excessive affection which my said wife, Winifred Warren, professed for me during my decline, and that the solemn protestations she made never to marry again, should she survive me, were both done with sinister views, it is my will that, should she marry, or give a legal promise of marriage, written or verbal, that she shall be cut off with an annuity of six hundred a year; and the residue of my effects in that case to be equally divided between my natural son, John Milford, and my wife's daughter, Sophia Freelove.*

Widow. Six hundred a year! An old dotard! brute! Monster! I hate him now as heartily as when he was alive! But pray, sir, how came you by this will?

Sil. Why it was odd enough! And yet easy enough: My name is Silky, madam—

Widow. Well?

Sil. And you know the executor's name is Sulky—

Widow. Well?

Sil. The gentleman that delivered it only made a mistake of a letter, and gave it to Mr. Silky instead of Mr. Sulky.

Widow. And where is that gentleman ?

Sil. Ah, poor man.—He is dead.

Widow. Dead ?

Sil. And gone.—

Widow. And does Mr. Sulky know of this will being delivered ?

Sil. Not a syllable ; It's all close and smooth.

Widow. So much the better.—Come, give it me, and—

Sil. Excuse me there, madam ; I can't do that.

Widow. Why so ?

Sil. My conscience won't let me ; I must provide for my family.

Widow. And pray what provision is this will to make for your family, Mr. Silky ?

Sil. Why, madam, I have a proposal.—You know the power of your own charms.

Widow. Which I believe is more than you do Mr. Silky—

Sil. Hah ; don't say so, madam ;—Don't say so ; Would I were a handsome, rich and well-born youth ; —But you know Mr. Goldfinch ?—Ah, ha, ha, ha ; I could tell you a secret !

Widow. What, that he is dying for me, I suppose ?

Sil. Ah !—So smitten !—Talks of nothing else !

Widow. And is that any secret, think you ?

Sil. The alderman I find died worth more than a plum and a half—

Widow. Well ?

Sil. I have talked the matter over with my friend, Mr. Goldfinch, and he thinks it but reasonable, that for a secret of so much importance, which would almost sweep the whole away, I should receive one third.

Widow. Fifty thousand pounds, Mr. Silky ?

Sil. I can't take less.

Widow. Why you are a greater rogue than even I thought you !

Sil. Lord, madam, it's no roguery ; its only a knowledge of the world ; a young husband with a hundred thousand pounds, or poor six hundred a year without any husband.

Widow. You are a very shocking old miser, Mr. Silky ; a very repulsive sort of a person ; what heart you had is turned to stone ; you are insensible of the power of a pair of fine eyes ; but I have made a conquest that places me beyond your reach.—I mean to marry Mr. Dornton.

Sil. (*Surprised.*) What ; old Mr. Dornton, madam ?

Widow. Old Mr. Dornton, man ?—I never saw th figure in my life ; no. The gay and gallant young Mr. Dornton ; the pride of the city, and the lawful monarch of my bleeding heart.

Sil. Ha, ha, ha ! young Mr. Dornton.

Widow. So you may take your will and light your fires with it ; you will not make a penny of it in any other way. Mr. Sulky, the executor, is Mr. Dornton's partner, and when I marry Mr. Dornton he will never inflict the absurd penalty.

Sil. Ha, ha, ha ! no, madam ! when you marry Mr. Dornton, that he certainly never will ! but if any accident should happen to prevent the match, you will then let me hear from you ?

Widow. Lord, good man ! don't mention the horrid idea ! do leave me to my delightful meditations ! I would indulge in soft sensibility and dreams of bliss ; and not be disturbed by dead men's wills, or the sordid extortions of an avaricious old rogue !

Sil. Very well, madam ! the secret for the present remains between ourselves ! you'll be silent for your own sake ! only remember, ha, ha, ha ! if you should want me, I live at number forty. My name is on the door. Ha, ha, ha ! Mr. Dornton ! good morning, madam ! Mr. Dornton ! ha, ha, ha ! you'll send if you should want me ?

[*Exit laughing, L.H.D.*]

Widow. Jenny ! (*Calling.*)

Enter JENNY, R.H.

Jenny. Ma'am !

Widow. As I was saying, Jenny, pray how did it happen that Mr. Dornton went away without seeing me?

Jenny. Indeed, ma'am, I don't know.

Widow. Cruel youth.

Jenny. I'm sure, ma'am, I wonder how you can like him better than Mr. Goldfinch?

Widow. Mr. Goldfinch is very well, Jenny ;—but Mr. Dornton ; oh incomparable :

Jenny. I am sure, ma'am, if I was a rich lady, and a handsome lady, and a fine lady, like you, I should say Mr. Goldfinch for my money.

Widow. Should you, Jenny ?—Well, I don't know.
(*Languishing.*)

Gold. (*Without, L.H.*) Tellee I must see her.

Widow. As I live, here, he comes ;—he is such a boisterous person ; how do I look Jenny?

Jenny. (*Significantly after examining.*) You had better go up to your toilette for a minute.

Widow. That smooth-tongued old extortioner has put me into such a fluster.—Don't let him go, Jenny.

Jenny. Never fear, ma'am.

Widow. I'll not stay too long. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter GOLDFINCH, L.H. his clothes, hat, and boots dirtied by a fall.

Gold. Here I am—all alive.

Jenny. Dear ; what's the matter ?

Gold. Safe and sound ; fine kick up.

Jenny. Have you been thrown ?

Gold. Pitched five-and-twenty feet into a ditch—souse.

Jenny. Dear me.

Gold. Pretty commence ;—no matter—limbs whole—heart sound—that's your sort !



Jenny. Where did it happen?

Gold. Bye road—bank of Islington—had them tight in hand too—came to short turn and a narrow lane—up flew a damned dancing-master's umbrella—bounce—off they went—road repairing—wheelbarrow in the way—crash—out flew I—whiz—fire flashed—lay stunned—got up—looked foolish—shafts broke—Snarler and Blackguard both down—Black-and-all-black paying away, pannels smashed, traces cut, Snarler lamed.

Jenny. Terrible!

Gold. Damned mad!—cursed a few, cut up Black-and-all-black, horsewhipped Tom, took coach, and drove here like a devil in a whirlwind.

Jenny. 'Tis very well your neck's not broke.

Gold. Little stiff—no matter—damn all dancing-masters and their umbrellas!

Jenny. You had better have been here, Mr. Goldfinch. You stand so long, shilly shally, that you'll be cut out at last. If you had but a licence now in your pocket, I'd undertake to have you married in half an hour.

Gold. Do you think so?

Jenny. Think? I'm sure on't.

Gold. Damme, I'll post away and get one—must not lose her; the game's up if I do!—must have her! be true to me, and I'll secure you the hundred. I'll be back from the commons in a smack.

[*Exit Jenny, L.H.*]

Enter the Widow WARREN, R.H.

Gold. Ah! Widow! here am I! (*Runs up to her, kisses her boisterously, and dirties her clothes.*)

Widow. I protest, Mr. Goldfinch—! was ever the like!— (*Looking at herself.*)

Gold. Never mind, brush off—I'm the lad!—been to Hatchet's—bespoke the wedding-coach.

Widow. But—Sir—

Gold. Pannels stripe painted—hammer-cloth fringed—green and white—curtains festooned—patent wheels—silver furniture—all flash—light as a bandbox—trundle and spin after my greys like a tandem down hill—pass—shew 'em the road—whurr—whizz-gig!—that's your sort!

Widow. It will be superb!

Gold. Superb? (*With contempt.*)—Tellee it will be the thing!—the go—the stare—the gape—the gaze!—the rich widow and the tight one!—there they go;—that's your sort;—I'm the boy that shall drive you.

Widow. Pardon me, Mr. Goldfinch; if a certain event were by the wise disposition of Providence to take place, I should think proper to drive.

Gold. You drive;—if you do, damn me.

Widow. Sir?

Gold. I'm christened and called Charles—Charles Goldfinch—the knowing lad that's not to be had—winter and summer—fair weather and foul—low ruts or no ruts—never take a false quarter.—No, no, Widow—I drive—hayait;—ah!—ah! get on!—St.—St.—touch White-foot in the flank—tickle Snarler in the ear—cut up the Yelper—take out a fly's eye—smack, crack—that's your sort!

Widow. I assure you, Mr. Goldfinch, you entertain very improper suppositions concerning—

Gold. Go for the licence—(*Going.*)

Widow. Nay but surely, Mr.—

Gold. Go for the licence—resolved—taken it here.

(*Pointing to his forehead.*)

Widow. If retrospect and—and affection threw no other obstacles in the way—yet the—the world—prudence.

Gold. The world!—prudence!—damn the world—damn prudence.

Widow. Oh but, sir—

Gold. The world nor nobody else has nothing to do with neither your prudence nor mine—we'll be married immediately—

Widow. Immediately, Mr. Goldfinch;—I—
(*Undecided.*)

Gold. What, you wōnt ?

Widow. Nay, Mr. Goldfinch—I—do not—absolutely renunciate—but I—wish—

Gold. It was over—know you do—go 'for the licence—

Widow. Pray—dear Mr. Goldfinch—

Gold. Go for the licence, I tellee.

Widow. Only a word—

Gold. To the wise—I'm he—go for the licence—that's your sort. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Widow. Mr. Goldfinch,—I declare—
[*Exit, following.*]

SCENE II.—*Dornton's House.*

Enter Mr. DORNTON and Mr. SMITH, R.H.

Dornton. Still the same hurry, the same crowd, Mr. Smith ?

Mr. Smith. Much the same, sir : the house never experienced a day like this ; Mr. Sulky thinks we shall never get through.

Dornton. Is Milford taken ?

Mr. Smith. Yes, sir.

Dornton. Unprincipled prodigal ; my son owes his ruin to him alone. But he shall suffer.

Mr. Smith. My young master's tradesmen are waiting.

Dornton. Bid them come in. [*Exit Mr. Smith, L.H.D.*] All my own fault, my own fond folly ; denied him nothing, encouraged him to spend ; and now—

Re-enter Mr. SMITH, followed by Tradesmen, L.H.D.

Mr. Smith. This way, gentlemen.

Dornton. Zounds ! what an army !—a vile thoughtless profligate.

Enter CLERK, L.H.

Clerk. (To Mr. Dornton.) You are wanted in the counting-house, sir.

Dornton. Very well, I'll be with you in a moment, gentlemen—abandoned spenhrift!

[Exit followed by Mr. Smith, L.H.]

First T. I don't like this! what does this mean.

Second T. Danger!

Third T. He has been a good customer—none of your punctual paymasters, that look over their accounts.

First T. Oh, a different thing! nothing to be got by them—always take care to affront them.

Second T. Perhaps it is a trick of the old gentleman, to inspect into our charges.

Third T. I don't like that—rather hear of any tax than of taxing my bill.

First T. Humph! tradesmen begin to understand these things, and allow a reasonable profit.

Second T. Can't have less than fifty per cent, for retail credit trade!

Third T. To be sure not; if a man would live in style, and have a fortune as he ought.

First T. Hush; mind—all devilish hard run.

Omnes. Certainly.

First T. Not a guinea in the house;—to morrow's Saturday—hem!

Re-enter Mr. DORNTON, L.H.

Dornton. Your servant, gentlemen, your servant. Pray how happens it that you bring your accounts in here?

First T. We received notice, sir.

Dornton. You have none of you any demands upon me?

First T. Happy to serve you, sir.

Second T. We shall be glad of your custom, sir.

Omnes. All, all !

Dornton. And do you come expecting to be paid ?

First T. Money, sir, is always agreeable !

Second T. Tradesmen find it a scarce commodity !

Third T. Bills come round quick !

Fourth T. Workmen must eat !

Second T. For my part, I always give a gentleman, who is a gentleman, his own time.

Dornton. I understand you !—and what are you, sir, who seem to stand apart from the rest ?

Hosier. (*Advancing.*) A hosier, sir. I am unworthy the company of these honest gentlemen, who live in style. I never affront a punctual paymaster, not I : and, what they will think strange, I get more by those who do look over their bills, than those who do not !

First T. Humph !

Second T. Blab !

Third T. Shab !

} (*Aside.*)

Dornton. And what may be the amount of your bill, sir ?

Hosier. A trifle, for which I have no right to ask.

Dornton. No right ! what do you mean ?

Hosier. Your son, sir, made me what I am ; redeemed me and my family from ruin ; and it would be an ill requital of his goodness to come here, like a dun, at such a time as this ; when I would rather, if that could help him, give him every shilling I have in the world.

Dornton. Would you ? would you ? (*Greatly affected.*)—You look like an honest man !—but what do you do here then ?

Hosier. Mr. Dornton, sir, knew I should be unwilling to come, and sent me word he would never speak to me more if I did not ; and, rather than offend him, I would even come here on a business like this.

Dornton. (*Shakes him by the hand.*) You are an honest fellow ! an unaccountable !—and so Harry has been your friend ?

Hosier. Yes, sir : a liberal-minded friend ; for he

lent me money, though I was sincere enough to tell him of his faults.

Dornton. Zounds, sir! how came you to be a weaver of stockings?

Hosier. I don't know, sir, how I came to be at all; I only know that here I am.

Dornton. A philosopher!

Hosier. I am not fond of titles, sir;—I'm a man.

Dornton. Why is it not a shame, now, that the soul of Socrates should have crept and hid itself in the body of a stocking weaver? Give me your bill.

Hosier. Excuse me, sir.

Dornton. Give me your bill, I tell you! I'll pay this bill myself.

Hosier. I cannot, must not, sir.

Dornton. Sir, I insist on—

Enter HARRY DORNTON, L.H.D.

So, sir, (*Turning angrily round.*) Why have you assembled these people into whose debt you have dishonestly ran, wanting the power to pay; and who have as dishonestly trusted you, hoping to profit exorbitantly by your extravagance?

Harry. Oh, sir, you don't know them! they are very complaisant, indulgent kind of people. Are not you, gentlemen?

First T. Certainly, sir.

Omnes. Certainly.

Harry. Be kind enough to wait a few minutes without, my very good friends.

[*Exeunt Tradesmen, L.H.*

Mr. Williams—

(*Takes his hand.*)

Hosier. Sir—

[*Exit, L.H.*

Dornton. How dare you introduce this swarm of locusts here? How dare you?

Harry. (*With continued good humour.*) Despair, sir, is a dauntless hero.

Dornton. Have you the effrontery to suppose that I can or shall pay them?—What is it you mean?

Harry. To let you see I have creditors.

Dornton. Cheats ! Bloodsuckers !

Harry. Some of them : but that is my fault—They must be paid.

Dornton. Paid !

Harry. The innocent must not suffer for the guilty.

Dornton. You will die in an alms-house !

Harry. May be so ; but the orphan's and the widow's curse shall not meet me there.

Dornton. Harry ! Zounds. (*Checking his fondness.*) Paid ! Whom do you mean to rob ?

Harry. My name is Dornton, sir.

Dornton. Are you not—? (*Wanting words.*)

Harry. Yes, sir.

Dornton. Quit the room. Begone.

Harry. You are the best of men, sir, and I—! But I hate whining. Repentance is a pitiful scoundrel, that never brought back a single yesterday. Amendment is a fellow of more mettle.—But it is too late—Suffer I ought, and suffer I must.—My debts of honour discharged, do not let my tradesmen go unpaid.

Dornton. You have ruined me !

Harry. The whole is but five thousand pounds.

Dornton. But ?—The counter is loaded with the destruction you have brought upon us all.

Harry. No, no—I have been a sad fellow, but not even my extravagance can shake this house.

Enter Mr. Smith, L.H.D. in consternation.

Mr. Smith. Bills are pouring in so fast upon us we shall never get through !

Harry. (*Struck with astonishment.*) What !—What ?

Mr. Smith. We have paid our light gold so often over, that the people are very surly !

Dornton. Pay it no more !—Sell it instantly for what it is worth, disburse the last guinea, and shut up the doors !

Harry. (*Taking Mr. Smith aside.*) Are you serious ?

Mr. Smith. Sir !

Harry. (Impatiently.) Are you serious, I say !—Is it not some trick to impose upon me ?

Mr. Smith. Look into the shop, sir, and convince yourself !—If we have not a supply in half an hour we must stop ! *[Exit, L.H.]*

Harry. (Wildly.) My father ! Sir ! *(Turning away.)* Is it possible ?—Disgraced ?—Ruined ?—In reality ruined ?—By me ?—Are these things so ?—

Dornton. Harry.—How you look.—You frighten me.

Harry. (Starting.) It shall be done.

Dornton. What do you mean !—Calm yourself, Harry.

Harry. Ay ! By heaven !

Dornton. Hear me, Harry.

Harry. This instant. *(Going, R.H.)*

Dornton. (Calling.) Harry !

Harry. Don't droop ! *(Returning.)* Don't despair ! I'll find relief—*(Aside.)* First to my friend—He cannot fail ? But if he should !—Why ay, then to Megæra !—I will marry her, in such a cause, were she fifty widows, and fifty furies !

Dornton. Calm yourself, Harry.

Harry. I am calm ! Very calm.—It shall be done.—Don't be dejected—You are my father—You were the first of men in the first of cities—Revered by the good and respected by the great—You flourished prosperously !—But you had a son !—I remember it.

Dornton. Why do you roll your eyes, Harry ?

Harry. I won't be long away.

Dornton. Stay where you are, Harry. *(Catching his hand.)* All will be well ! I am very happy ! Do not leave me.—I am very happy.—Indeed I am, Harry :—Very happy !

Harry. Heaven bless you, sir. You are a worthy gentleman.—I'll not be long !

Dornton. Hear me, Harry.—I am very happy.

Enter Mr. SMITH, L.H.D.

Mr. Smith. Sir, shall we send to the Bank for a thousand pounds worth of silver ?

Harry. (Furiously.) No, scoundrel !

[Breaks away and exit, L.H.]

Dornton. (Calling and almost sobbing.) Harry.—Harry !—I am very happy.—Harry Dornton. *(In a kind of stupor.)* I am very happy !—Very happy !

[Exit Mr. Smith, following, L.H.D.]

SCENE III.—*The house of Mr. Silky.*

Enter MR. SILKY and JACOB, R.H.:

Sil. Mr. Goldfinch not called yet, Jacob ?

Jacob. No, sir.

Sil. Nor any message from the widow ?

Jacob. No, sir. *(Knocking again, R.H.D.)*

Sil. See who knocks, Jacob. *[Exit Jacob, R.H.D.]*
I dare say it is one or t'other ! They must come to me at last !

Enter HARRY DORNTON, in wild haste, following JACOB, R.H.D.

Harry. (Entering.) Are you sure he is at home ?

Jacob. He is here, sir. *[Exit, R.H.]*

Harry. Mr. Silky—! *(Panting.)*

Sil. Ah ! my dear Mr. Dornton, how do you do ? I hope you are very well. I am exceedingly glad to see you ! This call is so kind, so condescending. It gives me infinite pleasure.

Harry. Mr. Silky, you must instantly grant me a favour !

Sil. A favour ! What is it ? How can I serve you ? I would run to the world's end.

Harry. You must exert your whole friendship !

Sil. Friendship, sir ? Say duty ! 'Twas you that made a man of me ! I should have been ruined, in the

Bench, I know not where or what, had you not come forward and supported me at the critical moment ! And now I can defy the world.

Harry. (Impatiently.) Hear me ! I know you can.

Sil. Oh yes. 'The sum you lent me, a lucky speculation, five years of continual good fortune, and other little lifts have made me—; I won't say what.—But, your father and perhaps another or two excepted, I say perhaps, I'll shew my head with the proudest of 'em.

Harry. Why then I am a fortunate man !

Sil. To be sure you are. How can I serve you ? What can I do ? Make me happy.

Harry. You can rescue me from phrensy !

Sil. Can I ?—I am proud ! Infinitely happy !—What ? How ? I am a lucky fellow ! Tell me which way ?—Where can I run ? What can I do ?

Harry. (Dreading.) The request is serious—trying !

Sil. So much the better ! So much the better. Whom could I serve, if not you ?—You ! 'The son of the first man in the city !

Harry. (Wildly.) You mistake !

Sil. I don't ! You are, you are ! Dornton and Co. may challenge the world, the house of Hope perhaps excepted !

Harry. Woeful mistake !

Sil. Pooh !

Harry. Our house is in danger of stopping payment !

Sil. Sir !—Stop payment !

Harry. My follies are the cause !

Sil. Stop payment !

Harry. I have not been used to ask favours—but—

Sil. Stop payment !

Harry. Scorn me, curse me, spurn me, but save my father !

Sil. Stop payment !

Harry. What means this alteration in your countenance ?

Sil. Oh dear no ! Ha, ha, ha ! Not in the least ! Ha, ha, ha, I assure you, I, I, I—

Harry. I have told you our situation. Yourself and two other friends must jointly support my father by your credit, to the amount of fifty thousand pounds—Mark me !—Must !

Sil. Fifty thousand pounds, Mr. Dornton ! Fifty thousand pounds ! Are you dreaming ? Me ? Fifty thousand pounds ! Me ? Or half the sum ? Or a fifth of the sum ? Me ?

Harry. Prevaricating scound—! Hear me, sir !

Sil. (*In fear.*) Yes, sir !

Harry. I must be calm—(*Bursting out.*) Are you not a—! I say—sir—You have yourself informed me of your ability, and I must insist ; observe, sir ! I insist on your immediate performance of this act of duty !

Sil. Duty, and fifty thousand pounds ! Are you mad, Mr. Dornton ! Are you mad ! Or do you think me mad ?

Harry. I think you the basest of wretches !

Sil. Nay, Mr. Dornton, I would do any thing to serve you ? Any thing, I protest to heaven !—Would go any where, run—

Harry. Of my errands, wipe my shoes ! Any dirty menial office that cost you nothing.—And this you call shewing your gratitude ?

Sil. Is it not, Mr. Dornton ?

Harry. (*His anger rising.*) And will you give no help to the house !

Sil. Nay, Mr. Dornton—!

Harry. After the favours you have been for years receiving, the professions you have been daily making, and the wealth you have by these means been hourly acquiring ; Will you not, sir ?

Sil. (*Retreating.*) Nay, Mr. Dornton—!

Harry. (*Advancing.*) Will you not, sir ?

Sil. Don't hurt a poor old man ! I can't !

Harry. (*Seizing, shaking him, and throwing him from him.*) Scoundrel !

[*Exit, R.H.D.*]

Sil. Bless my heart !—Stop payment ?—The house of Dornton !—Fifty thousand pounds ?—I declare I am all of a tremble ! Jacob ! William !

Enter JACOB, R.H.

Have we any bills on the house of Dornton ?

Jacob. I have just been examining the books, sir, We have bills to the amount of—

Sil. How much ? How much ? A thousand pounds ?

Jacob. Three, sir.

Sil. Three !—Three thousand ? Bless my heart !

Jacob. We heard the news the very moment after young Mr. Dornton came in !

Sil. Run, pay the bills away !

Jacob. Where, sir ?

Sil. Any where ! Any body will take 'em ! Run with them to my dear friend, Mr. Smallware ! it is too far for him to have heard of the crash. Begone ! Don't leave him ! Give my very best respects to him ! He will oblige me infinitely ! Fly ! And Jacob,—Make haste, go to the clearing house, and get it whispered among the clerks. Then, if there any of Dornton's bills to be bought at fifty per cent, discount, let me know. I will buy up all I can. [*Exit Jacob, L.H.D.*] It's a safe speculation : I know the house : there must be a good round dividend. [*Exit, L.H.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The house of the Widow Warren.*

Enter JENNY, L.H. followed by HARRY DORNTON, who with an oppressed heart, but half drunk with wine and passion, assumes the appearance of wild and excessive gaiety.

Harry. Away, handmaid of Hecate ! Fly !

Jenny. Lord, sir, you don't mean as you say ?

Harry. Will you begone, Cerbera ?—Invite my

Goddess to decend in a golden shower, and suddenly relieve these racking doubts.

Jenny. Goddess !—I knew you meant miss Sophy !

Enter WIDOW, R.H. and exit Jenny, dissatisfied, R.H.

Widow. (Smiling.) Mr. Dornton !

Harry. Widow !—Here am I !—Phaeton the second hurled from my flaming car ! I come burning with fierce desires, devoutly bent on committing the deadly sin of matrimony ! May these things be ? Speak my saving angel !

Widow. Nay, but—! Dear Mr. Dornton—!

Harry. Do not imagine, amiable widow, that I am mad !—No, no, no !—(*With a hysteric laugh.*) Only a little flighty—Left my father furiously, drank three bottles of Burgundy frantically, flew in amorous phrensy to the attack, and will carry the place or die on the spot !—Powder and poison await my choice ; and let me tell you, sweet widow, I am a man of my word. So you'll have me, won't you ?

Widow. Oh, Mr. Dornton—!

Harry. Why you would not see my father perish ! Would you ? and me expire ! Would you ?

Widow. Am I so very cruel ?

Harry. Then say yes !—Yes, or—Pistols—Daggers—Cannon balls !

Widow. Yes, sir, yes, yes !

Harry. Hold, fair widow ! Kind widow, hold ! Be not rash !—I am the veriest villain !—Avoid me !—A ruined—! But that were indeed a trifle—My father ! Him ! Him have I ruined ! Heard you that ? Bring forth your hoards ! Let him once more be himself, and bid me kiss the dust !

Widow. (Aside.) Elegant youth !

Harry. And wilt thou, widow, be his support ? (*Eagerly.*) Wilt thou ?

Widow. Cruel question ! How can I deny ?

Harry. Immortal blessings be upon thee ! My father !

Widow. Will be all rapture to hear—!

Harry. (*Shakes his head.*) Ah, ha, ha, ha! (*Sighs.*) You don't know my father! A strange, affectionate—! That loves me—! Oh! He—! And you see how I use him! you see how I use him. But no matter—Tol de rol—We'll be married to-night.

Widow. Oh fie!

Harry. Ay, my Madona! To-night's the day.—The sooner the better.—'Tis to rescue a father, blithsome widow! A father! To save him have I fallen in love—Remember—Sin with open eyes, widow—Money—I must have money—Early in the morn, ere counters echo with the ring of gold, fifty thousand must be raised!

Widow. It shall, Mr. Dornton.

Harry. Why, shall it? Shall it? Speak again, beautiful vision, speak! Shall it?

Widow. Dear Mr. Dornton, it shall.

Harry. Remember!—Fifty thousand the first thing in the morning?

Widow. And would not a part this evening—?

(*Still coquetting.*)

Harry. (*Suddenly.*) What sayest thou?—Oh, no! —Whoo!—Thousands—

Widow. I have a trifling sum.

Harry. (*Eagerly.*) How much?

Widow. Six thousand—

Harry. Six?

Widow. Which I meant to have disposed of, but—

Harry. No, no! I'll dispose of it dear widow! (*Kisses her.*) I'll dispose of it in a twinkling! (*Elated.*) Doubt not my gratitude—Let this and this—(*Kissing.*)

Widow. Fie! You are sad man.—But I'll bring you a draft!

Harry. Do, my blooming widow! Empress of the golden isles, do.

Widow. But, remember, this trifle is for your own use.

Harry. No, my pearl unparalleled! My father! My father's—Save but my father, and I will kiss

ground which thou treadest, and live and breathe but on thy bounty !
(With self-indignation.)

[Exit Widow, R.H.]

At least till time and fate shall means afford
 Somewhat to perform, worthy of may and me.

Enter JENNY, L.H. peeping.

Jenny. Sir !

Harry. Ah, ha ! my merry maid of May !

Jenny. I suppose you are waiting to see miss Sophy, now you have got rid of the old lady.

Harry. Got rid of the old lady ?—Thou brazen pin-placer ! thou virgin of nine-and-twenty years occupation ! No ! I have not got rid of the old lady ! the old lady is to be my blooming, youthful bride ! and I, happy youth, am written and destined in the records of eternity her other half ! Heigho.

Jenny. Lord, sir, what rapturation ;—but stay a little, and I'll tell miss Sophy her mamma wants her, here ; so then—Hush !—

(Jenny retires, L.H. making a sign.)

Re-enter the WIDOW WARREN, R.H.

Widow. Here's the draft.

Harry. Thanks, my Sultana !—this halcyon night the priest, pronouncing conjurations dire—

Widow. Fie ! I won't look at you.

Harry. Ay, to-night we'll marry ; shall we not ?
(Sitting down and coquetting.)

Enter SOPHIA, skippingly, R.H.U.E. but stops short on seeing them.

Harry. To-night shall be a night of wonder ; and we'll love like—*(Aside.)* like Darby and Joan.

Widow. *(Languishingly.)* I shall hate you intolerably.
(Sophia advancing on tip-toe, L.H.)

Harry. Hey for the parson's permission ! Hey, my sublime widow.

Widow. To steal thus upon one at an unguarded moment.

Harry. But here first let me kneel, and thus to Ceres pay— (*Going to kiss her hand in rapture, meets the eye of Sophia.*)

Sophia. (*Coming between them with bursting trepidation, taking the Valentine from her bosom and presenting it.*) There, sir.

Widow. Ah.

Sophia. There, sir,—oh pray, sir, take it, sir.

Widow. Why, minikin—

Sophia. I request, sir.—I desire, sir.

Harry. (*Declining it.*) Tol de rol—

Sophia. (*Tearing the paper piecemeal, and throwing it spitefully away.*) Why then there, sir—and there, sir—and there, there, there, there, sir!

Widow. Poor minikin! I declare she is jealous.

Sophia. (*Her sobs rising.*) And I'll—I'll—Wri-i-ite to my—to my grandma-a-a-a directly—

Widow. Fie, child!

Sophia. And I'll go do-o-own—into Glo-o-o-oster-shire—

Widow. Go up to your chamber, child!

Sophia. And I'll tell my grandma-a what a false, base, bad man you are; and she shall ha-ate you, and despise you; and I'll ha-a-ate you, and despise you myself!

Widow. Poor thing.

Sophia. And moreover I'll hate and despise all mankind! and for your sake (*With great energy.*) I'll live and die a maid,

Widow. Yes, child, that I dare be sworn you will.

Harry. Widow! I'm a sad fellow! don't have me! —I'm a vile fellow! Sophy! you are right to despise me! I am going to marry your mother.

Sophia. I'll go down into Glo-o-ostershire—I wo-on't live in such a false-hearted city! And you ought to be ashamed of yourself, ma', to make yourself so ridiculous!

Harry. No, no, sweet Sylph, it is my fault! all my fault.

Widow. (Enraged.) Be gone, miss.

Harry. (Interposing.) Sweet widow! gentle widow!—I've sold myself, Sophy! six thousand pounds is the earnest money paid down, for the reptile Harry Dornton!—I love you, Sophy.

Widow. How, Mr. Dornton?

Harry. I do, by heaven! take back your money, widow. (*Offering the draft.*) I'm a sad scoundrel!

Sophia. You are a base, faithless, man, you know you are. And you are a pitiless woman, a merciless woman, for all you are my own mother, to let my poor brother Milford go to be starved to death in a dark dungeon.

Harry. Milford in prison?

Sophia. Yes, sir; arrested by your cruel, old, ugly father! (*Crosses to R.H.*) I'm sure he is ugly! though I never saw him in my life, I'm sure he is an ugly, hideous, ugly monster. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Harry. Is this true, widow?

Widow. (Stammering.) Sir—

Harry. (Agitated.) Arrested by my father?—squandering her money, on a ruined reprobate, and won't release her husband's son.

Widow. Nay but, dear Mr. Dornton.

Harry. I'll be with you again presently, widow! presently, presently. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Widow. (Speaking after him.) To-night, you know, Mr. Dornton—!

Enter JENNY, L.H.

Jenny. Mr. Goldfinch is coming up, ma'am.

Widow. I have no time to waste with Mr. Goldfinch. I'll presently send him about his business. Mr. Dornton talks I don't know how, Jenny.—Says it must be to-night.

Enter GOLDFINCH, L.H.

Gold. Well, widow?

Widow. Not so free, sir!

(Walks up the stage disdainfully.)

Jenny. *(Aside to Goldfinch.)* Have you got the licence?

Gold. No.

Jenny. No!

Gold. No—been to Tattersall's.

Jenny. And not for the licence?

Gold. Tell ee I've been to Tattersall's!

Jenny. Ah! it's all over!

Gold. Made sure of the Eclipse colts!—must not lose 'em!

Jenny. *(Aside.)* Stupid booby!

Widow. *(Advancing.)* What is your present business, sir?

Gold. My business? ha, ha, ha! that's a good one! I'll tell you my business—

(Approaching with open arms.)

Widow. *(Haughtily.)* Keep your distance, sir!

Gold. Distance, widow? no; that's not the way. I should be double distanced if I did.

Widow. Were you indeed a man of deportment and breeding—!

Gold. Breeding?—Look at my spurs!

Widow. Had you the manner, the spirit, the—! But no you are no gentleman—

Gold. Whew! no gentleman? *(Claps on his hat and takes a lounging impudent swagger.)* Dammee that's a good one!—Charles Goldfinch no gentleman?—ask in the box-lobby! inquire at the school.

(In a boxing attitude.)

Widow. Sir, you are a tedious person: your company is troublesome.

Gold. Turf or turnpike, keep the best of cattle—walk, trot or gallop—Run, amble or canter—laugh at

every thing on the road—Give 'em all the go-by.—Beat the trotting butcher!—Gentleman!—That's your sort!

Jenny. (Aside to Gold.) Follow me:

[*Exit, R.H.*

Widow. I beg, sir, I may not be intruded upon with you or your horse-jockey jargon any more.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Gold. Here's a kick up,—dish'd again—I knew I should have no luck—started badly in the morning—d—n all dancing masters and their umbrellas.

[*Exit, L.H.*

SCENE IV.—*An apartment at the house of a Sheriff's Officer.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, agitated, with an Officer,
R.H.

Harry. Dispatch, man! dispatch! Tell Jack Milford I can't wait a moment!—hold—write an acquittal instantly for the thousand pounds. But say not a word to him of my intention.

Officer. A thousand, sir; it is almost five thousand!

Harry. Impossible!

Officer. There are detainers already lodged to that amount.

Harry. Five thousand?

Officer. Must I write the acquittal for the sum total?

Harry. No—yes, write it however. Have it ready. Early to-morrow morning it shall all be paid.

Officer. In the mean time there may be more detainers.

Harry. Damnation! What shall I do!—run, send him!—and do you hear, a bottle of champagne and two rummers!—Rummers! Mind!—Not a word to him!—

[*Exit Officer, R.H.*

Five thousand?—And more detainers!

Enter OFFICER, R.H. with a bottle and glasses, and MILFORD following.

Milford. (With surprise.) Mr. Dornton!

Harry. How now, Jack! What's your wonder? I can't stay a moment with you, but I could not pass without giving you a call. Your hand my boy, cheer up!

Milford. (Coolly.) Excuse me, sir!

Harry. Why, Jack!—Pshaw! cast away this gloom and be—Honest Jack Milford! You are now in tribulation; what of that? Why, man, the blessed sun himself is sometimes under a cloud! wait but till to-morrow!—Where is the wine! (*Fills the rummers.*) Come, drink and wash away grief! 'Sblood, never look frosty and askance, man, but drink, drink, drink.

Milford. (Abruptly.) Sir? I am not disposed to drink.

Harry. Here's confusion to all sorrow and thinking!—I could a tale unfold—! But I won't afflict you—I must fly—Yet I can do no good to-night—Hurrah! Jack! Keep up your spirits! Be determined, like me!—I am the vilest of animals that crawl the earth—Yet I won't flag!—I'll die a bold-faced villain;—I have sold myself—Am disinherited—Have lost—Ah, Sophia!—Hurrah, Jack!—Keep it up!—Round let the great globe whirl! and whirl it will, though I should happen to slide from its surface into infinite nothingness—Drink, my noble soul!

Milford. Your mirth is impertinent, sir!

Harry. So it is, Jack—Damned impertinent! But ruin is around us, and it is high time to be merry!

Milford. Sir? I must inform you that, though I have been betrayed by you, and imprisoned by your father, I will not be insulted!

Harry. Betrayed by me?

Milford. Ay, sir; I have had full information of your mean arts! It was necessary I should be out

of the way, that your designs on Mrs. Warren might meet no interruption.

Harry. Pshaw.—Good day, Jack, good day.

(Crosses to R.H.)

Milford. And pray, sir, inform your father I despise his meanness, and spurn at his malice !

Harry. (Suddenly returning and darting on him, but stopping short.) Jack Milford :—Utter no blasphemy against my father !—I am half mad !—I came your friend—

Milford. I despise your friendship.

Harry. That's as you please.—Think all that is vile of me.—I defy you to exceed the truth.—But utter not a word against my father !

Milford. Deliberately, pitifully malignant !—Not satisfied with the little vengeance he himself could take, he has sent round to all my creditors !

Harry. 'Tis false !

Milford. False !

Harry. A vile, eternal falsehood !

Enter OFFICER, R.H. with papers and writs.

Officer. Gentlemen !—Did you call ?

Harry. (Interrupting him.) Leave the room, sir !

Officer. But—!

Harry. (Angrily.) We are busy, sir !

Officer. I thought—!

Hurry. I tell you we are busy, and must not be interrupted ! [*Exit, Officer, R.H.*] (Pause of consideration.) Mr. Milford, you shall hear from me immediately.

[*Exit, Harry, R.H.*]

Milford. (After ruminating.) What were those papers ? Surely I have not been rash ?—Nobody but his father could have brought my creditors thus on me all at once ?—He seemed half drunk or half frantic.—Said he was ruined, disinherited.—Talked something of to-morrow.—What could the purport of his coming be ?

Enter Officer, R.H.

Well, sir ?

Officer. Here is a note, sir.

Milford. From whom ?

Officer. The young gentleman.

Milford. (Reads, aside.) "I understand you are at liberty." How ! At liberty ? (*The Officer bows.*) (*Reads.*) 'I shall walk up to Hyde Park : you will find me at the ring at six.'—Exactly at six"—At liberty ?

Officer. Your debts are all discharged.

Milford. Impossible !—Which way ?—By whom ?

Officer. Why, sir—That is—

Milford. No hesitation, but tell me by whom !

Officer. Sir—I thought I perceived some anger between you and the young gentleman ?

Milford. Ask no questions, sir ; make no delays. Tell me who has paid my debts ?—Tell me the truth.—Consequences you do not suspect depend upon your answer.

Officer. I perceive, sir, there has been some warmth between you ; and though the young gentleman made me promise silence and secrecy—

Milford. (Astonishment.) What then it was Mr. Dornton ?—(*Officer bows.*) Madman ! What have I done !

[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*The house of Dornton.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, followed by Mr. SMITH, L.H.

Harry. And the danger not yet past ?

Mr. Smith. Far from it. Mr. Sulky has twice brought us supplies, and is gone a third time.

Harry. Brave spirit ! He would coin his heart !—My father supports it nobly !

Mr. Smith. He is anxious only for you.

Harry. Well, well. Ha, ha, ha ; Tol lol—I'll bring him relief.—Comfort him, assure him of it.—Ay, hear me heaven and—! To-night it is too late, but to-morrow all shall be well !—Excellent well !

Mr. Smith. (*Significantly.*) You will marry the widow ?

Harry. Have you heard ?—Ay, boy, ay ;—We'll marry ! I will go and prepare her.—We'll marry.—Early in the morning that all may be safe. I have told her the truth. She knows all—Why ay—(*Looking at his watch.*) The proctor's, the lawyer's, the widows, and (*Starts.*) at six ?—The ring ?—at six ?—Fiends !—Who can say what may—What, leave my father to perish ?—I'll not go, though ail hell should brand me for a coward, I'll not go.—*Mr. Smith* take care of my father !—Mark me, I recommend my father to you.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Enter Mr. DORNTON, R.H.

Dornton. Where is Harry ?—Did not I hear his voice ?

Mr. Smith. He is this moment gone, sir.

Dornton. Gone, where ?

Mr. Smith. Do you not suspect where, sir ?

Dornton. (*Alarmed.*) Suspect ?—What ?—Speak !

Mr. Smith. To the widow Warren's.

Dornton. For what purpose ?

Mr. Smith. To marry her.

Dornton. Marry !—The widow Warren !

Mr. Smith. And save the house by her fortune.

Dornton. Generous Harry ! Noble affectionate boy !
I'd perish first ! (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Mr. Smith. He seems very resolute—He has already had six thousand pounds of her.

Dornton. Marry her ? I shall go mad !—Where is Mr. Sulky ? (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Mr. Smith. He is just returned. I hear him in the counting-house.

Dornton. Tell him I wish to speak with him. [*Exit Mr. Smith, L.H.*] Harry Dornton and the widow Warren ?—I shall die in bedlam !

Enter Mr. SULKY, L.H.

Are we safe, Mr. Sulky ?

Sulky. For to-day, perhaps.

Dornton. What bank have we to begin to-morrow?

Sulky. I can't tell—I fear not thirty thousand.

Dornton. Mr. Sulky, you—you—you—have this day shewn yourself an active partner, and a sincere friend.

Sulky. Humph.

Dornton. I have long esteemed you! I esteem you more and more.

Sulky. Humph.

Dornton. My son Harry—(*Hesitating.*) You are a very good man, Mr. Sulky; a compassionate man, though you don't look so.

Sulky. Humph.

Dornton. 'Tis pity to see so noble a youth—I am sure you would not wish him any harm, Mr. Sulky? I am sure you would not!

Sulky. Whom?

Dornton. Harry Dornton. Would you?—Would you?—Would you, Mr. Sulky?

Sulky. A kind question.

Dornton. Nay, I did not mean to be unkind, Mr. Sulky; you know I did not.—Shall we not venture one step more to save him?

Sulky. Save? Impossible! Ruin only can reform him! total ruin.

Dornton. You mistake, Mr. Sulky. His own misfortunes little affected him, but mine—! He is struck to the heart!—I know him!

Sulky. So do I.

Dornton. Struck to the heart!—I'm sure on't! He'll be a good man!—A great man!

Sulky. Humph.

Dornton. You know the widow Warren, Mr. Sulky?

Sulky. Don't you?

Dornton. I never saw her in my life.—I hear she is full forty, her manners absurd, her character cruel, and her morals—

Sulky. Bad enough.

Dornton. Six thousand pounds at this moment is a

great sum ! I own it ! But do you think I ought not to venture ?

Sulky. Venture what ?

Dornton. To—To take it from our bank ?

Sulky. For what ?

Dornton. For—For the—the relief of Harry Dornton !

Sulky. What you please ! Take all ! What is it to me ?

Dornton. Nay, but, Mr. Sulky, you surely don't see the thing in the right light ?

Sulky. I can starve, like the rest !

Dornton. (*With snappish haste.*) Very well, Mr. Sulky ! Very well ! I perceive you can be interested, and—and—!

Sulky. And what ?

Dornton. Very well, Mr. Sulky ! Very well !

Sulky. I can stare bankruptcy in the face as steadfastly as you can.

Dornton. Ay, ay, ! No doubt ! The world is all alike ! I am an old fool, and so shall live and die !

Sulky. Why do you ask my advice ! Take the money ! Empty the coffers ! Pour it all into his hat ! Give him guineas to play at chuck farthing, and bank bills to curl his hair !

Dornton. Very well, Mr. Sulky !—Friendship, generosity, a sense of justice ? Oh ! (*Crosses to L.H.*) It's all a farce !

Sulky. Humph.

Dornton. (*Rings.*) Very well, sir ! Very well !

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Is the carriage ready ?

Servant. It's at the door, sir. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Dornton. (*Going L.H. turns back.*) So, Mr. Sulky, you would see him married to this widow, to whom you have so often as well as now given the worst of characters, rather than incur a little more risk for your friend ?

Sulky. Marry ?

Dornton. Yes, marry !

Sulky. Whom ?

Dornton. The widow Warren, I tell you !

Sulky. Harry Dornton ?

Dornton. Yes, Harry Dornton !

Sulky. When ? Where ?

Dornton. Immediately ! With unexampled affection, to save me who am old and worthless, he would devote his youth, his great qualities, and his noble heart, to all the torments which such a marriage and such a woman can inflict !

Sulky. Take the money !

Dornton. Are you serious, Mr. Sulky ?

Sulky. Take the money ! Away ! Begone ! I would indeed starve, inchmeal, rather than he should marry her !

Dornton. Mr. Sulky, you are a worthy man, a true friend !

Sulky. Curse compliments ! Make haste !

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I—*The Widow Warren's.*

Enter SOPHIA, L.H. JENNY, R.H.

Jenny. So miss ! Here's your mamma just coming down.

Sophia. (*Much agitated.*) Is she dressed ?

Jenny. Oh yes !—I have decorated her out like any kings's coach-horse !

Sophia. It's very well.

Jenny. With her ribands and ringlets stuck about and dangle-ating down her back ; and all her—

Sophia. It's very well. It's all very well ! But it will be no wedding.—

Jenny. (*Aside.*) I hope not.

Sophia. He told her to her face that he loved me,

and offered to give her the money back.—He'll never have her.—And, if he does I don't care.—I know I shall die broken hearted, but I don't care.—I'll tell all to my dear grandma', for I'll not stay in this wicked city.—No ! He shan't see me pine away.—I know my ghost will haunt him ; but I can't help it. I never wished him any harm, and had he but been true-hearted and have waited for me, I would.—But it's no matter.—He shan't see a tear that I shed, nor hear the least sigh that I heave.

Enter the WIDOW WARREN, R.H.

Jenny. (*Looking, admiring, and walking round her.*) Well, ma'am—I declare you're a pictur—

Widow. Do you think I look tolerably, Jenny ? (*Walking and surveying herself.*)—Shall I do execution ? What is the matter, child ?

Sophia. Mark my words, he'll never have you.

Widow. Poor thing.

Sophia. He never will. (*Knocking heard at the street-door, L.H.*)

Widow. Run, Jenny, see who it is. [*Exit Jenny, L.H.D.*] Go up to your chamber, child.

Sophia. (*Much agitated.*) No. I will stay here.

Widow. Begone to your chamber, I say, miss.

Sophia. Beat me if you please, kill me, but I will not.

Re-enter JENNY, L.H.D.

Jenny. Here's an elderly gentleman, ma'am, asks to speak to you.

Widow. Will you begone, miss ?

Sophia. Since it is not he, I don't want to stay. I only want to look him in the face once more.

[*Crosses and Exit, R.H.*]

Widow. How is he dressed ?

Jenny. In grey, ma'am.

Widow. In grey ?

(*Considering.*)

Jenny. Yes' ma'am.

Widow. In dark grey ? (*Hoping.*)

Jenny. Yes, ma'am.

Widow. (*Eagerly.*) Does he look like a parson, Jenny ?

Jenny. Why, ma'am, he is a soberly, smug, jobation-looking man enough.

Widow. Let him be shewn in— [*Exit Jenny, L.H.*]
I dare say it is the divine.

Enter JENNY, L.H.D. introducing Mr. DORNTON.

Dornton. Your humble servant, madam.

Widow. Sir, your very most humble servant.
(*With great respect.*)

Dornton. I presume you are unacquainted with me ?

Widow. (*Simpering.*) I believe I can penetrate, sir—

Dornton. Can you, madam ?

Widow. (*With her fan before her face.*) You—
You come on the—part of—young Mr. Dornton ?

Dornton. (*Surprised.*) I do !

Widow. (*Aside.*) It is the parson !—Would you be so indulgent as to be seated, sir ?

Dornton. Excuse me, madam.

Widow. Would you be pleased to take any refreshment, sir ?

Dornton. Madam !—

Widow. A morsel of seed-cake, a French biscuit, a bit of orange-loaf, a glass of constantia, or a jelly ?
—I know these little cordial comforts are agreeable consolations to gentlemen of your cloth.

Dornton. (*Surveying himself.*) Cloth !

Widow. No offence, I hope ? I participate in them myself.

Dornton. Hem ! No doubt !

Widow. You are acquainted with Mr. Dornton ?

Dornton. Why—Yes—I am I believe one of his oldest acquaintance.

Widow. Then I dare say you have a great regard for him?

Dornton. Hem !—Yes—I—had a—sort of a friendship for him even before he was born.

Widow. Sir !—Oh—you are intimate with the family ?

Dornton. Yes—yes, madam !

Widow. And know his father ?

Dornton. Hem—(*Shrugs.*) Why—Though I have kept him company from the day of his birth to this very hour, they tell me I don't know him yet !

Widow. Ay indeed ! Is he so odd ?

Dornton. Sometimes—To my great regret, I have sometimes found him a very absurd old gentleman !

Widow. I am sorry for it !—Because as I am soon to become—hymeneally—his intimate—relation—I—I—! (*With maidenly affection.*)

Dornton. You would wish for a sensible indulgent—Papa.— (*Smiles.*)

Widow. It's natural, sir. (*Simpering.*)

Dornton. Ha ! I dare not say to much in his favour.

Widow. Nay, though I have a vast—hum—ha—regard for young Mr. Dornton—I own I have no great predilection of opinion for the father !

(*Nodding very significantly.*)

Dornton. (*Suddenly.*) Nor he for you, madam !

Widow. Do you think so ?

Dornton. I am sure so !

Widow. I warrant, sir, he is, as you say, a very precise acrimonious person !

Dornton. I said no such thing, madam !

Widow. Ah ! A little caution, sir, to be sure, becomes gentlemen of your cloth.

Dornton. Cloth again !—I don't know what you mean by my cloth ! but Mr. Dornton, madam, is little older than yourself ; nor does he think himself half so repugnant.

Widow. Sir !

Dornton. (*Recollecting himself.*) Madam !—I—I beg your pardon !—I— (*Bowing.*)

Widow. (*Knocking heard, L.H.*) Oh ! Here I dare say comes the bridegroom !

(*Enraptured crosses to L.H.D*)

Dornton. (*Aside.*) My curst vivacity ! I can never tell her after this who I am. (*Walks up the stage.*)

Enter HARRY DORNTON, in haste, L.H.

Widow. (*Eagerly.*) Oh you rover !

(*Crosses to centre.*)

Harry. Well, my kind widow ! (*Mr. Dornton turns quick round at hearing his Son's voice, and gradually approaches.*) My loving, compassionate widow ! I am come post haste to cast myself once more on your bounty !

Widow. Hush !

Harry. To entreat instant comiseration, and aid !

Widow. Hem ! Hem ! (*Aloud.*)

Harry. I have not a minute to spare !

Widow. (*Whispers.*) He's here ! He's come ! A waspish, tetchy— ! Hem !—(*Aloud.*) Your friend has been here some time, Mr. Dornton !

Harry. My friend ! What friend ?

Widow. Your friend the clergyman,

(*Pointing to Mr. Dornton.*)

Harry. Clergyman !—You—(*Turning sees his Father at his elbow.*)—My father !

Widow. His father ! (*A pause.*)

Dornton. Well, Harry, why do you look so blank ? I am glad you are here—(*Crosses to centre.*) Your coming and the mutual sincerity with which this lady and I have just spoken our sentiments, will save all circumlocution.--At present we understand each other.

Widow. Sir—I—

Dornton. Oh, madam, never retract.—Let us continue the like plain honest dealing—

Widow. But—sir—Mr. Dornton's affection—

Dornton. Ha, ha, ha !—Affection, madam !—

(*Pitying her delusion.*)

Harry. Sir—

Dornton. Harry ! I know your motives ! Will never forget them ! But the cause of them has ceased.

Harry. Sir !—beware ! No false compassion ! Remember not the vile reprobate that was your son ! I spurn at existence that is coupled with your misery.

Dornton. Harry ! Our danger is over.

Harry. Are you—? Are you serious ?

Dornton. Mr. Sulky is a worthy man ! His rich uncle is dead, and has left him sole heir. Our books too have been examined, and exceed our best hopes.

Harry. My—

Dornton. Here is your money, madam. (*Offering it.*)

Harry. My father saved—? Tol de rol—!

Widow. Nay but—Mr. Dornton !—sir !—

(*Ready to cry.*)

Dornton. I must beg you will take it—

Harry. Rejoice, widow ! Rejoice ! Sing, shout ! Tol de rol !

Widow. I do not want the money, sir ! Filthy money—(*Whimpering restrained.*) And as to what I said, though you have arrested Mr. Milford—

Harry. Ha ! (*Starts, considers, and looks at his watch.*)

Widow. I am sorry—I beg your pardon—And if Mr. Dornton—

Dornton. Why don't you speak, Harry ? Where are you going ? (*Harry Dornton crosses hastily to L.H.D.*) Come back, Harry !—Stay, I say !

Harry. I cannot stay !—I must fly !—My honour is at stake !

[*Exit, L.H.D.*]

Dornton. (*Alarmed.*) His honour !—His honour at stake !—Here, here, madam !—(*Offering money*)

Widow. Nay, sir—

Dornton. 'Sdeath, madam, take your money.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Widow. Cruel—usage !—Faithless men—Blind—Stupid !—I'll forsake and forswear the whole sex !

(*Bursts into tears.*)

Enter JENNY, L.H. with great glee, on tip-toe, as if she had been on the watch.

Jenny. Ma'am ! ma'am ! Mr. Goldfinch, ma'am !

Widow. Hay ! Mr. Goldfinch ?—Was that what you said, Jenny ? (*Brightens up.*) Where ?

Jenny. Below, ma'am. I persuaded him to come up, but he is quite surly.

Widow. Oh! He is coming? Well! I think I will see him—Yes—I think I will.

Jenny. I always told you, ma'am, Mr. Goldfinch for me.

Widow. Did you?

Jenny. But he says he will have your written promise this very night, or never speak to you more.—I hear him. (*Adjusting the widow's dress.*) Law, ma'am, you had better give a few touches—Hereabout! Your eyes will have double the spirit and fire.

Widow. Will they? [Exit, R.H.]

Enter GOLDFINCH, L.H.

Gold. Where's the dowager?

Jenny. Hush! Mind what I said to you—It is too late now for a licence, so be sure get the promise—Don't flinch!

Gold. Me flinch? Game to the back-bone!

Jenny. Hush! [Exit, R.H.]

Re-enter the WIDOW WARREN, R.H.

Gold. Here I am once more, widow.

Widow. Ah, rambler!

Gold. Are you cured of the tantarums?

Widow. Nay, Mr. Goldfinch—!

Gold. Must I keep my distance?

Widow. Unkind!

Gold. Am I a gentleman now?

Widow. Killing!

Gold. Look you, widow, I know your tricks.—Skit-tish! Won't answer the whip! Run out of the course! Take the rest!—So give me your promise.

Widow. My promise—!

Gold. Signed and sealed.

Widow. Naughty man.—You shan't—I won't let you tyrannise over a palpitating heart!

Gold. Palpi—What does she say?

Widow. Go, intruder.

Gold. Oh! What you won't?

Widow. I'll never forgive you.

Gold. I'm off.

(Going, L.H.)

Widow. Cruel man!

Gold. I'm off.

Widow. Mr. Goldfinch!

(Calling.)

Gold. I'm off—

Widow. You shall have the promise!

Gold. Oh, ho! Why then I pull up—*(Returning.)*

Widow. Barbarous youth! Could you leave me?

—But I must send to Mr. Silky.

Gold. No, no! Let me have the promise directly! I'll go myself to Silky.

Widow. Will you, Mr. Goldfinch?

Gold. Will I not?—Take a hack, mount the box—Hayait!—Scud away for the old scoundrel! I'm a deep one! Know the course every inch! I'm the lad for the widow! That's your sort!

Widow. Saucy man! I'll be very angry with you.

Gold. Soon be back.

Widow. Adieu! Fly swiftly ye minutes!

Gold. But I must have the promise first!

Widow. I will go and write it.—Come, dissembler, come!

[Exit languishing, R.H.]

Gold. She's an old courser! But I knew I should take her at the double.

Enter MILFORD, L.H.

Milford. So, Charles; where's the widow?

Gold. The widow's mine!

Milford. Yours?

Gold. I'm the lad! All's concluded—Going post for old Silky. *(Offers to go at every speech, but is eagerly stopped by Milford.)*

Milford. Silky did you say?

Gold. Am to pay the miserly rascal fifty thousand pounds down.—But mum! That's a secret.

Milford. You are raving.

Gold. Tellee he has her on the hip ; she can't marry without his consent.

Milford. But why ?

Gold. Don't know. The close old rogue won't tell. Has got some deed, he says—Some writing.

Milford. Indeed !

Gold. Yes—But it's a secret ! I shall be a higher fellow than ever, Jack ! Go to the second spring meeting—Take you with me—Come down a few to the sweaters and trainers—The knowing ones—The lads—Get into the secret—Lay it on thick—Seven hundred to five favourite against the field !—Done !—I'll do it again !—Done !—Five times over—ditto repeated !—Done, done !—Off they go !—Winner lays by—Pretends to want foot—Odds rise high ! Take 'em—Winner whispered lame—Lags after—Odds higher !—and higher. Take 'em—Creeps up—Breathes 'em over the flat—Works 'em up hill—Passes the distance post—Still only second—Betting chair in an uproar !—Neck to neck !—Lets him out—Shows him the whip !—Shoots by like an arrow—Oh damme a hollow thing !—That's your sort.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Milford. Fifty thousand to Silky for his consent because of some instrument, some writing ?—If it should be the—? It must ;—By heaven it must.

[*Exit hastily, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Ring in Hyde Park.*

Enter HARRY DORNTON, R.H.U.E. looking at his watch

Harry. How long must I wait ?—I see nothing of Milford—I'll cut off that bailiff's ears if he has betrayed me.
(*Walks about.*)

Enter Mr. DORNTON, R.H. out of breath.

Dornton. So Harry !

Harry. My father again.

Dornton. (Panting.) What do you do here, Harry?

Harry. Sir—I—~~I~~ want air.

Dornton. So do I—A pretty dance you have led me. What brought you hither?—*(Sudden recollection.)* Where's the money you had of the widow? *(Pause, seeming to dread an answer.)* Where is the money, Harry?

Harry. (Reluctantly.) Gone, sir.

Dornton. Gone!

Harry. Most of it.

Dornton. And your creditors not paid? *(Another pause.)* And your creditors not paid?

Harry. No, sir.

Dornton. (Rises his hands.) I suspected—I foreboded this!—*(Harry Dornton walks up the stage.)* He has been at some gaming-house, lost all, quarrelled, and come here to put a miserable end to a miserable existence! Oh, who would be a father!

(With extreme anguish.)

Enter WAITER, R.H.

Waiter. (Looking round, surveying Mr. Dornton.) Pray—sir—Is your name Dornton?

Dornton. It is.

Waiter. Then I am right—Mr. Milford, sir, has sent me with this note. *[Exit, R.H.]*

Harry. (Advancing.) It is for me, sir!

Dornton. How do you know, Harry?

Harry. Sir, I am certain!—I must beg—!

Dornton. This is no time for ceremony!—*(Reads.)* Dear Harry, forgive the provocation I have given you; forgive the wrong I have done your father—Me!—I will submit to any disgrace rather than lift my hand against your life—I would have come and apologised even on my knees, but am prevented—

J. Milford.

(Stands a moment crumpling up the letter.)—Why, Harry!—What?—What is this?—Tell me—Tell me. Is it in paying Milford's debts you have expended the money?

Harry. It is, sir.

Dornton. (*After raising his clasped hands in rapture as if to return thanks, suddenly suppresses his feelings.*) But how had he wronged me?—Why did you come here to fight him?

Harry. Sir—He—he spoke disrespectfully of you.

(*A pause.*)

Dornton. (*With his eyes fixed on his son, till unable any longer to contain himself he covers them with one hand and stretches out the other.*) Harry!

Harry. (*Taking his father's hand but turning his back likewise to conceal his agitation.*) My father!

(*A pause.*)

Dornton. Harry! Harry! (*With struggling affection.*)

(*A pause.*)

Harry. Dear sir, let us fly to console poor Milford!

Dornton. What you will, Harry! Do with me what you will—Oh who would not be a father!

[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE III.---*The house of the Widow Warren,*

Enter MILFORD and Mr. SULKY, L.H.

Milford. The fool Goldfinch himself informed me, sir, that Silky is to receive fifty thousand pounds for his consent!

Sulky. Fifty thousand! Zounds! Why then the old scoundrel must have got possession of the will.

Milford. Which is indubitably meant to be destroyed. Goldfinch is just returned with Silky. They are now with the widow; all in high glee, and are coming up here immediately, no doubt to settle the business in private.

Sulky. What can be done?

Milford. We must hide ourselves somewhere, and spring upon them.

Sulky. I hate hiding! It's deceit, and deceit is the resource of a rascal.

Milford. But there is no avoiding it ! We cannot get legal assistance 'th time ! Here are two closets—Do you go into one, and I'll shut myself up in the other. We shall hear what they are about, and can burst upon them at the proper moment.

Sulky. Well, if it must be so---But it's a vile, paltry refuge !

Milford. I hear them coming ! Make haste.

[*Exeunt Sulky and Milford into the closets.*]

Enter SILKY, WIDOW, and GOLDFINCH, L.H.D.

Sil. Ha, ha, ha : I told you, madam, I should hear from you when you wanted me ! I knew it must come to that. But you are a lucky man, Mr. Goldfinch ! and I'm a lucky man ! ay, and you are a lucky woman too, madam ! We are all in luck.

Gold. Ay dammec, old one, you have been concerned in many a good thing in your time.

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha ! To be sure I have ! I must provide for my family, Mr. Goldfinch.

Widow. It is indeed a fortunate event ! Do you not participate my raptures, Mr. Goldfinch ?

Gold. To be sure---It's a deep scheme ! It's knowing a thing or two ! Hay, old one ? Pigeoning the green horns.

Sil. All so safe too, so snug ! I am so pleased, and so happy ! It's all our own ! Not a soul will know of it but our three selves.

Gold. Oh yes---One more, old one---

Sil. (*Alarmed.*) Ay ! Who ? Who ?

Gold. Your father—Belzebub.

Sil. Lord ! Mr. Goldfinch, don't terrify me !

Widow. To be sure, it must be owned you are a shocking old rogue, Mr. Silky ! But there is no doing without you.---So make haste with your deeds and your extortions ! for really we should be very glad to be rid of your company---

Sil. Well, well, I'm ready---I'll not long interrupt your amorous haste. I am a man of business ; I expected how it would be, and have a legal instrument

here, ready drawn up by my own hand; which, when it is signed and sealed, will make all safe.

Widow. But where is the will?

Sil. Oh I have it—First however let us be secure. (*Locks both the chamber doors; is going to read, but looks round, sees the closet doors, and with great anxiety and cunning locks them too.*)

Gold. You're an old trader in sin! There's no being too deep for you!

Sil. Ah, ha, ha, ha! Do you think so, Mr. Goldfinch?

Gold. But I should like to see you on your death-bed! (*A blow from one of the closets.*)

Sil. Bless my soul!—What's that?

Gold. Zounds!—Odd enough!—I believe he's coming for you before your time!

Widow. It was very strange.

Sil. I declare I am all of a tremble!

Widow. Come, come, let us get the shocking business over!—Where is the will?

Gold. Don't shake so, man!

Sil. Well, well!—First sign the bond. (*Widow and Goldfinch going to sign, another knock heard.*) Lord have mercy upon me!

Gold. I smell sulphur.

Widow. Save me Mr. Goldfinch!

Sil. The candles burn blue! (*A pause.*)

Gold. Pshaw! Zounds, it's only some cat in the closet!

Sil. I heard it in both the closets.

Gold. Why then there are two cats!—Come! I'll sign.— (*Widow and Goldfinch sign the bond.*)

Sil. Where's the promise?

Gold. Here it is. (*Laying it on the table.*)

Sil. And here is the will, which, that all may be safe, we will immediately commit to the flames. (*Is going to burn it at the candle. Four successive loud knocks are heard, one from each of the doors. Silky starts, drops one candle, and overturns the other.—The stage dark.*) Lord have mercy upon us!

Gold. My hair stands an end.

Widow. (*Violent knocking at both closets and at the doors.*) Save me, Mr. Goldfinch! Protect me! Ah!

(*Shrieks.*)

(*Sulky and Milford hurst open the closets and seize on the bond and promise: then open the chamber doors; at L.H.D. enter Jenny with lights, and at the other Sophia, Harry Dornton, and Mr. Dornton.*)

Sophia. Dear, ma', what's the matter?

Sulky. (Where is the will?) (*Silky recovers himself and snatches it up.*) Give it me, you old scoundrel! Give it me this instant, or I'll throttle you!

(*Wrests it from him.*)

Milford. So, gentlemen! You are a pretty pair of knaves.

Sulky. And you are a very worthy lady.

Widow. Don't talk to me, man!—Don't talk to me!—I shall never recover my senses again.

Harry. What has happened, gentlemen? How came you thus all locked up together?

Dornton. Are you here, Mr. Silky?

Sulky. Yes; There's the honest, grateful, friendly Mr. Silky! Who would betray his friends, plunder the living, and defraud the dead, for the ease of his conscience, and to provide for his family.

(*Sitting on the table.*)

Gold. Old one! You're done up!

Sulky. And here is the girlish old coquette, who would rob her daughter and leave her husband's son to rot in a dungeon, that she might marry the first fool she could find.

Gold. Widow! you are dished! (*Sulky examines the will.*) Lost your last chance!

Dornton. A broken gamester, nurtured in idleness, ignorance, and dissipation, whose ridings, racings, and drivings are over, and whose whole train of horses, dogs, curricles, phaetons, and fooleries must come to the hammer, immediately, is no great loss.

Sophia. Oh, la.

Dornton. I knew your father, sir: 'tis happy for him that he is dead; If you will forsake these courses and apply to trade— (*Gold. starts from the table.*)

Gold. Damn trade! Who's for the spring meeting? Cross 'em and wind 'em! Seven to five you don't name the winner! I'm for life and a curricule! A cut at the caster, and the long odds! Damn trade! The four aces, a back hand, and a lucky nick! I'm a deep one! That's your sort! [Exit, L.H.]

Sulky. And now, madam—

Widow. Keep off, monster! You smell of malice, cruelty, and persecution.

Sulky. No, madam: I smell of honesty! A drug you nauseate, but with which you must forcibly be dosed!—I have glanced over the will, and find I have the power.

Widow. Let me go, goblin!—You are a hideous person, and I hate the sight of you! Your breast is flint!—Flint! Unfeeling Gorgon, and I abominate you! [Exit into an inner chamber, R.H.]

Sophia. Nay, you are a kind, good cross old soul; and I am sure you will forgive my poor ma! We ought all to forget and forgive! Ought not we, Mr. Dornton?

Harry. (*With rapture and looking to his father.*) Do you hear her, sir?

Dornton. Harry has told me of your innocent, pure, and unsuspecting heart—I love you for having called me an ugly monster!

Sophia. (*To Harry.*) La, Mr. Dornton, how could you—!

Sulky. Harry—Give me your hand---You have a generous and a noble nature! But your generosity would have proved more pernicious than even your dissipation. No misfortunes, no not the beggary and ruin of a father, could justify so unprincipled a marriage!

Dornton. And now (*To Mr. Sulky.*) my friend!

Milford. My father!

Harry. My---!

Sulky. Whoo! If you wish to get another word from me to-night, have done. (*Turning to Silky.*) I hate fawning.

Sil. Ah, Mr. Sulky, you will have your humour.

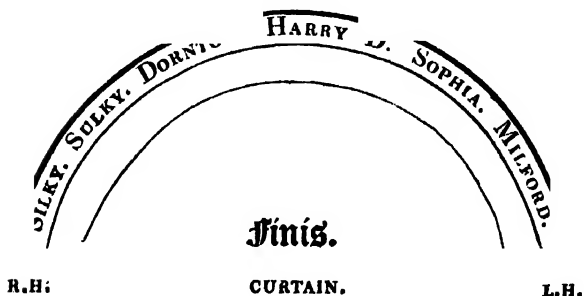
Sulky. The indiscriminating generosity of this young man supported you in your day of distress ; for which, serpent-like, you turned to sting your preserver.

Sil. Ah, you will have your humour.

Sulky. Yes ; and it is my humour to see that your villainy shall be exposed in its true colours. Hypocrisy, falsehood, and fraud, are your familiars. To screen your avarice, you made it believed that this gentleman had been the cause of lodging the detainers, and had done the dirty work of which even you were ashamed. But the creditors shall receive their full demand.

Dornton. The proposal is just. Listen to that worthy man ; and if you can, be honest with a good grace. Every thing will then be readily adjusted, and I hope to the satisfaction of all parties.

Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls.



EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS.

My scenic faults and follies laid aside,
No widow now, nor disappointed bride,
My own plain self I once again resume ;
Sent by the author here, to know his doom.
Would you condemn him ? do, with all my heart.
'To own the truth, I don't half like my part ;
Through five long acts the butt of ridicule,
A hard unfeeling heart, a flirt, a fool,
My daughter's tyrant and my lover's tool,
I hoped the bitter pill he'd overcome,
By making up an epilogue sugar plum.
But no !—Madam, said he, take my advice,
And conquer feelings which are much too nice :
Fear not to hold the mirror up to vice.
We, who paint human characters, must shew them
Such as they are ; or nobody would know them.
—But, sir, the sex ! a woman !—very true ;
I'm sorry so many sat for me, while I drew.
—Sure ! really, sir—! nay, don't be angry madam ;
Both ate the apple, Eve as well as Adam.
And, while through thick and thin the passions goad,
Nor Eve nor Adam stay to pick their road.
And as for epilogue, I'll not descend
Bad play by worse buffoonery to mend.
—Mister, said I, you are too wise by half ;
Folks don't come here to learn, they come to laugh :
And, if they choose like Hottentots their meat,
You must provide them what they please to eat.
Lord, sir ! the beauties of proportion never please
Such as delight in frippery and frieze !
Do we not see, by man of travell'd taste
In open hall on rising pillar plac'd,

EPILOGUE.

Griffin or Sphinx th' insulted eye before,
While Plato's bust stands hid behind the door ?
But good advice I find is thrown away !
—Yes, good advice is like a rainy day ;
Which, though it make our barns and coffers full,
Is often splenetic, and always dull.
Our common cause, then, let us fairly trust
With those who are to sense and nature just.

(To the Audience.)

" The richest soil, and most invig'rate seed,
Will here and there infested be with weed:
The gaudy poppy rears its broad bull head
Among the wheat, somnif'rous dew to shed.
Then, wheresoe'er rank couch-grass, fern, or tares
found,
'Tis yours to hand-weed, horse-hoe, clear, and till the
ground."

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is one hour and forty-seven minutes. The first act occupies the space of nineteen minutes ;—the second, eighteen ;—the third, twenty ;—the fourth twenty ;—and the fifth, twenty-four. The half price commences, generally, at half past eight.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H.....		Left Hand.
S.E.....		Second Entrance.
U.E.....		Upper Entrance.
M.D.....		Middle Door.
D.F.....		Door in Flat.
R.H.D.....		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.....		Left Hand Door.



MR JONES.
AS ARCHER.

Engraved by Thomson from an original drawing by Hayman.

Oxberry's Edition.

THE
BEAUX' STRATAGEM,
A COMEDY;
By George Farquhar.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

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Remarks.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM.

THE Beaux' Stratagem is the best of FARQUHAR's comedies, and undoubtedly one of the best comedies in the English language. The author wrote it in the last stage of a lingering and fatal disease, and he only just lived to see it acted. It is a delightful, though a melancholy thought, to see the spirit of lively enjoyment and brilliant fancy thus kept alive to the last, and the spark of true genius only extinguished with that of life. Of such men as FARQUHAR, who live and die the benefactors of their species, by making others partakers of their intellectual existence, it may be well said—

“Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in their ashes live their wonted fires.”

The original Epilogue of the play alludes to the affecting situation of the author at the moment when it first appeared, and claims that indulgence on the score of compassion, to which it was so well entitled on the score of merit.—Few plays have been acted oftener, since that time; and there are few that have given more unmingled satisfaction to the audience, or called forth the talents of the best actors more successfully. Archer was one of Garrick's favourite parts, which he played, it is said, with infinite life, spirit, and address; and the only fault that was found with it was that he played the assumed character too well, and brushed his master's coat, or received his orders too much like a real, instead of a pretended footman. This was certainly an objection; for one great charm (indeed the greatest) of the piece is the ease and gaiety with which the double situation both of this character and that of Aimwell is played off; the graceful transition from the assumed to the natural character, each running carelessly and imperceptibly into the other; the thin varnish of low breeding and knavish intrigue, never totally hiding the original ground of the fine gentleman and the man of honour; and

the opposition of the sentiments and situations, the manners and the pretensions of the two principal actors in the scene, keeping up a precarious balance of power, and a very nice equivoque between them. Indeed, all the characters from the highest to the lowest, through their numerous and complicated gradations, Aimwell and Archer, Mrs. Sullen, and her spouse, Dorinda and Lady Bountiful, Boniface, Gibbet, and Cherry, down to Foigard, Gipsev, and honest Scrub, all play into one another's hands, and contribute their share to the advancement and solution of the plot, with a felicity of art and nature, which costs the author no trouble ; and gives the highest pleasure and surprise to the reader. The *Beaux' Stratagem* is, in short, a comedy, as full as it can hold of bustle, character, and incident; of high and low life : of strokes of fortune and traits of humour. The adventures are perfectly natural, but succeed one another so rapidly, that as many surprising and ludicrous events are crowded together in a few hours as might happen in the same number of years. The manners and state of society described are just obsolete enough to become the more striking and interesting by contrast. The dialogue has equal freedom and vivacity ; and the smartness and quick succession of the repartees in some parts of it cannot be surpassed. Of this kind in particular are Boniface's answers in praise of his ale, and the two short, but precious scenes between Archer and Cherry, when they first meet alone, and afterwards when she repeats the lovers' catechism. Sullen is a character done to the life, and shows the dreary and desolate state of country manners, the formidable dearth of rustic resources, a hundred years since. Whether the idea of manners in general conveyed here is an enviable one or not, nothing can be better calculated for the purposes of the comic Muse ; and it will be long before we find (upon the stage, at least,) any thing more amusing than the unpremeditated gallantry and easy impudence of Archer, the reluctant scruples of Mrs. Sullen, the good-natured susceptibility of Cherry, and the well meaning, unconscious stupidity of Scrub.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN strife disturbs, or sloth corrupts an age,
Keen satire is the business of the stage.
When the plain dealer writ, he lash'd those crimes
Which, then infested most—the modish times.
But now, when faction sleeps, and sloth is fled,
And all our youth in active fields are bred ;
When thro' Great Britain's fair extensive round,
The trumps of Fame the notes of Union sound ;
When Anna's sceptre points the laws their course,
And her example gives her precepts force ;
There scarce is room for satire ; all our lays
Must be, or songs of triumph or of praise.
But as in grounds best cultivated, tares
And poppies rise among the golden ears ;
Our product so, fit for the field or school,
Must mix with nature's favourite plant—a fool,
A weed that has to twenty summers ran,
Shoots up in stalk, and vegetates to man.
Simpling our author goes from field to field,
And culls such fools as may diversion yield.
And, thanks to nature, there's no want of those,
For rain or shine the thriving coxcomb grows.
Follies to-night we shew ne'er lash'd before,
Yet such as nature shews you every hour :
Nor can the pictures give a just offence,
For fools are made for jests to men of sense.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is two hours and three minutes. The first act occupies the space of twenty minutes;—the second, eighteen;—the third, twenty seven;—the fourth twenty eight;—and the fifth, thirty. The half price commences, generally, at half past eight.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H.....		Left Hand.
S.E.....		Second Entrance.
U.E.....		Upper Entrance.
M.D.....		Middle Door.
D.F.....		Door in Flat.
R.H.D.....		Right Hand Door.
L H.D.		Left Hand Door.

Costume.

MR. SULLEN.

First dress.—A morning gown and cap. Second dress.—A suit of snuff-brown cloth.

FOIGARD.

An old fashioned suit of black cloth, a camlet fly, and a cocked hat.

SCRUB.

Red livery breeches, blue waistcoat, a leather apron, and a light blue livery coat, trimmed with worsted lace—in the fourth act, a green apron.

GIBBET.

A red old fashioned regimental coat, shabby white waistcoat and breeches, and a cocked hat.

HOUNSLOW.

The same.

BAGSHOT.

The same.

FOURTH ROBBER.

The same.

BONIFACE.

Drab cloth coat, scarlet waistcoat, black breeches, and blue apron.

SIR CHARLES FREEMAN.

A fashionable riding dress.

ARCHER.

First Dress.—White livery jacket, yellow waistcoat, leather breeches, top boots, round hat, lace band and cockade. Second dress.—Full dress livery coat, white waistcoat, and breeches, and livery cocked hat. Third dress.—Full dress coat lined with silk, white waistcoat and breeches, and dress cocked hat.

AIMWELL.

First dress.—A fashionable riding dress. Second dress.—A fashionable full dress.

MRS. SULLEN.

First dress.—White muslin. Second dress.—White satin body leno petticoat, trimmed with satin ribbon and lace.

DORINDA.

First dress.—White muslin. Second dress.—Pink satin body, leno petticoat trimmed with pink, and satin flowers.

LADY BOUNTIFUL.

Crimson satin gown.

CHERRY.

Smart coloured gown.

GIPSEY.

Coloured gown.

Persons Represented.

As it was Originally acted.

<i>Aimwell</i>	Mr. Mills.
<i>Archer</i>	Mr. Wilks.
<i>Count Bellair</i>	Mr. Bowman.
<i>Sullen</i>	Mr. Verbruggen.
<i>Sir Charles Freeman</i>	Mr. Keen.
<i>Foigard</i>	Mr. Bowen.
<i>Gibbet</i>	Mr. Cibber.
<i>Boniface</i>	Mr. Bullock.
<i>Scrub</i>	Mr. Norris.
<i>Lady Bountiful</i>	Mrs. Powell.
<i>Dorinda</i>	Mrs. Bradshaw.
<i>Mrs. Sullen</i>	Mrs. Oldfield.
<i>Gipsy</i>	Mrs. Mills.
<i>Cherry</i>	Mrs. Bicknell.

	<i>Drury-lane.</i>	<i>Covent-garden.</i>
<i>Aimwell</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Brunton.
<i>Archer</i>	Mr. Elliston.	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Count Bellair</i>	[Omitted.]	
<i>Sullen</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Murray.
<i>Sir Charles Freeman</i>	Mr. Coveney.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Foigard</i>	Mr. Johnstone.	Mr. Rock.
<i>Gibbet</i>	Mr. T. P. Cooke.	Mr. Emery.
<i>Bagshot</i>	Mr. Minton.	Mr. Abbot.
<i>Hounslow</i>	Mr. Ebsworth.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Boniface</i>	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Davenport.
<i>Scrub</i>	Mr. Knight.	Mr. Munden.
<i>Lady Bountiful</i>	Mrs. Sparks.	Mrs. Emery.
<i>Dorinda</i>	Mrs. Orger.	Miss Brunton.
<i>Mrs. Sullen</i>	Mrs. Davison.	Mrs. Glover.
<i>Gipsy</i>	Miss Ivers.	Mrs. Beverley.
<i>Cherry</i>	Mrs. Alsop.	Mrs. Martyr.

THE
BEAUX' STRATAGEM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Inn.*

Enter BONIFACE, L.H. running.

(Bar-bell rings.)
Bon. Chamberlain, maid, Cherry, daughter Cherry!
All asleep, all dead?

Enter CHERRY, L.H. running.

Cher. Here, here. Why d'ye bawl so, father? D'ye think we have no ears?

Bon. You deserve to have none, you young minx—the company of the Warrington coach has stood in the hall this hour, and nobody to show them to their chambers.

Cher. And let 'em wait, father; there's neither red coat in the coach, nor footman behind it.

Bon. But they threaten to go to another inn to-night.

Cher. That they dare not, for fear the coachman should overturn them to-morrow. *(Ringing.)* Coming, coming: here's the London coach arrived.

Enter several People, R.H. with Trunks, Bundboxes, and other Luggage, and cross the Stage, to L.H.

Bon. Welcome ladies.

Cher. Very welcome, gentlemen—Chamberlain, show the Lion and the Rose.

[Exit, with the Company, L.H.]

Enter AIMWELL, in a riding-habit, and ARCHER, as his Footman, carrying a Portmanteau, R.H.

Bon. This way, this way, gentlemen.

Aim. Set down the things; go to the stable, and see my horses well rubb'd.

Arch. I shall, sir.

[Exit, R.H.]

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road as the saying is!

Aim. O, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

Bon. O, sir—what will your honour please to drink; as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Lichfield much fam'd for ale: I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire: 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim. You are very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll show you such ale.—Here tapster,

Enter TAPSTER, L.H.

broach number 1706, as the saying is. *[Exit Tapster, L.H.]* Sir, you shall taste my *anno domino*—I have liv'd in Lichfield man and boy, above eight and fifty years! and, I believe have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess your sense by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, sir ; I have fed purely upon ale : I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon my ale.

Enter TAPSTER, L.H. with a Tankard.

Now, sir, you shall see. Your worship's health : Ha ! delicious—fancy it Burgundy ; only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. (Drinks.) 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong ! It must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it ?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord ?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir ; but it kill'd my wife, poor woman ! as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass ?

Bon. I don't know how, sir ; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir ; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is ; and an honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after ; but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her ?

Bon. My lady Bountiful said so—she, good lady, did what could be done ; she cured her of three tympanies, but the fourth carried her off ; but she's happy, and I am contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that lady Bountiful you mentioned ?

Bon. Odds my life, sir, we'll drink her health. *(Drinks.)* My lady Bountiful is one of the best of women : her last husband, sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year ; and I believe she lays out one half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours ; in short, she has cured more people in and about Lichfield within ten years, than the doctors have kill'd in twenty, and that's a bold word.

Aim. Has the lady been any other way useful in her generation ?

Bon. Yes, sir, she has a daughter, by sir Charles, the finest woman in all our country, and the greatest fortune ; she has a son too, by her first husband, squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day ; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health.

Aim. What sort of a man is he ?

Bon. Why, sir, the man's well enough ; says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, faith ; but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose ?

Bon. Yes, sir, he's a man of pleasure : he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine sportsman, truly ! and married you say ?

Bon. Ay, and to a curious woman, sir.—But he's a—he wants it here, sir. (*Pointing to his Forehead.*)

Aim. He has it there, you mean.

Bon. That's none of my business, he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, would not—But I cod, he's no better than—sir, my humble service to you. (*Drinks.*) Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me ; I pay him his rent at quarter-day ; I have a good running trade ; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—But no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. Boniface ; pray, what other company have you in town ?

Bon. A power of fine ladies ; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. O that's right, you have a good many of those gentlemen : pray, how do you like their company ?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em : they're full of money, and pay double for every thing they have ; they know, sir, that we pay good round taxes for the taking of them, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little : one of 'em lodges in my house.

Enter ARCHER, R.H.

Arch. Landlord, there are some French gentlemen below that ask for you.

Bon. I'll wait on them—Does your master stay long in town, as the saying is? *(To Archer.)*

Arch. I can't tell, as the saying is.

Bon. Come from London?

Arch. No.

Bon. Going to London, mayhap.

Arch. No.

Bon. An odd fellow this! *(Crosses to R.H.—Burbell rings.)* I beg your worship's pardon, I'll wait on you in half a minute. *[Exit, R.H.]*

Aim. The coast is clear, I see—Now, my dear Archer, welcome to Lichfield.

Arch. I thank thee, my dear brother in iniquity.

Aim. Iniquity! pr'ythee leave canting; you need not change your style with your dress.

Arch. Don't mistake me, Aimwell, for 'tis still my maxim, that there's no scandal like rags, nor any crime so shameful as poverty. Men must not be poor; idleness is the root of all evil; the world's wide enough, let 'em bustle: fortune has taken the weak under her protection, but men of sense are left to their industry.

Aim. Upon which topic we proceed, and I think, luckily hitherto. Would not any man swear now that I am a man of quality, and you my servant; when, if our intrinsic value were known——

Arch. Come, come, we are the men of intrinsic value, who can strike our fortunes out of ourselves, whose worth is independent of accidents in life, or revolutions in government: we have heads to get money, and hearts to spend it.

Aim. As to our hearts, I grant ye they are as willing tits as any within twenty degrees; but I can have no great opinion of our heads from the service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they brought us from

London hither to Lichfield, made me a lord, and you my servant.

Arch. That's more than you could expect already.— But what money have we left?

Aim. But two hundred pounds.

Arch. And our horses, clothes, rings, &c. Why, we have very good fortunes now for moderate people: and let me tell you, that this two hundred pounds, with the experience that we are now masters of, is a better estate than the ten thousand we have spent—our friends, indeed, began to suspect that our pockets were low; but we came off with flying colours, showed no signs of want either in word or deed.

Aim. Ay, and our going to Brussels was a good pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and, I warrant you, our friends imagine that we are gone a volunteering.

Arch. Why, 'faith, if this project fails, it must e'en come to that. I am for venturing one of the hundreds, if you will, upon this knight errantry; but in case it should fail, we'll reserve the other to carry us to some counterscarp, where we may die as we lived, in a blaze.

Aim. With all my heart; and we have liv'd justly, Archer; we can't say that we have spent our fortunes, but that we have enjoy'd 'em.

Arch. Right; so much pleasure for so much money; we have had our pennyworths; and had I millions I would go to the same market again. O London, London! Well, we have had our share, and let us be thankful: past pleasures, for ought I know, are best, such as we are sure of: those to come may disappoint us. But you command for the day, and so I submit.—At Nottingham, you know, I am to be master.

Aim. And at Lincoln I again.

Arch. Then at Norwich I mount, which, I think, shall be our last stage! for if we fail there, we'll embark for Holland, bid adieu to Venus, and welcome Mars.

Aim. A match! Mum.

Enter BONIFACE, R.H.

Bon. What will your worship please to have for supper?

Aim. What have you got?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piece of beef in the pot, and a pig at the fire.

Aim. Good supper meat I must confess—I can't eat beef, landlord.

Arch. And I hate pig.

Aim. Hold your prating, sirrah! Do you know who you are? *(Aside.)*

Bon. Please to bespeak something else; I have every thing in the house.

Aim. Have you any veal?

Bon. Veal! sir, we had a delicate loin of veal on Wednesday last.

Aim. Have you got any fish, or wild fowl?

Bon. As for fish, truly, sir, we are an inland town, and indifferently provided with fish, that's the truth on't; but then for wild fowl!—we have a delicate couple of rabbits.

Aim. Get me the rabbits fricasseed.

Bon. Fricasseed! Lard, sir, they'll eat much better smother'd with onions.

Arch. Pshaw! Rot your onions.

Aim. Again, sirrah!—Well, landlord, what you please; but hold, I have a small charge of money, and your house is so full of strangers, that I believe it may be safer in your custody than mine: for when this fellow of mine gets drunk he minds nothing—Here, sirrah, reach me the strong box.

Arch. Yes, sir—this will give us reputation.

(Aside.—Brings the Box.)

Aim. Here, landlord, the locks are sealed down, both for your security and mine; it holds somewhat above two hundred pounds: if you doubt it, I'll count them to you after supper; but be sure you lay it where

I may have it at a minute's warning ; for my affairs are a little dubious at present ; perhaps I may be gone in half an hour ; perhaps I may be your guest till the best part of that be spent ; and pray order your ostler to keep my horses ready saddled : but one thing above the rest, I must beg that you will let this fellow have none of your *anno domino*, as you call it ; for he's the most insufferable sot—Here, sirrah, light me to my chamber.

Arch. Yes, sir.

(*Crosses to L.H.—Exit, lighted by Archer.*)

Bon. Cherry, daughter Cherry !

Enter CHERRY, L.H.

Cher. D'ye call, father ?

Bon. Ay, child, you must lay by this box, for the gentleman, 'tis full of money.

Cher. Money : is all that money ? why sure, father, the gentleman comes to be chosen parliament-man. Who is he ?

Bon. I don't know what to make of him ; he talks of keeping his horses ready saddled, and of going perhaps at a minute's warning, or of staying perhaps till the best part of this be spent.

Cher. Ay ! ten to one, father, he's a highwayman :

Bon. A highwayman ! Upon my life, girl, you have hit it, and this box is some new purchas'd booty.—Now, could we find him out, the money were ours.

Cher. He don't belong to our gang.

Bon. What horses have they ?

Cher. The master rides upon a black.

Bon. A black ! ten to one the man upon the black mare ; and since he don't belong to our fraternity, we may betray him with a safe conscience. I don't think it lawful to harbour any rogues but my own. Look ye, child, as the saying is, we must go cunningly to work ; proofs we must have ; the gentleman's servant loves drink, I'll ply him that way ; and ten to one he loves a wench ; you must work him t'other way.

Cher. Father, would you have me give my secret for his?

Bon. Consider, child, there's two hundred pounds to boot.—(*Crosses to L.H. Ringing without.*) Coming, coming,—Child, mind your business.

[*Exit Boniface, L.H.*]

Cher. What a rogue is my father!—My father! I deny it—My mother was a good, generous, free-hearted woman, and I can't tell how far her good nature might have extended for the good of her children. This landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his guest, and his daughter into the bargain—by a footman too!

Enter ARCHER, R.H.

Arch. What footman, pray, mistress, is so happy as to be the subject of your contemplation?

Cher. Whoever he is, friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

Arch. I hope so, for I'm sure you did not think of me.

Cher. Suppose I had!

Arch. Why, then you're but even with me; for the minute I came in, I was considering in what manner I should make love to you.

Cher. Love to me, friend!

Arch. Yes, child.

Cher. Child! Manners: if you keep a little more distance, friend, it would become you much better.

Arch. Distance! good night, saucebox. (*Going.*)

Cher. A pretty fellow! I like his pride—Sir! pray, sir, you see, sir, (*Archer returns.*) I have the credit to be trusted with your master's fortune here, which sets me a degree above his footman. I hope, sir, you an't affronted.

Arch. Let me look you full in the face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no.—'Sdeath, child, you have a pair of delicate eyes, and you don't know what to do with 'em.

Cher. Why, sir, don't I see every body?

Arch. Ay, but if some women had them, they would kill every body.—Pr'ythee, instruct me; I would fain make love to you, but I don't know what to say.

Cher. Why, did you never make love to any body before?

Arch. Never to a person of your figure, I can assure you, madam; my addresses have always been confined to persons within my own sphere; I never aspir'd so high before. (*Sings.*)

*But you look so bright,
And are dress'd so tight, &c.*

Cher. (*Aside.*) Will you give me that song, sir?

Arch. Ay, my dear, take it while it is warm. (*Kisses her.*) Death and fire! her lips are honeycombs.

Cher. And I wish there had been a swarm of bees too, to have stung you for your impudence.

Arch. There's a swarm of Cupids, my little Venus, that has done the business much better.

Cher. This fellow is misbegotten as well as I. (*Aside.*) What's your name, sir?

Arch. Name! 'Egad, I have forgot it. (*Aside.*) Oh, Martin.

Cher. Where was you born?

Arch. In St. Martin's parish.

Cher. What was your father?

Arch. Of—of—St. Martin's parish.

Cher. Then, friend, good night.

Arch. I hope not.

Cher. You may depend upon't.

Arch. Upon what?

Cher. That you're very impudent.

Arch. That you are very handsome.

Cher. That you're a footman.

Arch. That you're an angel.

Cher. I shall be rude.

Arch. So shall I.

Cher. Let go my hand.

Arch. Give me a kiss.

(*Kisses her.*)

Bon. (*Without, L.H.*) Cherry, Cherry!

Cher. I'm——My father calls! you plaguy devil how dare you stop my breath so?—Offer to follow me one step, if you dare. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Arch. A fair challenge, by this light; this is a pretty fair opening for an adventure; but we are knight-errants, and so fortune be our guide. [*Exit, L.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House*

Enter MRS. SULLEN, R.H. and DORINDA, L.H.

Dor. Morrow, my dear sister; are you for church this morning?

Mrs. S. Any where to pray; for heaven alone can help me; but I think, Dorinda, there's no form of prayer in the liturgy against bad husbands.

Dor. But there's a form of law at Doctors' Commons; and I swear, sister Sullen, rather than see you thus continually discontented, I would advise you to apply to that; for besides the part that I bear in your vexatious broils, as being sister to the husband, and friend to the wife, your examples give me such an impression of matrimony, that I shall be apt to condemn my person to a long vacation all its life. But supposing, madam, that you brought it to a case of separation, what can you urge against your husband? My brother is, first, the most constant man alive.

Mrs. S. The most constant man, I grant ye.

Dor. He never sleeps from you.

Mrs. S. No, he always sleeps with me.

Dor. He allows you a maintenance suitable to your quality.

Mrs. S. A maintenance! Do you take me, madam, for an hospital child, that I must sit down and bless my benefactors for meat, drink, and clothes? As I take it, madam, I brought your brother ten thousand pounds, out of which I might expect some pretty things called pleasures.

Dor. You share in all the pleasures the country affords.

Mrs. S. Country pleasures ! Racks and torments ! Dost think, child, that my limbs were made for leaping of ditches, and clambering over stiles ; or, that my parents, wisely foreseeing my future happiness in country pleasures, had early instructed me in rural accomplishments, of drinking fat ale, playing at whist, and smoking tobacco with my husband ; or of spreading of plaisters, brewing of diet drinks, and stilling rosemary-water, with the good old gentlewoman, my mother-in-law ?

Dor. I'm sorry, madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you ; I could wish, indeed, that our entertainments were a little more polite, or your taste a little less refined ; but pray, madam, how came the poets and philosophers, that laboured so much in hunting after pleasure, to place it last in a country life ?

Mrs. S. Because they wanted money, child, to find out the pleasures of the town. Did you ever hear of a poet or philosopher worth ten thousand pounds. If you can show me such a man, I'll lay you fifty pounds you'll find him somewhere within the weekly bills. Not that I disapprove rural pleasures, as the poets have painted them in their landscapes ; every Phillis has her Corydon ; every murmuring stream, and every flowery mead, gives fresh alarm to love. Besides, you'll find that the couples were never married. But yonder I see my Corydon, and a sweet swain it is, heaven knows ! Come, Dorinda, don't be angry ; he's my husband, and your brother, and between both, is he not a sad brute ?

Dor. I have nothing to say to your part of him ; you're the best judge.

Mrs. S. O, sister, sister ! if ever you marry, beware of a sullen, silent sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks.—There's some diversion in a talking blockhead ; and since the woman must wear chains, I would have the pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little. Now you shall see ; but take 'his by the way ; he came

home this morning at his usual hour of four, wakened me out of a sweet dream of something else, by tumbling over the tea-table, which he broke all to pieces. After his man and he had rolled about the room, like sick passengers in a storm, he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice; his breath hot as a furnace—Oh! matrimony! matrimony!—He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneable serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose.—O, the pleasure of counting the melancholy clock by a snoring husband!—But now, sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred man, he will beg my pardon.

Enter SULLEN, L.H.

Sul. My head aches consumedly.

Mrs. S. Will you be pleased, my dear, to drink tea with us this morning; it may do your head good?

Sul. No.

Dor. Coffee, brother?

Sul. Pshaw!

Mrs. S. Will you please dress, and go to church with me? the air may help you.

Sul. Scrub! Scrub!

Enter SCRUB, L.H.

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. What day o'th' week is this?

Scrub. Sunday, an't please your worship.

Sul. Sunday! bring me a dram; and, d'ye hear, set out the venison pasty, and a tankard of strong beer, upon the hall table; I'll go to breakfast. (*Going.*)

Dor. Stay, stay, brother, you shan't get off so; you were very naughty last night, and must make your wife reparation. Come, come, brother, won't you ask pardon?

Sul. For what?

Dor. For being drunk last night,

Sul. I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. S. But I can't, sir.

Sul. Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. S. But I must tell you, sir, that this is not to be borne.

Sul. I'm glad on't.

Mrs. S. What is the reason, sir, that you use me thus inhumanly?

Sul. Scrub!

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. Get the things ready to shave my head. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Mrs. S. Have a care of coming near his temples, Scrub, for fear you meet something there that may turn the edge of your razor. [*Exit Scrub, L.H.*] In-veterate stupidity! Did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a spleen as his? O, sister, sister! I shall never have any good of the beast till I get him to town; London, dear London, is the place for managing and breaking a husband.

Dor. And has not a husband the same opportunities there for humbling a wife?

Mrs. S. No, no, child; 'tis a standing maxim in conjugal discipline, that when a man would enslave his wife, he hurries her into the country; and when a lady would be arbitrary with her husband, she wheedles her booby up to town.—A man dare not play the tyrant in London, because there are so many examples to encourage the subject to rebel. O, Dorinda, Dorinda! a fine woman may do any thing in London. O my conscience, she may raise an army of forty thousand men.

Dor. I fancy, sister, you have a mind to be trying your power that way here in Lichfield; you have drawn the French count to your colours already.

Mrs. S. The French are a people that can't live without their gallantries.

Dor. And some English that I know, sister, are not averse to such amusements.

Mrs. S. Well, sister, since the truth must out, it may do as well now as hereafter ; I think one way to rouse my lethargic, sottish husband, is to give him a rival ; security begets negligence in all people, and men must be alarmed to make 'em alert in their duty. Women are like pictures, of no value in the hands of a fool, till he hears men of sense bid high for the purchase.

Dor. This might do, sister, if my brother's understanding were to be convinced into a passion for you ; but, I believe, there's a natural aversion on his side ; and I fancy, sister, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly.

Mrs. S. I own it ; we are united contradictions, fire and water. But I would be contented, with a great many other wives, to humour the censorious vulgar, and give the world an appearance of living well with my husband, could I bring him to dissemble a little kindness to keep me in countenance.

Dor. But how do you know, sister, but that instead of rousing your husband, by this artifice, to a counterfeit kindness, he should awake in a real fury ?

Mrs. S. Let him.—If I can't entice him to the one, I would provoke him to the other.

Dor. But how must I behave myself between ye ?

Mrs. S. You must assist me.

Dor. What, against my own brother ?

Mrs. S. He's but half a brother, and I'm your entire friend. If I go a step beyond the bounds of honour, leave me ; till then, I expect you should go along with me in every thing. The count is to dine here to-day.

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing, sister, that I can't like that man.

Mrs. S. You like nothing ; your time is not come. Love and death have their frailties, and strike home one time or other.—You'll pay for all one day, I warrant ye.—But come, my lady's tea is ready, and 'tis almost church-time. [*Exeunt, R.H.*

SCENE II.—*The Inn.*

Enter AIMWELL, dressed, and ARCHER, L.H.

Aim. And was she the daughter of the house ?

Arch. The landlord is so blind as to think so ; but I dare swear she has better blood in her veins.

Aim. Why dost think so ?

Arch. Because the baggage has a pert *je-ne-scai-quoi* ; she reads plays, keeps a monkey, and is troubled with vapours.

Aim. By which discoveries I guess that you know more of her.

Arch. Not yet, faith. The lady gives herself airs, forsooth ; nothing under a gentleman.

Aim. Let me take her in hand.

Arch. Say one more word o'that, and I'll declare myself, spoil your sport there, and every where else. Lookye, Aimwell, every man in his own sphere.

Aim. Right ; and therefore you must pimp for your master.

Arch. In the usual forms, good sir, after I have served myself—But to our business. You are so well dress'd, Tom, and make so handsome a figure, that I fancy you may do execution in a country church.

Aim. There's something in that which may turn to advantage. The appearance of a stranger in a country church, draws as many gazers as a blazing star : no sooner he comes into the cathedral, but a train of whispers run buzzing round the congregation in a moment—Who is he ? Whence comes he ? Do you know him ?—Then I, sir, give the verger half-a-crown ; he pockets the simony, and inducts me into the best pew in the church ; I pull out my snuff-box, turn myself round, bow to the bishop, or the dean, if he be the commanding officer, single out a beauty, rivet both my eyes on hers, set my nose a bleeding by the strength of imagination, and show the whole church my concern, by my endeavouring to hide it ; after the

sermon, the whole town gives me to her for her lover, and by persuading the lady that I am dying for her, the tables are turned, and she in good earnest falls in love with me.

Arch. There's nothing in this, Tom, without a precedent; but instead of rivetting your eyes to a beauty, try to fix them upon a fortune: that's our business at present.

Aim. Pshaw! no woman can be a beauty without a fortune. Let me alone for a marksman.

Arch. Tom.

Aim. Ay!

Arch. When were you at church before, pray?

Aim. Um—I was there at the coronation.

Arch. And how can you expect a blessing by going to church now?

Aim. Blessing! Nay, Frank, I ask but for a wife.

[*Exit, R.H.D.*]

Arch. Truly, the man is not very unreasonable in his demands. [*Exit, at the opposite Door.*]

Enter BONIFACE and CHERRY, L.H.

Bon. Well, daughter, as the saying is, have you brought Martin to confess?

Cher. Pray, father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a man; I'm but young, you know, father, and don't understand wheedling.

Bon. Young! why, you jade, as the saying is, can any woman wheedle that is not young? I tell you his silence confesses it, and his master spends his money so freely, and is so much a gentleman every manner of way, that he must be a highwayman.

Enter GIBBET, in a Cloak, R.H.

Gib. Landlord, landlord, is the coast clear?

Bon. O, Mr. Gibbet, what's the news?

Gib. No matter, ask no questions, all's fair and honourable; here, my dear Cherry, (*Gives her a Bag.*) two hundred sterling pounds, as good as ever hanged

or saved a rogue; lay 'em by with the rest; and here—three wedding, or mourning rings—'tis much the same, you know.—Here, two silver-hilted swords: I took these from fellows that never show any part of their swords but the hilts. Here is a diamond necklace, which the lady hid in the privatest place in the coach, but I found it out. This gold watch I took from a pawnbroker's wife: it was left in her hands by a person of quality; there's the arms upon the case.

Cher. But who had you the money from?

Gib. Ah! poor woman, I pitied her; from a poor lady just eloped from her husband; she had made up her cargo, and was bound for Ireland as hard as she could drive; she told me of her husband's barbarous usage, and so, faith, I left her half-a-crown. But I had almost forgot, my dear Cherry, I have a present for you.

Cher. What is't?

Gib. A pot of ceruse, my child, that I took out of a lady's under petticoat.

Cher. What, Mr. Gibbet, do you think that I paint?

Gib. Why, you jade, your betters do; I'm sure the lady that I took it from had a coronet upon her handkerchief—Here, take my cloak, and go secure the premises.

Cher. I will secure 'em. [Exit, L.H.]

Bon. But, harkye, where's Hounslow and Bagshot?

Gib. They'll be here to-night.

Bon. Do you know of any other gentlemen o'the pad on this road?

Gib. No.

Bon. I fancy I have two that lodge in the house just now.

Gib. The devil! how do you smoke 'em?

Bon. Why, one is gone to church.

Gib. To church! That's suspicious, I must confess.

Bon. And the other is now in his master's chamber; he pretends to be a servant to the other; we'll call him out, and pump him a little.

Gib. With all my heart.

Bon. Mr. Martin! Mr. Martin!

Enter ARCHER, B.H. brushing a hat and singing.

Gib. The roads are consumed deep ; I'm as dirty as Old Brentford at Christmas.—A good pretty fellow that ; whose servant are you, friend ?

Arch. My master's.

Gib. Really.

Arch. Really.

Gib. That's much.—That fellow has been at the bar, by his evasions ;—But pray, sir, what is your master's name ?

Arch. Tall, all, dal.—

(Sings and brushes the Hat.)

This is the most obstinate spot—

Gib. I ask you his name ?

Arch. Name, sir—Tall, all, dall. I never asked him his name in my life—Tall, all, dall.

Bon. What think you now ?

Gib. Plain, plain ; he talks now as if he were before a judge. But pray, friend, which way does your master travel ?

Arch. A horseback.

Gib. Very well again ; an old offender—*(To Bon.)* Right—But I mean, does he go upwards or downwards ?

(To Arch.)

Arch. Downwards, I fear, sir—Tall, lall.

Gib. I'm afraid thy fate will be the contrary way.

Bon. Ha, ha, ha ! Mr. Martin, you're very arch.—This gentleman is only travelling towards Chester, and would be glad of your company, that's all.—Come, captain, you'll stay to-night, I suppose ; I'll show you a chamber—Come, captain.

Gib. Farewell, friend—

[Exeunt, L.H.]

Arch. Captain, your servant.—Captain ! a pretty fellow ? 'Sdeath ! I wonder that the officers of the army don't conspire to beat all scoundrels in red but their own.

Enter CHERRY, M.D.

Cher. Gone, and Martin here ! I hope he did not

listen ; I would have the merit of the discovery all my own, because I would oblige him to love me. (*Aside.*) Mr. Martin, who was that man with my father ?

Arch. Some recruiting sergeant, or whipp'd-out trooper, I suppose.

Cher. All's safe, I find. (*Aside.*)

Arch. Come, my dear, have you conn'd over the catechism I taught you last night ?

Cher. Come, question me.

Arch. What is love ?

Cher. Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, goes I know not when.

Arch. Very well, an apt scholar. (*Chucks her under the Chin.*) Where does love enter ?

Cher. Into the eyes.

Arch. And where go out ?

Cher. I won't tell you.

Arch. What are the objects of that passion ?

Cher. Youth, beauty, and clean linen.

Arch. The reason ?

Cher. The two first are fashionable in nature, and the third at court.

Arch. That's my dear. What are the signs and tokens of that passion ?

Cher. A stealing look, a stammering tongue, words improbable, designs impossible, and actions impracticable.

Arch. That's my good child ; kiss me—What must a lover do to obtain a mistress ?

Cher. He must adore the person that disdains him, he must bribe the chambermaid that betrays him, and court the footman that laughs at him !—He must, he must—

Arch. Nay, child, I must whip you, if you don't mind your lesson ; he must treat his—

Cher. O ! ay. He must treat his enemies with respect, his friends with indifference, and all the world with contempt ; he must suffer much, and fear more ; he must desire much, and hope little ; in short, he must embrace his ruin, and throw himself away.

Arch. Had ever man so hopeful a pupil as mine ?
Come, my dear, why is love called a riddle ?

Cher. Because, being blind, he leads those that see ;
and, though a child, he governs a man.

Arch. Mighty well.—And why is love pictured blind ?

Cher. Because the painters, out of their weakness,
or the privilege of their art, choose to hide those eyes
they could not draw.

Arch. That's my dear little scholar, kiss me again—
And why should love, that's a child, govern a man ?

Cher. Because that a child is the end of love.

Arch. And so ends love's catechism—And now my
dear, we'll go in, and make my master's bed.

Cher. Hold, hold, Mr. Martin—you have taken a
great deal of pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think
I have learn'd by it ?

Arch. What ?

Cher. That your discourse and your habit are con-
tradictions, and it would be nonsense in me to believe
you a footman any longer.

Arch. 'Oons, what a witch it is !

Cher. Depend upon this, sir, nothing in that garb
shall ever tempt me : for though I was born to servi-
tude, I hate it.—Own your condition, swear you love
me, and then—

Arch. And then we shall go make my master's bed ?

Cher. Yes.

Arch. You must know then, that I am born a gentle-
man, my education was liberal ; but I went to London
a younger brother, fell into the hands of sharpers, who
stript me of my money, my friends disowned me, and
now my necessity brings me to what you see.

Cher. Then take my hand—promise to marry me
before you sleep, and I'll make you master of two thou-
sand pounds.

Arch. How.

Cher. Two thousand pounds that I have this minute
in my own custody ; so throw off your livery this
instant, and I'll go find a parson.

Arch. What said you ? a parson.

Cher. What ! do you scruple ?

Arch. Scruple ! no, no, but—two thousand pounds you say ?

Cher. And, better.

Arch. 'Sdeath, what shall I do ?—But harkye, child, what need you make me master of yourself and money, when you may have the same pleasure out of me, and still keep your fortune in your own hands ?

Cher. Then you won't marry me ?

Arch. I would marry you, but—

Cher. O, sweet sir, I'm your humble servant, you're fairly caught. Would you persuade me that any gentleman who would bear the scandal of wearing a livery, would refuse two thousand pounds, let the condition be what it would—No, no, sir,—But I hope you'll pardon the freedom I have taken, since it was only to inform myself of the respect I ought to pay you. (*Going.*)

Arch. Fairly bit, by Jupiter !—Hold ! hold ! and have you actually two thousand pounds ?

Cher. Sir, I have my secrets as well as you—when you please to be more open, I shall be more free ; and be assured that I have discoveries that will match yours, be they what they will.—In the mean while be satisfied, that no discovery I make shall ever hurt you ; but beware of my father—

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Arch. So—we're like to have as many adventures in our inn, as Don Quixote had in his.—Let me see—two thousand pounds ! If the wench would promise to die when the money were spent, 'egad, one would marry her ; but the fortune may go off in a year or two, and the wife may live—Lord knows how long ! Then an innkeeper's daughter ! Ay, that's the devil—there my pride brings me off.

For whatsoe'er the sages charge on pride,
The angels' fall, and twenty faults beside ;
On earth, I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal calling,
Pride saves man o't and woman too from falling.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*Lady Bountiful's House.*

Enter MRS. SULLEN and DORINDA, R.H.

Mrs. S. Ha, ha, ha, my dear sister! let me embrace thee, now we are friends, indeed; for I shall have a secret of yours as a pledge for mine.

Dor. But do you think that I am so weak as to fall in love with a fellow at first sight!

Mrs. S. Pshaw! now you spoil all; why should not we be as free in our friendships as the men? I warrant you, the gentleman has got to his confidant already, has avowed his passion, toasted your health, and called you ten thousand angels.

Dor. Your hand, sister; I a'n't well.

Mrs. S. Shall I send to your mother, child? or shall I send to the gentleman for something for you?—Come, unbosom yourself—the man is perfectly a pretty fellow; I saw him when he first came into church.

Dor. I saw him too, sister, and with an air that shone, methought, like rays about his person.

Mrs. S. Well said, up with it.

Dor. No forward coquette behaviour, no air to set him off, no studied looks, no artful posture,—but nature did it all—

Mrs. S. Better and better—One touch more—Come—

Dor. But then his looks—Did you observe his eyes?

Mrs. S. Yes, yes, I did—his eyes; well, what of his eyes?

Dor. Sprightly, but not wand'ring! they seemed to view, but never gazed on any thing but me—and then his looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aimed to tell me, that he could with pride die at my feet, though he scorned slavery any where else.

Mrs. S. The physic works purely.—How d'ye find yourself now, my dear?

Dor. Hem ! much better, my dear—Oh, here comes our Mercury !

Enter SCRUB, L.H.

Dor. Well, Scrub, what news of the gentleman ?

Scrub. Madam, I have brought you a whole packet of news.

Dor. Open it quickly ; come.

Scrub. In the first place, I inquired who the gentleman was ? They told me he was a stranger. Secondly, I asked what the gentleman was ? They answered and said, that they never saw him before. Thirdly, I inquired what countryman he was ? They replied, 'twas more than they knew. Fourthly, I demanded whence he came ? Their answer was, they could not tell. And, fifthly, I asked whither he went ? And they replied, they knew nothing of the matter.—And this is all I could learn.

Mrs. S. But what do the people say ? Can't they guess ?

Scrub. Why some thinks he's a spy, some guess he's a mountebank, some say one thing, some another ? but for my own part, I believe he's a jesuit.

Dor. A jesuit ! why a jesuit ?

Scrub. Because he keeps his horses always ready saddled, and his footman talks French.

Mrs. S. His footman !

Scrub. Ay, he and the count's footman were gabbering French like two intriguing ducks in a mill-pond ; and I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.

Dor. What sort of livery has the footman ?

Scrub. Livery ! Lord, madam, I took him for a captain, he's so bedizen'd with lace ; and then he has a silver-headed cane dangling at his knuckles :—he carries his hands in his pockets, and walks just so—*(Walks in a French air.)*—Lord, madam, he's clear another sort of a man than I.

Mrs. S. That may easily be.—But what shall we do now, sister?

Dor. I have it—This fellow has a world of simplicity, and some cunning: the first hides the latter by abundance—Scrub!

Scrub. Madam!—(*Advancing.*)

Dor. We have a great mind to know who this gentleman is, only for our satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, madam, it would be a satisfaction, no doubt.

Dor. You must go and get acquainted with his footman, and invite him hither to drink a bottle of your ale, because you're butler to-day.

Scrub. Yes, madam, I am butler every Sunday.

Mrs. S. O brave, sister! o'my conscience you understand the mathematics already.—'Tis the best plot in the world! Your mother, you know, will be gone to church, my spouse will be got to the alehouse with his scoundrels, and the house will be our own—so we drop in by accident, and ask the fellow some questions ourselves. In the country, you know, any stranger is company, and we're glad to take up with the butler in a country dance, and happy if he will do us the favour.

Scrub. Oh, madam, you wrong me; I never refused your ladyship the favour in my life.

Enter GIPSEY, L.H.

Gip. Ladies, dinner's upon table.— [*Exit, L.H.*

Dor. Scrub, we'll excuse your waiting.—Go where we ordered you.

Scrub. I shall.

[*Exeunt, Dor. and Mrs. S. L.H. Scrub, R.H.*

SCENE II.—*The Inn.*

Enter AIMWELL and ARCHER, R.H.

Arch. Well, Tom, I find you're a marksman.

THE BEAUX'

Aim. A marksman ! who so blind could be as not discern a swan among the ravens.

Arch. Well, but harkye, Aimwell.

Aim. Aimwell ! call me Oroondates, Cesario, Amadis, all that romance can in a lover paint, and then I'll answer. Oh, Archer ! I read her thousands in her looks ; she looked like Ceres in her harvest ; corn, wine, and oil, milk, honey, gardens, groves, and purling streams, play'd on her plenteous face.

Arch. Her face ! her pocket you mean ! the corn, wine, and oil lie there. In short, she has twenty thousand pounds, that's the English on't.

Aim. Her eyes—

Arch. Are demi-cannons, to be sure ; so I won't stand their battery. *(Going.)*

Aim. Pray excuse me, my passion must have vent.

Arch. Passion ! what a plague, d'ye think these romantic airs will do our business ? Were my temper as extravagant as yours, my adventures have something more romantic by half.

Aim. Your adventures..

Arch. Yes.

*The nymph who with her twice one thousand pounds,
With brazen engine hot, and coif clear starch'd,
Can fire the guest in warming of the bed—*

There's a touch of sublime Milton for you, and the subject but an innkeeper's daughter. I can play with a girl as an angler does his fish ; he keeps it at the end of his line, runs it up the stream, and down the stream, till at last he brings it to hand, tickles the trout, and so whips it into his basket.

Enter BONIFACE, R.H.

Bon. Mr. Martin, as the saying is—yonder's an honest fellow below, my lady Bountiful's butler, who begs the honour that you would go home with him, and see his cellar.

Arch. Do my baise-mains to the gentleman, and tell him I will do myself the honour to wait on him immediately, as the saying is.

Bon. I shall do your worship's commands, as the saying is. [*Exit, bowing obsequiously, R.H.*]

Aim. What do I hear? soft Orpheus play, and fair Toftida sing!

Arch. Pshaw! Damn your raptures; I tell you here's a pump going to be put into the vessel, and the ship will get into harbour, my life on't. You say there's another lady very handsome there.

Aim. Yes, faith.

Arch. I'm in love with her already.

Aim. Can't you give me a bill upon Cherry in the mean time?

Arch. No, no, faith, all her corn, wine, and oil, is engross'd to my market,—And once more I warn you to keep your anchorage clear of mine; for if you fall foul of me, by this light, you shall go to the bottom—What! make a prize of my little frigate, while I am upon the cruize for you. You're a pretty fellow indeed!

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter BONIFACE, R.H.

Aim. Well, well, I won't—Landlord, have you any tolerable company in the house? I don't care for dining alone.

Bon. Yes, sir, there's a captain below, as the saying is, that arrived about an hour ago.

Aim. Gentlemen of his coat are welcome every where; will you make a compliment for me, and tell him I should be glad of his company, that's all.

Bon. Who shall I tell him, sir, would—

Aim. Ha! that stroke was well thrown in (*Aside.*)—I'm only a traveller like himself, and would be glad of his company, that's all.

Bon. I obey your commands, as the saying is.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter ARCHER, R.H.

Arch. 'Sdeath ! I had forgot ; what title would you give yourself ?

Aim. My brother's to be sure ; he would never give me any thing else, so I'll make bold with his honour this bout.—You know the rest of your cue !

Arch. Ay, ay. *[Exit, L.H.D.]*

Enter GIBBET, R.H.

Gib. Sir, I'm yours.

Aim. 'Tis more than I deserve, sir, for I don't know you.

Gib. I don't wonder at that, sir, for you never saw me before, I hope. *(Aside.)*

Aim. And pray, sir, how came I by the honour of seeing you now ?

Gib. Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any gentleman—but my landlord—

Aim. O, sir, I ask your pardon, you're the captain he told me of.

Gib. At your service, sir.

Aim. What regiment, may I be so bold ?

Gib. A marching regiment, sir ; an old corps.

Aim. Very old, if your coat be regimental. *(Aside.)*
You have served abroad, sir ?

Gib. Yes, sir, in the plantations ; 'twas my lot to be sent into the worst service ; I would have quitted it indeed, but a man of honour, you know—Besides, 'twas for the good of my country that I should be abroad—Any thing for the good of one's country—I'm a Roman for that.

Aim. One of the first, I'll lay my life. *(Aside.)* You found the West Indies very hot, sir.

Gib. Ay, sir, too hot for me.

Aim. And where's your company now, captain ?

Gib. They an't come yet.

Aim. Why, d'ye expect them here?

Gib. They'll be here to-night, sir.

Aim. Which way dō they march?

Gib. Across the country.—The devil's in't if I ha'n't said enough to encourage him to declare—but I'm afraid he's not right, I must tack about. (*Aside.*)

Aim. Is your company to quarter in Lichfield?

Gib. In this house, sir.

Aim. What, all?

Gib. My company is but thin, ha, ha, ha! we are but three, ha, ha, ha?

• *Aim.* You're merry, sir?

Gib. Ay, sir, you must excuse me. Sir, I understand the world, especially the art of travelling. I don't care for answering questions directly upon the road—for I generally ride with a charge about me.

(*Aside.*)

Aim. Three or four I believe.

Gib. I am credibly informed that there are highway-men upon this quarter; not, sir, that I could suspect a gentleman of your figure—But truly, sir, I have got such a way of evasion upon the road, that I don't care for speaking truth to any man.

Aim. Your caution may be necessary—Then I presume you're no captain.

Gib. Not I, sir; captain is a good travelling name, and so I take it; it stops a great many foolish inquiries that are generally made about gentlemen that travel; it gives a man an air of something, and makes the drawers obedient—And thus far I am a captain, and no further.

Aim. And pray, sir, what is your true profession?

Gib. O, sir, you must excuse me—upon my word, sir, I don't think it safe to tell you.

Aim. Ha! ha! upon my word, I commend you.

Enter BONIFACE, R.H.

Well, Mr. Boniface, what's the news.

• *Bon.* There's another gentleman below, as the say-

ing is, that hearing you were but two, would be glad to make the third man, if you'd give him leave.

Aim. What is he?

Bon. A clergyman, as the saying is.

Aim. A clergyman! Is he really a clergyman? or is it only a travelling name, as my friend the captain has it?

Bon. Oh, sir, he's a priest, and chaplain to the French officers in town.

Aim. Is he a Frenchman?

Bon. Yes, sir, born at Brussels.

Gib. A Frenchman, and a priest! I won't be seen in his company, sir; I have a value for my reputation, sir.

Aim. Nay, but captain, since we are by ourselves—Can he speak English, landlord?

Bon. Very well, sir: you may know him, as the saying is, to be a foreigner, by his accent, and that's all.

Aim. Then he has been in England before?

Bon. Never, sir; but he's master of languages, as the saying is; he talks Latin! it does one good to hear him talk Latin.

Aim. Then you understand Latin, Mr. Boniface?

Bon. Not I, sir, as the saying is; but he talks it so very fast, that I'm sure it must be good.

Aim. Pray desire him to walk up.

Bon. Here he is, as the saying is.

Enter FOIGARD, R.H.

Foig. Save you, gentlemen, bote.

Aim. A Frenchman! sir, your most humble servant.

Foig. Och, dear joy, I am your most faithful servant, and yours alsho.

Gib. Doctor, you talk very good English, but you have a mighty twang of the foreigner.

Foig. My English is very well for the words, but we foreigners, you know, cannot bring our tongues about the pronouncification so soon.

Aim. A foreigner ! a downright teague, by this light.
(*Aside.*) Were you born in France, doctor ?

Foig. I was educated in France, but I was borned at Brussels ; I am a subject of the king of Spain, joy.

Gib. What king of Spain, sir ? Speak.

Foig. Upon my soul, joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

Aim. Nay, captain, that was too hard upon the doctor ; he's a stranger.

Foig. O let him alone, dear joy, I'm of a nation that is not easily put out of countenance.

Aim. Come, gentlemen, I'll end the dispute—Here, landlord, is dinner ready ?

Bon. Upon the table as the saying is.

Aim. Gentlemen—pray—that door.—

Foig. No, no, fait, the captain must lead.

Aim. No, doctor, the church is our guide.

Gib. Ay, ay, so it is—

[*Exit Gib. L.H. they follow.*]

SCENE III.—*A Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.*

Enter ARCHER and SCRUB, R.H. singing, SCRUB with a tankard in his hand, Gipsev listening at a distance.

Scrub. Tall, all, dall,—Come, my dear boy—let's have that song once more.

Arch. No, no, we shall disturb the family—but will you be sure to keep the secret ?

Scrub. Pho ! upon my honour, as I'm a gentleman.

Arch. 'Tis enough—You must know then, that my master is the lord viscount Aimwell ; he fought a duel t'other day in London, wounded his man so dangerously, that he thinks fit to withdraw till he hears whether the gentleman's wounds be mortal or not ; he never was in this part of England before, so he chose to retire to this place, that's all.

Gip. And that's enough for me. [*Exit, R.H.D.*]

Scrub. And where were you when your master fought ?

Arch. We never know of our master's quarrels.

Scrub. No ! if our masters in the country here receive a challenge, the first thing they do is to tell their wives ; the wives tell the servants, the servants alarm the tenants, and in half an hour you shall have the whole country up in arms.

Arch. To hinder two men from doing what they have no mind for—But if you should chance to talk, now, of this business ?

Scrub. Talk ! ah, sir, had I not learn'd the knack of holding my tongue, I had never liv'd so long in a great family.

Arch. Ay, ay, to be sure, there are secrets in all families.

Scrub. Secrets, O lud !—but !—but I'll say no more—Come, sit down, we'll make an end of our tankard ; Here—

Arch. With all my heart : who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh—Here's your ladies' health : you have three, I think ; and to be sure there must be secrets among 'em.

Scrub. Secrets ! Ah ! friend, friend !—I wish I had a friend.—

Arch. Am I not your friend ? Come, you and I will be sworn brothers.

Scrub. Shall we ?

Arch. From this minute—Give me your hand—And now, brother Scrub—

Scrub. And now brother Martin, I will tell you a secret that will make your hair stand an end—You must know, that I'm consumedly in love.

Arch. That's a terrible secret, that's the truth on't.

Scrub. That jade, Gipsy, that was with us just now in the cellar, is the arrantest whore that ever wore a petticoat, and I'm dying for love of her.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha !—Are you in love with her person, or her virtue, brother Scrub ?

Scrub. I should like virtue best, because it's more

durable than beauty; for virtue holds good with some women long and many days after they have lost it.

Arch. In the country, I grant ye, where no woman's virtue is lost, till a bastard be found.

Scrub. Ay, could I bring her to a bastard, I should have her all to myself; the mother of all this mischief is a priest.

Arch. A priest!

Scrub. Ay, a damn'd son of a whore of Babylon, that came over hither to say grace to the French Officers, and eat up our provisions—There's not a day goes over his head without a dinner or supper in this house.

Arch. How came he so familiar in the family?

Scrub. Because he speaks English as if he had liv'd here all his life, and tells lies as if he had been a traveller from his cradle.

Arch. And this priest, I'm afraid, has converted the affections of your Gipsy.

Scrub. Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear friend—for I'm afraid he has made her a whore and a papist—But this is not all; there's the French count and Mrs. Sullen, they're in confederacy, and for some private end of their own too, to be sure.

Arch. A very hopeful family, yours, brother Scrub; I suppose the maiden lady has her lover too.

Scrub. Not that I know—She's the best on 'em, that's the truth on't; but they take care to prevent my curiosity, by giving me so much business, that I am a perfect slave;—What d'ye think is my place in this family?

Arch. Butler, I suppose.

Scrub. Ah, Lord help your silly head!—I'll tell you—Of a Monday I drive the coach; of a Tuesday I drive the plough; on Wednesday I follow the hounds; on Thursday I dun the tenants; on Friday I go to market; on Saturday I draw warrants; and on Sunday I draw beer.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha! if variety be a pleasure in life you have enough on't, my dear brother—But what, ladies are those?

Scrub. Ours, ours ; that upon the right hand is Mrs. Sullen, and the other Mrs. Dorinda—Don't mind 'em ; sit still, man—

Enter MRS. SULLEN and DORINDA, R.H.D.

Mrs. S. I have heard my brother talk of my lord Aimwell, but they say that his brother is the finer gentleman.

Dor. That's impossible, sister.

Mrs. S. He's vastly rich, and very close, they say.

Dor. No matter for that ; if I can creep into his heart, I'll open his breast, I warrant him : I have heard say, that people may be guess'd at by the behaviour of their servants ; I could wish that we might talk to that fellow.

Mrs. S. So do I ; for I think he's a very pretty fellow ; come this way ; I'll throw out a lure for him presently. (*They walk a turn to the opposite side of the Stage. Mrs. Sullen drops her Fan, Archer runs, takes it up, and gives it to her.*)

Arch. Corn, wine, and oil, indeed—But I think the wife has the greatest plenty of flesh and blood ; she should be my choice—Ay, ay, say you so—Madam—your ladyship's fan.

Mrs. S. O sir, I thank you—What a handsome bow the fellow made !

Dor. Bow ! Why, I have known several footmen come down from London, set up here for dancing masters, and carry off the best fortunes in the country.

Arch. (Aside.) That project for aught I know, had been better than ours—Brother Scrub, why don't you introduce me.

Scrub. Ladies, this is the strange gentleman's servant that you saw at church to-day ; I understand he came from London, and so I invited him to the cellar, that he might show me the newest flourish in wetting my knives.

Dor. And I hope you have made much of him ?

Arch. O yes, madam ; but the strength of your ladyship's liquor is a little too potent for the constitution of your humble servant.

Mrs. S. What ? then you don't usually drink ale ?

Arch. No madam, my constant drink is tea, or a little wine and water : 'tis prescrib'd me by the physicians, for a remedy against the spleen.

Scrub. O la ! O la !—a footman have the spleen—

Mrs. S. I thought that distemper had been only proper to people of quality.

Arch. Madam, like all other fashions, it wears out, and so descends to their servants ; though, in a great many of us, I believe it proceeds from some melancholy particles in the blood, occasioned by the stagnation of wages.

Dor. How affectedly the fellow talks ? How long, pray, have you serv'd your present master ?

Arch. Not long ; my life has been mostly spent in the service of the ladies.

Mrs. S. And pray which service do you like best ?

Arch. Madam, the ladies pay best ; the honour of serving them is sufficient wages ; there is a charm in their looks that delivers a pleasure with their commands, and gives our duty the wings of inclination.

Mrs. S. That flight was above the pitch of a livery ; and, sir, would you not be satisfied to serve a lady again ?

Arch. As groom of the chamber, madam, but not as a footman.

Mrs. S. I suppose you serv'd as footman before ?

Arch. For that reason I would not serve in that post again ; for my memory is too weak for the load of messages that the ladies lay upon their servants in London ; my lady Howd'ye, the last mistress I serv'd, call'd me up one morning, and told me, Martin, go to my lady Allnight with my humble service ; tell her I was to wait on her ladyship yesterday, and left word with Mrs. Rebecca, that the preliminaries of the affair she knows of are stopt till we know the concurrence of the person that I know of, for which there are circumstances

wanting, which we shall accommodate at the old place; but that, in the mean time, there is a person about her ladyship, that from several hints and surmises, was necessary at a certain time to the disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her knowledge are of more importance—

Mrs. S. and Dor. Ha! ha! where are you going, sir?

Arch. Why, I hav'n't half done.

Scrub. I should not remember a quarter of it.

Arch. The whole how d'ye was about half an hour long; I happened to misplace two syllables, and was turned off, and rendered incapable—

Dor. The pleasantest fellow, sister, I ever saw.—But, friend, if your master be married, I presume you still serve a lady?

Arch. No, madam, I take care never to come into a married family; the commands of the master and mistress are always so contrary, that 'tis impossible to please both.

Dor. There's a main point gain'd.—My lord is not married, I find.

Mrs. S. But I wonder, friend, that in so many good services, you had not a better provision made for you?

Arch. I don't know how, madam—I am very well as I am.

Mrs. S. Something for a pair of gloves.

(Offering him Money.)

Arch. I humbly beg leave to be excused. My master, madam, pays me; nor dare I take money from any other hand, without injuring his honour, and disobeying his commands.

Scrub. Brother Martin! brother Martin!

Arch. What do you say, brother Scrub?

Scrub. Take the money, and give it to me.

[Exeunt Archer and Scrub, L.H.]

Dor. This is surprising. Did you ever see so pretty a well-bred fellow?

Mrs. S. The devil take him for wearing that livery.

Dor. I fancy, sister, he may be some gentleman, a friend of my lord's, that his lordship has pitch'd upon

for his courage, fidelity, and discretion, to bear him company in this dress, and who, ten to one, was his second.

Mrs. S. It is so, it must be so, it shall be so—For I like him.

Dor. What! better than the count?

Mrs. S. The count happened to be the most agreeable man in the place; and so I chose him to serve me in my design upon my husband.

Dor. But now, sister, for an interview with this lord, and this gentleman; but how shall we bring that about?

Mrs. S. Patience! you country ladies give no quarter.—Look'ye, Dorinda, if my lord Aimwell loves you or deserves you, he'll find a way to see you, and there we must leave it—My business comes now upon the tapis—Have you prepared your brother?

Dor. Yes, yes.

Mrs. S. And how did he relish it?

Dor. He said little, mumbled something to himself, and promised to be guided by me—But here he comes—

Enter SULLEN, L.H.

Sul. What singing was that I heard just now?

Mrs. S. The singing in your head, my dear; you complained of it all day.

Sul. You're impertinent.

Mrs. S. I was ever so, since I became one flesh with you.

Sul. One flesh: rather two carcasses joined unnaturally together.

Mrs. S. Or rather, a living soul coupled to a dead body.

Dor. So, this is fine encouragement for me!

Sul. Yes, my wife shows you what you must do.

Mrs. S. And my husband shows you what you must suffer.

Sul. 'Sdeath! why can't you be silent?

Mrs. S. 'Sdeath! why can't you talk?

Sul. Do you talk to any purpose?

Mrs. S. Do you think to any purpose?

Sul. Sister, hark'ye—(*Whispers.*) I shan't be home till it be late. [*Exit, L.H.*

Mrs. S. What did he whisper to ye?

Dor. That he would go round the back way, come into the closet, and listen as I directed him.—But let me beg once more, dear sister, to drop this project: for, as I told you before, instead of awaking him to kindness, you may provoke him to rage; and then who knows how far his brutality may carry him.

Mrs. S. I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you. Away. [*Exeunt, R.H.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter DORINDA, L.H. MRS. SULLEN and LADY BOUNTIFUL, R.H.

Dor. News, dear sister, news!

Enter ARCHER, running, L.H.

Arch. Where, where is my lady Bountiful?—Pray which is the old lady of you three?

Lady B. I am.

Arch. O, madam, the fame of your ladyship's charity, goodness, benevolence, skill, and ability, have drawn me hither to implore your ladyship's help in behalf of my unfortunate master, who is this moment breathing his last.

Lady B. Your master, where is he?

Arch. At your gate, madam; drawn by the appearance of your handsome house to view it nearer, and

walking up the avenue, he was taken ill of a sudden, with a sort of I know not what: but down he fell, and there he lies.

Lady B. Here, Scrub, Gipsey, all run, get my easy chair down stairs, put the gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

Arch. Heaven will reward your ladyship for this charitable act.

Lady B. Is your master used to these fits?

Arch. O yes, madam, frequently.—I have known him to have five or six of a night.

Lady B. What's his name?

Arch. Lord, madam, he's dying: a minute's care or neglect, may save or destroy his life.

Lady B. Ah, poor gentleman! Come, friend, show me the way; I'll see him brought in myself.

[Exit, with Archer, L.H.]

Dor. O, sister, my heart flutters about strangely; I can hardly forbear from running to his assistance.

Mrs. S. And I'll lay my life he deserves your assistance more than he wants it. Did not I tell you that my lord would find a way to come at you? Love's his distemper, and you must be the physician; put on all your charms, summon all your fire into your eyes, plant the whole artillery of your looks against his breast, and down with him.

Dor. O, sister, I'm but a young gunner; I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the piece should recoil, and hurt myself.

Mrs. S. Never fear; you shall see me shoot before you, if you will.

Dor. No, no, dear sister, you have missed your mark so unfortunately, that I shan't care for being instructed by you.

Enter AIMWELL, in a Chair, carried by ARCHER and SCRUB; LADY BOUNTIFUL and GIPSEY, L.H. AIMWELL counterfeiting a Swoon.

Lady B. Here, here, let's see the hartshorn drops.

—Gipsey, a glass of fair water; his fit's very strong—
Bless me, how his hands are clench'd!

Arch. For shame, ladies, what d've do? Why don't you help us?—Pray, madam, (*To Dorinda.*) take his hand, and open it, if you can, whilst I hold his head.

(*Dorinda takes his Hand.*)

Dor. Poor gentleman!—Oh—he has got my hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully—

Lady B. 'Tis the violence of his convulsion, child.

Arch. O, madam, he's perfectly possess'd in these cases.—He'll bite you, if you don't have a care.

Dor. Oh, my hand! my hand!

Lady B. What's the matter with the foolish girl? I have got his hand open, you see, with a great deal of ease.

Arch. Ay, but, madam, your daughter's hand is somewhat warmer than your ladyship's, and the heat of it draws the force of the spirits that way.

Mrs. S. I find, friend, you're very learn'd in these sort of fits.

Arch. 'Tis no wonder, madam, for I'm often troubled with them myself; I find myself extremely ill at this minute.

(*Looking hard at Mrs. Sullen.*)

Mrs. S. (*Aside.*) I fancy I could find a way to cure you.

Lady B. His fit holds him very long.

Arch. Longer than usual, madam.

Lady B. Where did his illness take him first, pray?

Arch. To-day at church, madam.

Lady B. In what manner was he taken?

Arch. Very strangely, my lady. He was of a sudden touched with something in his eyes, which at the first he only felt, but could not tell whether 'twas pain or pleasure.

Lady B. Wind, nothing but wind. Your master should never go without a bottle to smell to—Oh! he recovers—the lavender water—some feathers to burn under his nose—Hungary water to rub his temples—O, he comes to himself. Hem a little, sir, hem—Gipsey, bring the cordial water.

(*Aimwell seems to awake in amaze.*)

Aim. Where am I?

(*Rising.*)

Sure I have pass'd the gulf of silent death,
And now am landed on the Elysian shore—
Behold the goddess of those happy plains,
Fair Proserpine—Let me adore thy bright divinity.

(*Kneels to Dorinda, kisses her Hand.*)

Mrs. S. So, so, so, I knew where the fit would end.

Aim. Eurydice perhaps—

How could thy Orpheus keep his word,
And not look back on thee?
No treasure but thyself could sure have brib'd him,
To look one minute off thee.

Lady B. Delirious, poor gentleman!

Arch. Very delirious, madam, very delirious!

Scrub. Very dolorous, indeed.

Aim. Martin's voice, I think.

Arch. Yes, my lord.—How does your lordship?

Lady B. Lord! did you mind that, girls!

Aim. Where am I?

Scrub. In our house, sir.

Arch. In very good hands, sir.—You were taken just now with one of your old fits, under the trees, just by this good lady's house; her ladyship had you taken in, and has miraculously brought you to yourself, as you see—

Aim. I am so confounded with shame, madam, that I can now only beg pardon—and refer my acknowledgments for your ladyship's care, till an opportunity offers of making some amends.—I dare to be no longer troublesome—Martin, give two guineas to the servants.

Dor. Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon into the air; you don't look, sir, as if you were perfectly recover'd.

(*Here Archer talks to Lady Bountiful in dumb show.*)

Aim. That I shall never be, madam; my present illness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry it to my grave.

Lady B. Come, sir, your servant has been telling me that you are apt to relapse, if you go into the air—Your good manners shan't get the better of ours—You

shall sit down again, sir—Come, sir, we don't mind ceremonies in the country—Here, Gipse, bring the cordial water. You shall taste my water; 'tis a cordial, I can assure you, and of my own making. (*Aimwell drinks.*) Drink it off, sir.—How d'ye find yourself now, sir?

Aim. Somewhat better—though very faint still:

Lady B. Ay, ay, people are always faint after those fits. Come, girls, you shall show the gentleman the house: 'tis but an old family building, sir; but you had better walk about and cool by degrees, than venture immediately into the air:—but you'll find some tolerable pictures.—Dorinda, show the gentleman the way. I must go to the poor woman below. [*Exit L.H.*]

Dor. This way, sir.

Aim. Ladies, shall I beg leave for my servant to wait upon you, for he understands pictures very well.

Mrs. S. Sir, we understand originals as well as he does pictures, so he may come along.

[*Exeunt Dorinda, Mrs. Sullen, and Archer;*
Aimwell leads Dorinda, R.H.]

Enter FOIGARD, L.H.

Foig. Save you, master Scrub.

Scrub. Sir, I won't be sav'd your way—I hate a priest, I abhor the French, and I defy the devil.—Sir, I am a bold Briton, and will spill the last drop of my blood to keep out popery and slavery.

Foig. Master Scrub, you would put me down in politics, and so I would be speaking with Mrs. Gipse.

Scrub. Good Mr. Priest, you can't speak with her; she's sick, sir; she's gone abroad, sir; she's—dead two months ago, sir—

Enter GIPSEY, R.H.

Gip. How now, impudence! How dare you talk so saucily to the doctor? Pray, sir, don't take it ill: for the common people of England are not so civil to strangers as—

Scrub. You lie, you lie—'tis the common people, such as you are that are civilest to strangers.

Gip. Sirrah, I have a good mind to—Get you out I say.

Scrub. I won't.

Gip. You won't, saucebox—Pray, doctor, what is the captain's name that came to your inn last night ?

Scrub. The captain ! ah, the devil ! there she hampers me again ;—the captain has me on one side, and the priest on t'other--So, between the gown and sword, I have a fine time on't. *(Going.)*

Gip. What, sirrah, won't you march ?

Scrub. No, my dear, I won't march—but I'll walk ;—And I'll make bold to listen a little too.

(Goes behind the side scene and listens.)

Gip. Indeed doctor, the count has been barbarously treated, that's the truth on't.

Foig. Ah, Mrs. Gipse, upon my soul, now gra, his complainings would mollify the marrow in your bones, and move the bowels of your commiseration ; he weeps, and he dances, and he fistles, and he swears, and he laughs, and he stamps, and he sings ; in conclusion, joy, he's afflicted, a la Francois, and a stranger would not know whider to cry or laugh with him.

Gip. What would you have me do, doctor ?

Foig. Nothing, joy, but only hide the count in Mrs. Sullen's closet, when it is dark.

Gip. Nothing ! Is that nothing ? It would be both a sin and a shame, doctor.

Foig. Here are twenty loudiores, joy, for your shame ; and I will give you an absolution for the shin.

Gip. But won't that money look like a bribe ?

Foig. Dat is according as you shall tauk it.—If you receive the money beforehand, 'twill be logice, a bribe ; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be only gratification.

Gip. Well, doctor, I'll take it logice.—But what must I do with my conscience, sir ?

Foig. Leave that with me, joy ; I am your priest, gra ; and your conscience is under my hands.

Gip. But should I put the count into the closet—

Foig. Vell, is dere any shin for a man's being in a closhet? One may go to prayers in 'a closhet.

Gip. But if the lady should go into her chamber and go to bed?

Foig. Vell, and is dere any shin in going to bed, joy.

Gip. Ay, but if the parties should meet, doctor?

Foig. Vell den—the parties must be responsible.—Do you be gone after putting the count into the closhet and leave the shins wid themselves.—I will come with the count to instruct you in your chamber.

Gip. Well, doctor, your religion is so pure—Me-thinks I'm so easy after an absolution, and can sin afresh with so much security, that I'm resolved to die a martyr to it; here's the key of the garden door; come in the back way, when 'tis late—I'll be ready to receive you; but don't so much as whisper, only take hold of my hand; I'll lead you, and do you lead the count and follow me. [*Exeunt*, L.H.

Enter SCRUB, R.H.

Scrub. What witchcraft now have these two imps of the devil been a hatching here? There's twenty louldores; I heard that, and saw the purse; but I must give room to my betters. [*Exit* Scrub, L.H.

SCENE II.—A Picture Gallery.

Enter AIMWELL and DORINDA, with MRS. SULLEN and ARCHER, R.H.

Mrs. S. Pray, sir, (*To Arch.*) how d'ye like that piece?

Arch. O, 'tis Leda—You find, madam, how Jupiter came disguis'd to make love—

Mrs. S. Pray, sir, what head is that in the corner there?

Arch. O, madam, 'tis poor Ovid in his exile.

Mrs. S. What was he banish'd for?

Arch. His ambitious love, madam, (*Bowing.*) His misfortune touches me.

Mrs. S. Was he successful in his amours?

Arch. There he has left us in the dark.—He was too much a gentlemen to tell.

Mrs. S. If he were secret, I pity him.

Arch. If he were successful, I envy him.

Mrs. S. How d'ye like that Venus over the chimney?

Arch. Venus! I protest, madam, I took it for your picture; but now I look again, 'tis not handsome enough.

Mrs. S. Oh! what a charm is flattery! If you would see my picture, there it is, over the cabinet—How d'ye like it?

Arch. I must admire anything, madam, that has the least resemblance to you—But, methinks, madam—(*He looks at the Picture and Mrs. Sullen, three or four times by turns.*) Pray madam who drew it?

Mrs. S. A famous hand, sir.

(*Here Aimwell and Dorinda go off, L.H.*)

Arch. A famous hand, madam!—Your eyes indeed are featured here; but where's the sparkling moisture, and shining fluid, in which they swim? the picture, indeed, has your dimples; but where's the swarm of killing Cupids that should ambush there! the lips too are figured out; but where's the carnation dew, the pouting ripeness, that tempts the taste in the original.

Mrs. S. Had it been my lot to have been matched with such a man!

(*Aside.*)

Arch. Your neck too, presumptuous man! what! paint heaven!—Apropos, madam, in the very next picture is Salmoneus, that was struck dead with lightning, for offering to imitate Jove's thunder; I hope you serv'd the painter so, madam.

Mrs. S. Had my eyes the power of thunder, they should employ their lightning better.

Arch. There's the finest bed in that room, madam; I suppose 'tis your ladyship's bed chamber.

Mrs. S. And what then, sir !

Arch. I think that the quilt is the richest that I ever saw—I can't at this distance, madam, distinguish the figures of the embroidery. Will you give me leave, madam ?

Mrs. S. The devil take his impudence—Sure, if I gave him an opportunity, he durst not be rude. I have a great mind to try— (*Going.—returns.*) 'Sdeath ! what am I doing !—And alone too !—Sister, sister !

[*Exit, L.H.*

Arch. I'll follow her close—

For where a Frenchman durst attempt to storm,
A Briton sure may well the work perform.

Enter SCRUB, R.H.

Scrub. Martin ! brother Martin !

Arch. O brother, Scrub, I beg your pardon, I was not a going ; here's a guinea my master ordered you.

Scrub. A guinea ! hi, hi, hi, a guinea !—by this light it is a guinea ; but I suppose you expect twenty shillings in change ?

Arch. Not at all ; I have another for Gipsev.

Scrub. A guinea for her ! Fire and faggot for the witch—Sir, give me that guinea ; and I'll discover a plot.

Arch. A plot !

Scrub. Ay, sir, a plot, a horrid plot—First it must be a plot, because there's a woman in't ; secondly, it must be a plot, because there's a priest in't ; thirdly, it must be a plot, because there's French gold in't ; and fourthly, it must be a plot, because I don't know what to make on't.

Arch. Nor any body else, I'm afraid, brother Scrub.

Scrub. Truly I'm afraid so too ; for where there's a priest and a woman, there's always a mystery and a riddle—This I know, that there has been the doctor with a temptation in one hand, and an absolution in the other, and Gipsev has sold herself to the devil ; I

saw the price paid down; my eyes shall take their oath on't.

Arch. And is all this hustle about Gipsey?

Scrub. That's not all; I could hear but a word here and there; but I remember they mentioned a count, a closet, a back door, and a key.

Arch. The count, did you hear nothing of Mrs. Sullen.

Scrub. I did hear some word that sounded that way; but whether it was Sullen or Dorinda, I could not distinguish.

Arch. You have told this matter to nobody brother?

Scrub. Told! no, sir, I thank you for that; I'm resolved never to speak one word, pro nor con, till we have a peace.

Arch. You're i'th' right, brother Scrub. Here's a treaty a foot between the count and the lady.—The priest and the chambermaid are plenipotentiaries.—It shall go hard but I'll find a way to be included in the treaty. Where's the doctor now?

Scrub. He and Gipsey are this moment devouring my lady's marmalade in the closet.

Aim. (*From without.*) Martin, Martin!

Arch. I come, sir, I come.

Scrub. But you forgot the other guinea, brother Martin.

Arch. Here, I give it with all my heart.

Scrub. And I take it with all my soul. [*Exit Archer, L.H.*] I'cod I'll spoil your plotting, Mrs. Gipsey; and if you should set the captain upon me, these two guineas will buy me off. [*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room.*

Enter MRS. SULLEN, R.H. Dorinda, L.H.

Mrs. S. Well, sister.

Dor. And well, sister.

Mrs. S. What's become of my lord?

Dor. What's become of his servant ?

Mrs. S. Servant ! He's a prettier fellow, and a finer gentleman, by fifty degrees, than his master.

Dor. O my conscience, I fancy you could beg that fellow at the gallows foot.

Mrs. S. O my conscience I could, provided I could put a friend of yours in his room.

Dor. You desir'd me, sister, to leave you, when you transgress'd the bounds of honour.

Mrs. S. Thou dear, censorious, country girl—what dost mean ? You can't think of the man without the lover, I find.

Dor. I don't find any thing unnatural in that thought.

Mrs. S. How a little love and conversation improve a woman. Why, child, you begin to live.—You never spoke before.

Dor. Because I was never spoke to before ; my lord has told me that I have more wit and beauty than any of my sex ; and truly I begin to think the man is sincere.

Mrs. S. You're in the right, Dorinda ; pride is the life of a woman, and flattery is our daily bread. But I'll lay you a guinea that I had finer things said to me than you had.

Dor. Done—What did your fellow say to ye.

Mrs. S. My fellow took the picture of Venus for mine.

Dor. But my lover took me for Venus herself.

Mrs. S. Common cant ! Had my spark call'd me a Venus directly, I should have believed him to be a footman in good earnest.

Dor. But my lover was upon his knees to me.

Mrs. S. And mine was upon his tiptoes to me.

Dor. Mine vow'd to die for me.

Mrs. S. Mine swore to die with me.

Dor. Mine kiss'd my hand ten thousand times.

Mrs. S. Mine has all that pleasure to come.

Dor. Mine spoke the softest moving things.

Mrs. S. Mine had his moving things too.

Dor. Mine offered marriage.

Mrs. S. O lard ! D'ye call that a moving thing.

Dor. The sharpest arrow in his quiver, my dear sister;—Why, my twenty thousand pounds may lie brooding here these seven years, and hatch nothing at last but some ill-natured clown like yours : whereas, if I marry my lord Aimwell, there will be title, place, and precedence ; the park, the play, and the drawing-room ; splendour, equipage, noise, and flambeaux.—Hey, my lady Aimwell's servants there.—Lights, lights, to the stairs—my lady Aimwell's coach, put forward—stand by ; make room for her ladyship—Are not these things moving ? What, melancholy of a sudden !

Mrs. S. Happy, happy, sister ! Your angel has been watchful for your happiness, whilst mine has slept regardless of his charge—Long smiling years of circling joys for you ; but not one hour for me ! (*Weeps.*)

Dor. Come, my dear, we'll talk on something else.

Mrs. S. O, Dorinda, I own myself a woman, full of my sex, a gentle, generous soul—easy and yielding to soft desires ; a spacious heart, where love and all his train might lodge ; and must the fair apartment of my breast be made a stable for a brute to lie in ?

Dor. Meaning your husband, I suppose.

Mrs. S. Husband ! No—even husband is too soft a name for him—But, come, I expect my brother here to-night or to-morrow ; he was abroad when my father marry'd me ; perhaps he'll find a way to make me easy.

Dor. Will you promise not to make yourself easy in the mean time with my lord's friend ?

Mrs. S. You mistake me, sister—It happens with us as among the men, the greatest talkers are the greatest cowards : and there's a reason for it ; those spirits evaporate in prattle, which might do more mischief if they took another course.—Though, to confess the truth, I do love that fellow ; and if I met him drest as he should be, and I undrest as I should be—Lookye, sister, I have no supernatural gifts ;—I can't swear I could resist the temptation—though I can safely promise to avoid it ; and that's as much as the best of us can do.

[*Exeunt, L.B.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Inn.*

Enter AIMWELL and ARCHER, L.H. laughing.

Arch. And the awkward kindness of the good motherly old gentlewoman——

Aim. And the coming easiness of the young onc.—
'Sdeath, 'tis a pity to deceive her.

Arch. Nay, if you adhere to those principles, stop where you are.

Aim. I can't stop, for I love her to distraction.

Arch. 'Sdeath, if you love her a hair's breadth beyond discretion, you must go no further.

Aim. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle evenings at White's, Tom's, or Will's—But now——

Arch. Ay, now is the time to prevent all this.—Strike while the iron is hot.—This priest is the luckiest part of our adventure ; he shall marry you, and pimp for me.

Aim. But I should not like a woman that can be so fond of a Frenchman.

Arch. Alas, sir, necessity has no law ; the lady may be in distress. But if the plot lies as I suspect—I must put on the gentleman.—But here comes the doctor. I shall be ready. *[Exit, R.H.]*

Enter FOIGARD, L.H.

Foig. Save you, noble friend.

Aim. O sir, your servant—Pray, doctor, may I crave your name ?

Foig. Fat naame is upon me ? My naame is Foigard, joy.

Aim. Foigard ! a very good name for a clergyman. Pray, doctor Foigard, were you ever in Ireland ?

Foig. Ireland ! no, joy. Fat sort of a plaace is dat

saam Ireland? Dey say, de people are catch'd dere when dey are young.

Aim. And some of 'em here, when they are old—— as for example—(*Takes Foigard by the shoulder.*) Sir, I arrest you as a traitor against the government; you're a subject of England, and this morning showed me a commission, by which you served as a chaplain in the French army. This is death by our law, and your reverence must hang for it.

Foig. Upon my shoul, noble friend, dis is strange news you tell me; fader Foigard a subject of England! the son of a burgomaster at Brussels a subject of England! Ubooboo—

Aim. The son of a bogtrotter in Ireland! Sir, your tongue will condemn you before any bench in the kingdom.

Foig. And is my tongue all your evidensh, joy?

Aim. That's enough.

Foig. No, no, joy, for I will never speak English no more.

Aim. Sir, I have other evidence.—Here, Martin, you know this fellow.

Enter ARCHER, R.H.

Arch. (*In a Brogue.*) Saave you, my dear Cussen, how does your health?

Foig. Ah! upon my shoul, dere is my countryman, and his brogue will hang mine. (*Aside.*) Mynhere, Ick wet neal watt hey zacht, ick Universton ewe neet, sa-cramant.

Aim. Altering your language won't do, sir; this fellow knows your person, and will swear to your face.

Foig. Faash! Fey, is dere de brogue upon my faash oo?

Arch. Upon my salvation dere ish, joy—But, cussen Mackshane, vill you not put a remembrance upon me?

Foig. Mackshane! by St. Paatrick, dat is my naame hure enough. (*Aside.*)

Aim. I fancy, Archer, you have it.

Foig. The devil hang you, joy—By fat acquaintance are you my cussen ?

Arch. O, de devil hang yourshelf, joy; you know we were little boys togeder upon de school, and your foster-moder's son was marry'd upon my nurse's shister, joy, and so we are Irish cussens.

Foig. De devil take de relationship ! Vell, joy, and fat school was it ?

Arch. I think it was—Ay—'twas Tipperary.

Foig. Now upon my shoul, joy, it was Kilkenny.

Aim. That's enough for us—Self confession—Come, sir, we must deliver you into the hands of the next magistrate.

Arch. He sends you to gaol, you're tried next assizes, and away you go swing into purgatory.

Foig. And is it so wid you, cussen ?

Arch. It vill be so vid you, cussen, if you don't immediately confess the secret between you and Mrs. Gipsey—Lookye, sir, the gallows or the secret, take your choice.

Foig. The gallows ! Upon my shoul I hate that shame gallows, for it ish a dishease dat is fatal to our family—Vell, den, there is nothing, gentlemen, but Mrs. Sullen would speak wid de count in her chamber at midnight, and dere is no harm, joy, for I am to conduct the count to de plaash myself.

Arch. As I guess'd—Have you communicated the matter to the count ?

Foig. I have not sheen him since.

Arch. Right again ; why then, doctor—you shall conduct me to the lady instead of the count.

Foig. Fat, my cussen to the lady ! Upon my shoul, gra, dat's too much upon the brogue.

Arch. Come, come, doctor, consider we have got a rope about your neck, and if you offer to squeak, we'll stop your windpipe, most certainly ; we shall have another job for you in a day or two, I hope.

Aim. Here's company coming this way ; let's into my chamber, and there concert our affairs further.

Arch. Come, my dear cussen, come along.

Foig. Arra, the devil take our relationship.

]

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

Enter BONIFACE, L.H. HOUNSLOW and BAGSHOT,
R.H.D. GIEBET, L.H.D.

Gib. Well, gentlemen, 'tis a fine night for our enterprise.

Houn. Dark as hell.

Bag. And blows like the devil; our landlord here has show'd us the window where we must break in, and tells us the plate stands in the wainscot cupboard in the parlour.

Bon. Ay, ay, Mr. Bagshot, as the saying is, knives and forks, cups and cans, tumblers and tankards—There's one tankard, as the saying is, that's near upon as big as me; it was a present to the squire from his godmother, and smells of nutmeg and toast like an East India Ship.

Houn. Then you say we must divide at the stair head.

Bon. Yes Mr. Hounslow, as the saying is—At one end of the gallery lies my lady Bountiful and her daughter; and at the other, Mrs. Sullen—As for the squire—

Gib. He's safe enough, I have fairly entered him, and he's more than half-seas over already—But such a parcel of scoundrels are got about him there, that 'egad I was ashamed to be seen in their company.

Bon. 'Tis now twelve as the saying is—Gentlemen, you must set out at once.

Gib. Hounslow, do you and Bagshot see our arms fix'd, and I'll come to you presently.

Houn. and Bag. We will. [*Exeunt*, R.H.]

Gib. Well, my dear Bonny, you assure me that Scrub is a coward.

Bon. A chicken, as the saying is—you'll have no creature to deal with but the ladies.

Gib. And I can assure you, friend, there's a great

deal of address and good manners in robbing a lady ; I am the most a gentleman that way that ever travelled the road—But, my dear Bonny, this prize will be a galleon, a Vigo business—I warrant you we shall bring off three or four thousand pounds.

Bon. In plate, jewels, and money, as the saying is, you may.

Gib. Why then, Tyburn, I defy thee ; I get up to town, sell off my horse and arms, buy myself some pretty employment in the law, and be as snug and as honest as e'er a long gown of them all.

Bon. And what think you then of my daughter Cherry for a wife ?

Gib. Lookye, my dear Bonny, Cherry is the goddess I adore, as the song goes ; but it is a maxim, that man and wife should never have it in their power to hang one another ; for if they should, the Lord have mercy upon them both. [*Exeunt*, L.H.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Inn.*

Knocking without, R.H. *Enter* BONIFACE, L.H.

Bon. Coming, coming—A coach and six foaming horses at this time of night ! Some great man, as the saying is, for he scorns to travel with other people.

Enter SIR CHARLES FREEMAN, R.H.

Sir C. What, fellow ! a public house, and abed when other people sleep ?

Bon. Sir, I an't abed, as the saying is.

Sir C. I see that, as the saying is. Is Mr. Sullen's family abed, thinkye ?

Bon. All but the squire himself, sir, as the saying is ; he's in the house.

Sir C. What company has he ?

Bon. Why, sir, there's the constable, Mr. Gage the exciseman, the hunch-back'd barber, and two or three other gentlemen.

Sir C. I find my sister's letters gave me the true picture of her spouse.

Enter SULLEN, drunk, L.H.

Bon. Sir, here's the squire.

Sul. The puppies left me asleep—sir.

Sir C. Well, sir.

Sul. Sir, I am an unfortunate man—I have three thousand pounds a year, and can't get a man to drink a cup of ale with me.

Sir C. That's very hard.

Sul. Ay, sir—And unless you have pity upon me, and smoke one pipe with me, I must e'en go home to my wife, and I had rather go to the devil by half.

Sir C. But I presume, sir, you won't see your wife to-night, she'll be gone to bed—you don't use to lie with your wife in that pickle ?

Sul. What ! not lie with my wife ! Why, sir, do you take me for an atheist or a rake ?

Sir C. If you hate her, sir, I think you had better lie from her.

Sul. I think so too, friend—But I am a justice of peace, and must do nothing against the law.

Sir C. Law ! as I take it, Mr. Justice, nobody observes law for law's sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

Sul. But if the law orders me to send you to gaol, you must lie there, my friend.

Sir C. Not unless I commit a crime to deserve it.

Sul. A crime ? Oons, an't I married ?

Sir C. Nay, sir, if you call marriage a crime, you must disown it for a law.

Sul. Eh !—I must be acquainted with you, sir—

But, sir, I should be very glad to know the truth of this matter.

Sir C. Truth, sir, is a profound sea, and few there be that wade deep enough to find the bottom on't. Besides, sir, I'm afraid the line of your understanding mayn't be long enough.

Sul. Lookye, sir, I have nothing to say to your sea of truth; but if a good parcel of land can entitle a man to a little truth, I have as much as any he in the country:

Bon. I never heard your worship, as the saying is, talk so much before.

Sul. Because I never met with a man that I lik'd before.

Bon. Pray, sir, as the saying is, let me ask you one question: Are not man and wife one flesh?

Sir C. You and your wife, Mr. Guts, may be one flesh, because you are nothing else—But rational creatures have minds that must be united.

Sul. Minds!

Sir C. Ay, minds, sir. Don't you think that the mind takes place of the body?

Sul. In some people.

Sir C. Then the interest of the master must be consulted before that of the servant.

Sul. Sir, you shall dine with me to-morrow—Oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

Sir C. Sir I know that my two hands are naturally one, because they love one another, kiss one another, help one another in all actions of life; but I could not say so much if they were always at cuffs.

Sul. Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir C. Why don't you part with her, sir?

Sul. Will you take her, sir?

Sir C. With all my heart.

Sul. You shall have her to-morrow morning, and a venison pasty into the bargain.

Sir C. You'll let me have her fortune too?

Sul. Fortune! why, sir, I have no quarrel to her fortune—I hate only the woman, sir, and none but the woman shall go.

Sir C. But her fortune, sir—

Sul. Can you play at whist, sir?

Sir C. No, truly, sir.

Sul. Nor at all fours?

Sir C. Neither.

Sul. Oons! where was this man bred?

(*Aside.*)

Burn me, sir, I can't go home, 'tis but two o'clock.

Sir C. For half an hour, sir, if you please—But you must consider 'tis late.

Sul. Late! that's the reason I can't go to bed—Come, sir—

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

Enter CHERRY, R.H. runs across the Stage, and Knocks at Aimwell's Chamber-door. Enter AIMWELL in his Night-cap and Gown, L.H.D.

Aim. What's the matter? You tremble, child; you're frightened!

Cher. No wonder, sir—but in short, sir, this very minute a gang of rogues are gone to rob my lady Bountiful's house.

Aim. How!

Cher. I dogged 'em to the very door, and left 'em breaking in.

Aim. Have you alarm'd any body else with the news.

Cher. No, no, sir; I wanted to have discover'd the whole plot, and twenty other things, to your man Martin; but I have search'd the whole house, and can't find him; where is he?

Aim. No matter, child; will you guide me immediately to the house?

Cher. With all my heart, sir; my lady Bountiful is my godmother, and I love Miss Dorinda so well—

Aim. Dorinda! the name inspires me, the glory and the danger shall be all my own.—Come, my life, let me but get my sword.

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*A Bed-chamber in Lady Bountiful's House.*

*Enter Mrs. SULLEN and DORINDA undress'd : L.H.
a Table and Lights, L.H.*

Dor. 'Tis very late, sister ; no news of your spouse, yet ?

Mrs. S. No, I'm condemn'd to be alone till towards four, and then, perhaps, I may be executed with his company.

Dor. Well, my dear, I'll leave you to your rest, you'll go directly to bed, I suppose ?

Mrs. S. I don't know what to do ; hey-ho !

Dor. That's a desiring sigh, sister.

Mrs. S. This is a languishing hour, sister.

Dor. And night prove a critical minute, if the pretty fellow were here.

Mrs. S. Here ! my hated husband abroad, and my lovely fellow at my feet—O, 'gad, sister.

Dor. Thoughts are free, sister, and them I allow you. So, my dear, good night. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Mrs. S. A good rest to my dear Dorinda—Thoughts are free ! are they so ? Why then, suppose him here, dressed like a youthful, gay, and burning bridegroom, (*Here Archer steals out of the Closet.*) with tongue enchanting, eyes bewitching, knees imploring. (*Turns a little on one Side and sees Archer in the posture she describes.*) Ah ! (*Shrieks and runs to the other Side of the Stage.*) Have my thoughts rais'd a spirit ? —What are you, sir, a man or a devil ?

Arch. A man, a man, madam. (*Rising.*)

Mrs. S. How shall I be sure of it ?

Arch. Madam, I'll give you demonstration this minute. (*Takes her hand.*)

Mrs. S. What, sir ! do you intend to be rude ?

Arch. Yes, madam if you please.

Mrs. S. In the name of wonder, whence came ye ?

Arch. From the skies, madam—I'm a Jupiter in love, and you shall be my Alcmena.

Mrs. S. How came you in ?

Arch. I flew in at the window, madam ; your cousin

Cupid lent me his wings, and your sister Venus opened the casement.

Mrs. S. I'm stuck dumb with wonder.

Arch. How beautiful she looks!—the teeming jolly spring smiles in her blooming face, and when she was conceived her mother smelt to roses, look'd on lilies—

Lilies unfold their white, their fragrant charms,
When the warm sun thus darts into their arms.

(*Runs to her.*)

Mrs. S. Ah!

(*Shrieks.*)

Arch. Oons, madam, what do you mean? You'll raise the house.

Mrs. S. Sir, I'll wake the dead before I'll bear this.—I'm glad on't.—Your impudence has cur'd me.

Arch. If this be impudence, (*Kneels.*) I leave to your partial self; no panting pilgrim, after a tedious painful voyage, e'er bow'd before his saint with more devotion.

Mrs. S. Rise, thou prostrate engineer, not all thy undermining skill shall reach my heart. Still to convince you that I'm more than woman, I can speak my frailty, confess my weakness even for you—But—

Arch. For me! (*Going to lay hold on her.*)

Mrs. S. Hold, sir, build not upon that—for my most mortal hatred follows, if you disobey what I command you now—leave me this minute—If he denies, I'm lost.

(*Aside.*)

Arch. Then you'll promise—

Mrs. S. Any thing another time.

Arch. When shall I come?

Mrs. S. To-morrow, when you will.

Arch. Your lips must seal the promise.

Mrs. S. Pshaw!

Arch. They must, they must. (*Kisses her.*) Raptures and paradise! And why not now, my angel? The time, the place, silence and secrecy, all conspire—And now the conscious stars have pre-ordain'd this moment for my happiness.

(*Takes her in his arms.*)

Mrs. S. You will not, cannot, sure.—

Arch. If the sun rides fast, and disappoints not mor-

tals of to-morrow's dawn, this night shall crown my joy.

Mrs. S. You shall kill me first. ..

Arch. I'll die with you. (*Carrying her off.*)

Mrs. S. Thieves, thieves, murder—

Enter SCRUB, L.H.D. in his Breeches and one Shoe.

Scrub. Thieves, thieves, murder, popery. (*Archer Draws.—Scrub Kneels.*) O pray, sir, spare all I have, and take my life.

Mrs. S. (*Holding Archer's Hand.*) What does the fellow mean !

Scrub. O madam, down upon your knees, your marrow-bones—he's one of them.

Mrs. S. Of whom ?

Scrub. One of the rogues—I beg your pardon, one of the honest gentlemen that just now are broke into the house.

Arch. How ?

Mrs. S. I hope you did not come to rob me ?

Arch. Indeed I did, madam ; but I would have taken nothing but what you might very well have spar'd ; but your crying thieves has wak'd this dreaming fool ; and so he takes 'em for granted.

Scrub. Granted ! 'tis granted, sir ; take all we have.

Mrs. S. The fellow looks as if he were broke out of Bedlam.

Scrub. Oons, madam, they're broke into the house with fire and sword ; I saw them, heard them ; they'll be here this minute.

Arch. What thieves ?

Scrub. Under favour sir, I think so.

Mrs. S. What shall we do, sir ?

Arch. Madam, I wish your ladyship a good night.

Mrs. S. Will you leave me ?

Arch. Leave you ! Lord, madam, did you not command me to be gone just now, upon pain of your mortal hatred.

Mrs. S. Nay, but pray, sir—(*Takes hold of him.*)

Arch. Ha, ha, ha, now comes my turn to be ravish'd—You see, madam, you must use men one way or another; but take this by the way, good madam, that none but a fool will give you the benefit of his courage, unless you'll take his love along with it—How are they arm'd, friend?

Scrub. With sword and pistol, sir.

Arch. Hush—I see a dark lantern coming through the gallery—Madam, be assured I will protect you, or lose my life.

Mrs. S. Your life! No, sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much; therefore now, sir, let me entreat you to be gone.

Arch. No, madam, I'll consult my own safety for the sake of yours; I'll work by stratagem. Have you courage enough to stand the appearance of them?

Mrs. S. Yes, yes, since I have 'scap'd your hands I can face any thing.

Arch. Come hither, brother Scrub; don't you know me?

Scrub. Eh! my dear brother Martin.

Arch. This way—Here—

[*Exit Archer, L.N. carrying off Scrub.*]

Enter GIBBER, R.H. with a dark lantern in one Hand, and a Pistol in the other.

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the chamber, and the lady alone.

Mrs. S. Who are you, sir? What would you have? D'ye come to rob me?

Gib. Rob you! Alack-a day, madam, I'm only a younger brother, madam; and so, madam, if you make a noise, I'll shoot you through the head. But don't be afraid, madam. (*Laying his Lantern and Pistol upon the Table.*) These rings, madam; don't be concerned, madam; I have a profound respect for you, madam; your keys, madam; don't be frightened, madam; I'm the most of a gentleman—(*Searching her Pockets.*) This necklace, madam; I never was rude to any lady—I have a veneration—for this necklace—

(*Here Archer having come round and seized the Pistol, takes Gibbet by the Collar, trips up his Heels, and claps the Pistol to his Breast.*)

Arch. Hold, profane villain, and take the reward of thy sacrilege."

Gib. O! pray, sir, don't kill me; I an't prepared.

Arch. How many are there of 'em, Scrub?

Scrub. Five-and-forty, sir.

Arch. Then I must kill the villain, to have him out of the way.

Gib. Hold! hold, sir! we are but three, upon my honour.

Arch. Scrub, will you undertake to secure him?

Scrub. Not I, sir; kill him, kill him.

Arch. Run to Gipsy's chamber, there you'll find the doctor; bring him hither presently. [*Exit Scrub, L.H.D. running.*] Come, rogue, if you have a short prayer, say it.

Gib. Sir, I have no prayer at all; the government has provided a chaplain to say prayers for us on these occasions.

Mrs. S. Pray, sir, don't kill him—you fright me as much as him.

Arch. The dog shall die, madam, for being the occasion of my disappointment—Sirrah, this moment is your last.

Gib. Sir, I'll give you two hundred pounds to spare my life.

Arch. Have you no more, rascal?

Gib. Yes, sir, I can command four hundred; but I must reserve two of 'em to save my life at the sessions.

Enter SCRUB and FOIGARD, L.H.D.

Arch. Here, doctor; I suppose Scrub and you, between you, may manage him—Lay hold of him.

(*Foigard lays hold of Gibbet.*)

Gib. What! turn'd over to the priest already—Lookye, doctor, you come before your time; I an't condemn'd yet, I thank ye.

Foig. Come, my 'dear joy, I vil secure your body

and your shoul too ; I vil make you a good Catholic, and give you an absolution.

Gib. Absolution? Can you procure me a pardon, doctor?

Foig. No, joy.

Gib. Then you and your absolution may go to the devil.

Arch. Convey him into the cellar ; there bind him : —take the pistol, and if he offers to resist, shoot him through the head—and come back to us with all the speed you can.

Scrub. Ay, ay ; come doctor, do you hold him fast, and I'll guard him. [*Exeunt*, L.H.D.]

Mrs. S. But how came the doctor ?

Arch. In short madam—(*Shrieking without*, R.H.) 'Sdeath ! the rogues are at work with the other ladies ; —Im vex'd I parted with the pistol ; but I must fly to their assistance—Will you stay here, madam, or venture yourself with me ?

Mrs. S. Oh, dear sir, with you.

[*Takes him by the arm, and exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in the House.*

Enter HOUNSLOW, dragging in LADY BOUNTIFUL, and BAGSHOT hauling in DORINDA. R.H.S.E. The rogues with Swords drawn.

Houn. Come, come, your jewels, mistress.

Bag. Your keys, your keys, old gentlewoman.

Enter AIMWELL, R.H.]

Aim. Turn this way, villains ! I durst engage an army in such a cause. (*He engages them both.*)

Enter ARCHER and MRS. SULLEN, L.H.]

Arch. Hold, hold, my lord ; every man his bird, pray. (*They engage Man to Man ; the Rogues are thrown down and disarmed.*)

Arch. Shall we kill the rogues ?

Aim. No, no, we'll bind them.

Arch. Ay, ay, ; here, madam, lend me your garter.
(*To Mrs. Sullen who stands by him.*)

Mrs. S. The devil's in this fellow ; he fights, loves, and banters, all in a breath. Here's a cord that the rogues brought with them, I suppose.

Arch. Right, right, the rogue's destiny, a rope to hang himself—Come, my lord, this is but a scandalous sort of an office. (*Binding the rogues together.*) If our adventures should end in this sort of hangman-work ; but I hope there is something in prospect that—

Enter SCRUB, L.H.

Well, Scrub, have you secured your 'Tartar !

Scrub. Yes, sir, I left the priest and him disputing about religion.

Aim. And pray carry these gentlemen to reap the benefit of the controversy.

(*Delivers the Prisoner's to Scrub, who leads them out.*)

Mrs. S. Pray, sister, how came my lord here ?

Dor. And pray, how came the gentleman here ?

Mrs. S. I'll tell you the greatest piece of villany.
(*They talk apart.*)

Aim. I fancy, Archer, you have been more successful in your adventures than the housebreakers.

Arch. No matter for my adventure, yours is the principal—Press her this minute to marry you—now, while she's hurried between the palpitation of her fear and the joy of her deliverance ; now, while the tide of her spirits is at high flood—throw yourself at her feet ; speak some romantic nonsense or other—confound her senses, bear down her reason, and away with her—the priest is now in the cellar, and dares not refuse to do the work.

Aim. But how shall I get off without being observed ?

Arch. You a lover ! and not find a way to get off—Let me see.

Aim. You bleed, Archer.

Arch. 'Sdeath, I'm glad on't ; this wound will do the business. I'll amuse the old lady and Mrs. Sullen about dressing my wound, while you carry off Dorinda.

Enter LADY BOUNTIFUL, L.H.

Lady B. Gentlemen, could we understand how you would be gratified for the services—

Arch. Come, come, my lady, this is no time for compliments ; I'm wounded, madam.

Lady B. and Mrs. S. How, wounded !

Dor. I hope, sir, you have received no hurt ?

(To Aim.)

Aim. None but what you may cure.

(Makes Love in dumb Show.)

Lady B. Let me see your arm, sir—I must have some powder sugar to stop the blood—O me !—an ugly gash ; upon my word, sir, you must go to bed.

Arch. Ay my lady, a bed would do very well—Madam, *(To Mrs. Sullen.)* will you do me the favour to conduct me to a chamber.

Lady B. Do, do, daughter--while I get the lint, and the probe, and the plaister ready.

(Runs out, L.H. Aim. carries off Dor. L.H.)

Arch. Come, madam, why don't you obey your mother's commands ?

Mrs. S. How can you, after what is past, have the confidence to ask me ?

Arch. And if you go to that, how can you, after what is past have the confidence to deny me ?—Was not this blood-shed in your defence, and my life exposed for your protection ? Lookye, madam, I'm none of your romantic fools that fight giants and monsters for nothing : my valour is downright Swiss ; I am a soldier of fortune, and must be paid.

Mrs. S. 'Tis ungenerous in you, sir, to upbraid me with your services.

Arch. 'Tis ungenerous in you, madam, not to reward em.

Mrs. S. How! at the expense of honour?

Arch. Honour! can honour consist with ingratitude! If you would deal like a woman of honour, do like a man of honour. D'ye think I would deny you in such a case?

Enter GIPSEY, R.H.

Gip. Madam, my lady has ordered me to tell you that your brother is below, at the gate.

Mrs. S. My brother! heaven's be prais'd!—Sir, he shall thank you for your services; he has it in his power.

Arch. Who is your brother, madam?

Mrs. S. Sir Charles Freeman. You'll excuse me, sir, I must go and receive him. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Arch. Sir Charles Freeman! 'Sdeath and hell!—my old acquaintance. Now, unless Aimwell has made good use of his time, all our fair machine goes souse into the sea like the Eddystone. [*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Gallery in the same House.*

Enter AIMWELL and DORINDA, R.H.

Dor. Well, well, my lord, you have conquer'd. Your late generous action will, I hope, plead for my easy yielding; though I must own your lordship had a friend in the fort before.

Aim. The sweets of Hybla dwell upon her tongue, —Here, doctor—

Enter FOIGARD, with a Book, L.H.D.

Foig. Are you prepared, bote?

Dor. I'm ready; but first, my lord, one word—I have a frightful example of a hasty marriage in my own family; when I reflect upon't, it shocks me. Pray, my lord, consider a little—

Aim. Consider! Do you doubt my honour or my love?

Dor. Neither. I do believe you equally just as

brave—And were your whole sex drawn out for me to choose, I should not cast a look upon the multitude, if you were absent—But, my lord, I'm a woman; colours, concealments may hide a thousand faults in me—Therefore know me better first; I hardly dare affirm I know myself in any thing except my love.

Aim. Such goodness who could injure? I find myself unequal to the task of villain. She has gained my soul, and made it honest like her own—I cannot hurt her, (*Aside.*) Doctor, retire. [*Exit Foigard, L.H.D.*] Madam, behold your lover and your proselyte, and judge of my passion by my conversion—I'm all a lie, nor dare I give a fiction to your arms; I'm all a counterfeit, except my passion.

Dor. Forbid it, heaven! a counterfeit!

Aim. I am no lord, but a poor, needy man, come with a mean and scandalous design, to prey upon your fortune;—but the beauties of your mind and person have so won me from myself, that, like a trusty servant I prefer the interest of my mistress to my own.

Dor. Pray, sir, who are you?

Aim. Brother to the man whose title I usurped, but stranger to his honour or fortune.

Dor. Matchless honesty!—Once I was proud sir, of your wealth and title, but now am prouder that you want it. Now I can show my regard was justly levelled, and had no aim but love. Doctor, come in.

Enter FOIGARD, L.H.D. GIPSEY, R.H. who whispers Dorinda,

Your pardon, sir, we shan't want you now, sir. You must excuse me—I'll wait on you presently.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Foig. Upon my shoul, now dis is foolish.

[*Exit, L.H.D.*]

Aim. Gone! and bid the priest depart—It has an ominous look.

Enter ARCHER, L.H.:

Arch. Courage, Tom—shall I wish you joy?

Aim. No.

Arch. Oons! man, what ha' you been doing?

Aim. O, Archer, my honesty, I fear has ruined me.

Arch. How?

Aim. I have discovered myself.

Arch. Discovered! and without my consent! What Have I embarked my small remains in the same bottom with yours, and you dispose of all without my partnership?

Aim. O, Archer, I own my fault.

Arch. After conviction—'Tis then too late for pardon.—You may remember, Mr. Aimwell, that you proposed this folly—As you begun so end it—Henceforth I'll hunt my fortune singly—So farewell.

Aim. Stay, my dear Archer, but a minute.

Arch. Stay! what to be despised, exposed, and laughed at!—No, I would sooner change conditions with the worst of the rogues we just now bound, than bear one scornful smile from the proud knight that once I treated as my equal.

Aim. What knight?

Arch. Sir Charles Freeman, brother to the lady that I had almost—But no matter for that; 'tis a cursed night's work, and so I leave you to make the best on't.

Aim. Freeman!—one word, Archer. Still I have hopes; methought she received my confession with pleasure.

Arch. 'Sdeath, who doubts it?

Aim. She consented after to the match; and still I dare believe she will be just.

Arch. To herself, I warrant her, as you should have been.

Aim. By all my hopes she comes, and smiling comes.

Enter DORINDA, gaily, R.H.

Dor. Come, my dear lord—I fly with impatience to your arms—The minutes of my absence were a tedious year. Where's the priest?

Enter FOIGARD, L.H.D.

Arch. Oons, a brave girl !

Dor. I suppose, my lord, this gentleman is privy to our affairs ?

Arch. Yes, yes, madam, I'm to be your father.

Dor. Come, priest, do your office.

Arch. Make haste, make haste, couple'em any way.
(*Takes Aimwell's Hand.*) Come, madam, I'm to give you—

Dor. My mind's altered ; I won't.

Arch. Eh—

Aim. I'm confounded.

Foig. Upon my shoul, and so is myshelf.

Arch. What's the matter now, madam ?

Dor. Lookye, sir, one generous action deserves another—This gentleman's honour obliged him to hide nothing from me ; my justice engages me to conceal nothing from him ; in short, sir, you are the person that you thought you counterfeited ; you are the true lord viscount Aimwell, and I wish your lordship joy. Now, priest, you may be gone ; if my lord is now pleas'd with the match, let his lordship marry me in the face of the world.

Aim. Archer, what does she mean ?

Dor. Here's a witness for my truth.

Enter SIR CHARLES, and MRS. SULLEN, R.H.

Sir C. My dear lord Aimwell, I wish you joy.

Aim. Of what ?

Sir C. Of your honour and estate. Your brother died the day before I left London ; and all your friends have writ after you to Brussels ; among the rest I did myself the honour.

Arch. Harkye, sir knight, don't you banter now ?

Sir C. 'Tis truth, upon my honour.

Aim. Thanks to the pregnant stars that form'd this accident.

Arch. Thanks to the womb of time that brought it forth ; away with it.

Aim. Thanks to my guardian angel that led me to the prize—
(*Taking Dorinda's Hand.*)

Arch. And double thanks to the noble sir Charles Freeman. My lord, I wish you joy. My lady, I wish you joy—'Egad, sir Freeman, you're the honestest fellow living—'Sdeath, I'm grown strangely airy upon this matter—My lord, how d'ye do?—A word, my lord. Don't you remember something of a previous agreement, that entitles me to the moiety of this lady's fortune, which I think will amount to ten thousand pounds?

Aim. Not a penny, Archer. You would ha' cut my throat just now, because I would not deceive this lady.

Arch. Ay, and I'll cut your throat still if you should deceive her now.

Aim. That's what I expect; and to end the dispute, the lady's fortune is twenty thousand pounds; we'll divide stakes; take the twenty thousand pounds, or the lady.

Dor. How! Is your lordship so indifferent?

Arch. No, no, no, madam, his lordship knows very well that I'll take the money; I leave you to his lordship, and so we're both provided for.

Enter FOIGARD, L.H.D.

Foig. Arrah fait, de people do say you be all robb'd joy.

Aim. The ladies have been in some danger, sir, as you saw.

Foig. Upon my shoul our inn be robb'd too.

Aim. Our inn! by whom?

Foig. Upon my shalvation, our landlord has robb'd himself, and run away vid de money.

Arch. Robb'd himself?

Foig. Ay fait and me too of a hundred pounds.

Arch. Robb'd you of a hundred pounds?

Foig. Yes, fait honey, that I did owe to him.

Aim. Our money's gone, Frank.

Arch. Rot the money, my wench is gone—Scavez vous quelque chose de mademoiselle Cherry?

Sir C. This good company meets opportunely in favour of a design I have in behalf of my unfortunate sister. I intend to part her from her husband—Gentlemen, will you assist me?

Arch. Assist you! 'Sdeath, who would not?

Foig. Ay, upon my shoul, we'll all ashassist.

Enter SULLEN, L.H.D.

Sul. What's all this? They tell me, spouse, that you had like to have been robb'd.

Mrs. S. Truly, spouse, I was pretty near it—had not these two gentlemen interpos'd.

Sul. How came these gentlemen here?

Mrs. S. That's his way of returning thanks, you must know.

Foig. Ay, but upon my conscience de question be apropos for all dat.

Sir C. You promis'd last night, sir, that you would deliver your lady to me this morning.

Sul. Humph.

Arch. Humph! What do you mean by humph?—Sir, you shall deliver her—In short, sir, we have saved you and your family; and if you are not civil, we'll unbind the rogues, join with 'em, and set fire to your house—What does the man mean? not part with his wife!

Foig. Arrah, not part wid your wife! Upon my shoul, de man dosh not understand common shivility.

Mrs. S. Hold gentlemen, all things here must move by consent. Compulsion would spoil us. Let my dear and I talk the matter over, and you shall judge it, between us.

Sul. Let me know first, who are to be our judges—Pray, sir, who are you?

Sir C. I am sir Charles Freeman, come to take away your wife.

Sul. And you, good sir?

Aim. Thomas viscount Aimwell, come to take your sister.

Sul. And you, pray, sir?

Arch. Francis Archer, esq. come—

Sul. To take away my mother, I hope—Gentlemen you're heartily welcome. I never met with three more obliging people since I was born—And now, my dear, if you please, you shall have the first word!

Arch. And the last for five pounds, (*Aside.*)

Mrs. S. Spouse.

Sul. Rib.

Mrs. S. How long have you been married?

Sul. By the almanack, fourteen months;—but by my account, fourteen years.

Mrs. S. 'Tis thereabout by my reckoning.

Foig. Upon my conscience deir accounts vil agree.

Mrs. S. Pray, spouse, what did you marry for?

Sul. To get an heir to my estate.

Sir C. And have you succeeded?

Sul. No.

Arch. The condition fails on his side—Pray, madam, what did you marry for?

Mrs. S. To support the weakness of my sex by the strength of his, and to enjoy the pleasures of an agreeable society.

Sir C. Are your expectations answered.

Mrs. S. No.

Foig. Arrah, honeys, a clear caase, a clear caase!

Sir C. What are the bars to your mutual contentment?

Mrs. S. In the first place I can't drink ale with him.

Sul. Nor can I drink tea with her.

Mrs. S. I can't hunt with you.

Sul. Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs. S. I hate cocking and racing.

Sul. I abhor ombre and picquet.

Mrs. S. Your silence is intolerable.

Sul. Your prating is worse.

Mrs. S. Is there on earth a thing we can agree in?

Sul. Yes—to part.

Mrs. S. With all my heart.

Sul. Your hand.

Mrs. S. Here.

Sul. These hands joined us, these shall part us—

Away—

Mrs. S. East.

Sul. West.

Mrs. S. North.

Sul. South; as far as the poles asunder.

Foig. Amen! Upon my shoul, a very pretty shere-mony.

Sir C. Now, Mr. Sullen, there wants only my sister's fortune to make us easy.

Sul. Sir Charles, you love your sister, and I love her fortune; every one to his fancy.

Arch. Then you won't refund?

Sul. Not a stiver.

Arch. What is her portion?

Sir C. Twenty thousand pounds, sir.

Arch. I'll pay it. My lord, I thank him, has enabled me. This night's adventure has proved strangely lucky to us all. for captain Gibbet in his walk has made bold, Mr. Sullen, with your study and escritore, and has taken out all the writings of your estate, all the articles of marriage with your lady, bills, bonds, leases, and receipts to an infinite value; I took 'em from him, and will deliver them to sir Charles.

(*Gives him a Parcel of Papers and Parchments.*)

Sul. How, my writings! my head aches consumedly. Well, gentlemen, you shall have her fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, sir Charles, to be merry and celebrate my sister's wedding, and my divorce, you may command my house! but my head aches consumedly.—Scrub, bring me a dram. [Exit, L.H.]

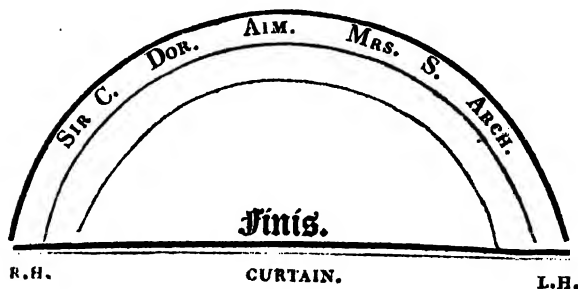
Foig. And, Scrub, put a little drop on the top for me. [Exit, L.H.]

Arch. 'Twould be hard to guess which of these parties are the better pleased, the couple join'd, or the

couple parted : the one rejoicing in hopes of an untasted happiness, and the other in their deliverance from an experienced misery.

Both happy in their several states we find ;
 These parted by consent, and those conjoin'd :
 Consent, if mutual, saves the lawyer's fee ;
 Consent is law enough to set you free.

Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls.



Oxberry's Edition.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A COMEDY;

By W. Shakspeare.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

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Remarks.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Perhaps nothing shews in a more convincing point of view the power and felicity of Shakspeare's pen than the varied range of characters which in almost every one of his plays give the utmost scope to the talents of an actor, and in which an actor is sure to fix his fame by approaching even to a tolerable resemblance of the original conception. There are no characters which are so easily spoiled on the stage as this author's, none which require to be done to such a degree of nicety, or in which the audience are so jealous of the truth of representation, because there are none which are so completely made out to "the mind's eye," and in which consequently the smallest aberration from the distinct image we have formed to ourselves is so immediately detected and reprobated. We judge of his characters (so true are they to nature, so intimately has he made us acquainted with every peculiarity relating to them) as we do of the likeness of a particular friend, which must have not only the general outline but the minute details and the exact expression to come up to our expectations. Whoever plays Shakspeare, does it at his peril: and either forfeits or crowns his reputation by the attempt, for his ideal portraits are a sort of *written nature*, and the filling of them up by appropriate looks, tones, and gestures is the true test and touch-stone of theatrical genius.—We are not fond, for this reason, of going to see a new actor come out in any favourite part of this author, as the failure is particularly painful and discordant to our feelings; but it is at the same time as gratifying as it is rare, to see any such part performed to the height of our wishes; and to see a whole play so got up is beyond even our hopes. What a treat, for instance, must it be to see *AS YOU LIKE IT* represented before our eyes, as it exists in our fancy! What a rich and varied display of costume and scenery, of characters, manners, and sentiments, of nature and passion, and of wisdom and folly! Who could pretend to act Jaques too well, or to speak the speech

on the stages of human life with more genius than it is written; or to give additional interest to his melancholy or bitterness to his sarcasm, or to combine an air of dignity and negligence to a greater degree than we suppose them united in his person? What actor could do more than echo the words of Touchstone, than assume the quaintness of his garb and of his sentiments, be as witty as malicious and provoking with his eye, as the poet has made him with his tongue, and make the accompaniment of smiles, of shrugs, and antic grimaces he must put on as significant and amusing as the text which they are meant to illustrate; or again, what could give us a finer idea of grace, of manliness, of generosity and youthful affection than Orlando perfectly well acted, or of voluble archness, of feigned indifference, and tender sensibility than his Rosalind; Audrey, too, should not play the fool in vain (if Miss Pope were alive again to represent her) and the shepherd, who had never wandered from the forest, should preach his humble philosophy with the efficacy of a hermit. To see even these few characters acted as they might be, would indeed enrich "the very faculties of eyes and ears;" but to see *As You Like It* as it is too often played, is altogether as mortifying, since "the best things by abuse become the worst." The seeing it acted for the first time after knowing it almost by heart, merely from the reading it, is like waking from a golden dream; and like Caliban, disturbed from the imagination of sweet sounds, "we cry to dream again."

W. H.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is one hour and forty-nine minutes. The first act occupies the space of twenty-seven minutes;—the second, twenty-seven;—the third, twenty-four;—the fourth fifteen;—and the fifth, sixteen. The half price commences, generally, at twenty minutes before nine o'clock.

Costume.

THE DUKE.

Green doublet and pantaloons, buff waistcoat, green cap, russet boots, the dress trimmed with brown fur, a vandyke, and gauntlets.

FREDERICK.

Black velvet jacket and trunks, crimson velvet robe lined with white satin, edged with ermine; dress richly embroidered, black velvet hat, plume of white feathers, white silk stockings, russet shoes, satin roses, a vandyke and gauntlets.

AMIENS.

Green doublet, pantaloons and cap, a buff waistcoat, dress trimmed with brown fur, russet boots, a vandyke and gauntlets.

JAQUES.

A green doublet, pantaloons and cap, a buff waistcoat, dress trimmed with brown fur, russet boots, a vandyke and gauntlets.

OLIVER.

A French grey jacket, trunks and cloak, embroidered with silver, black velvet hat, plume of white feathers, russet shoes, satin roses, vandyke and gauntlets. Second dress, a brown doublet, pantaloons, and cap, buff waistcoat trimmed with brown fur, a vandyke and gauntlets.

ORLANDO.

A snuff brown doublet and pantaloons, a light blue waistcoat, dress trimmed with light blue, brown cap, russet boots, vandyke and gauntlets.

LE BEAU.

White kersemere jacket, trunks and cloak, trimmed with silver, white shoes, blue satin roses, white hat and feathers.

ADAM.

A drab doublet and trunks trimmed with black, brown leather belt, gauntlets, russet shoes, and brown cap.

TOUCHSTONE.

A tri-colour doublet, trunks and cloak, viz. yellow, scarlet, and light blue; with cap and stockings to correspond, one russet, and one black shoe, ruff and gauntlets.

SILVIUS.

A drab doublet, pantaloons, and cap, russet boots and vandyke.

CORIN.

A drab doublet and trunks, russet shoes, and cap.

ROSALIND.

White dress, drapery spangled with gold. Second dress—Green tunic, trimmed with fur, ditto pantaloons, cap, and russet boots.

CELIA.

White dress spangled with silver. Second dress, blue body, muslin petticoat, trimmed with flowers.

PHEBE.

White petticoat, and body trimmed with green.

AUDREY.

Brown stuff petticoat, and jacket, with ruffles, flat straw hat.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-lane.</i>	<i>Covent-garden.</i>
<i>The Duke</i>	Mr. R. Phillips.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Frederick, the Usurper</i>	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Amiens</i>	Mr. Pyne.	Mr. Duruset.
<i>Jaques</i>	Mr. Wroughton.	Mr. Young.
<i>Eustace</i>		Mr. King.
<i>Louis</i>	Mr. Fisher.	Mr. Penn.
<i>Le Beau</i>		Mr. Menage.
<i>Oliver</i>	Mr. Waldegrave.	Mr. Connor.
<i>Jaques de Bois</i>	Mr. Miller.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Orlando</i>	Mr. Holland.	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Adam</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Terry.
<i>Charles</i>	Mr. Cooke.	Mr. Crumpton.
<i>Dennis</i>	Mr. Chatterley.	Mr. Sarjant.
<i>Silvius</i>	Mr. J. Smith.	Mr. Comer.
<i>Corin</i>	Mr. Carr.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>William</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Touchstone</i>	Mr. Bannister.	Mr. Fawcett.
 <i>Rosalind</i>	 Miss Walstein.	 Miss Brunton.
<i>Celia</i>	Mrs. Horn.	Miss Mathews.
<i>Phoebe</i>	Miss Boyce.	Miss Shaw.
<i>Audrey</i>	Miss Mellon.	Mrs. Gibbs.

Masque.

<i>Hymen</i>	Mrs. Bland.	Master Barnett.
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Stage Directions.

By R.H. is meant	Right Hand.
L.H.	Left Hand.
S.E.	Second Entrance.
U.E.	Upper Entrance.
M.D.	Middle Door.
D.F.	Door in Flat.
R.H.D.	Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.	Left Hand Door.

EPILOGUE.

IF to our play your judgment can't be kind ;
Let its expiring Author pity find ;*
Survey its mournful case with melting eyes,
Nor let the Bard be damn'd before he dies.
Forbear, ye fair, on his last scene to frown,
But his true *Exit* with a plaudit crown ;
Then shall the dying poet cease to fear
The dreadful knell, while your applause he hears.
At *Leuctra*, so the conqu'ring *Theban* dy'd,
Claim'd his friends praises, but their tears deny'd :
Pleas'd in the pangs of death, he greatly thought
Conquest with loss of life, but cheaply bought.
The difference this—the *Greek* was one would fight ;
As brave, tho' not so gay as serjeant *Kite* :
Ye sons of *Will's*, what's that to those who write ?
To *Thebes* alone the *Grecian* ow'd his bays,
You may the Bard above the Hero raise.
Since yours is greater than *Athenian* praise.

* Mr. FARQUHAR was then on his death-bed, and died before the
run of the Play was over.





MR FAWCETT,
AS TOUCHSTONE.

Engraved by Melmoth from an original drawing by Hyman.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Oliver's Orchard and House.*

Enter ORLANDO, and ADAM, L.H.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeath'd me: by will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charg'd my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hir'd: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his

hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. (*Adam retires a little, Aside.*)

Enter OLIVER, L.H.

Oli. Now, sir, what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which heaven made, a poor unworthy brother of your's, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this
(*Lays hold on him.*)

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois: he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. (*Advances.*) Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. (*Looses him.*) My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament! with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? Beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good. [*Exit Orlando, R.H.*]

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—Heaven be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exit ADAM, R.H.*]

Oli. Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. [*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Oliver's House.*

Enter OLIVER, R.H.

Oli. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS, L.H.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. *[Exit DENNIS, L.H.]*
'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES, L.H.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banish'd by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the old duke's daughter, be banish'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the new duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have follow'd her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less belov'd of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies lov'd as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand,

AS YOU LIKE IT.

that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labour'd to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me, his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practice against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomise him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, heaven keep your worship!

[*Exit CHARLES, L.H.*]

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester*: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my

* Frolicksome fellow.

soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learn'd; full of noble device; of all sorts* enchantingly belov'd; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, that I am altogether mispriz'd: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all.—Nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND, and CELIA, R.H.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banish'd father, had banish'd thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou had'st been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see. What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in

sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour corie off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestow'd equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplac'd: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou go'st from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—

(Touchstone, sings without, L.H.)

Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune,
hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Enter TOUCHSTONE, L.H. S.E.

How now, wit? Whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learn'd you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU, L.H.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence:—

Ros. With hills on their necks,—*Be 't known unto all men by these presents*,—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

(A Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, L.H.)

Enter Duke FREDERICK, EUSTACE, LOUIS, CHARLES, ORLANDO, Gentlemen, and Guards, L.H.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. (R.H.) Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young : yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin ? Are you crept hither to see the wrestling ?

Ros. Ay, my liege ; so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men : in pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies ; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so ; I'll not be by. *(Takes his seat.)*

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you. *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

(Crosses to R.H.)

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler ?

Orl. No, fair princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years : you have seen cruel proof of this man's strength : if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir ; your reputation shall not therefore be misprized ; we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts ; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial ; wherein if I be foil'd there is but one sham'd that was never gracious ; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so ; I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a

place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you !

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. (L.H.) Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ?

Orl. Ready, sir ; but his will hath in it a more modest working. (*Crosses to Centre.*)

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace ; you shall not entreat him to a second ; that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after ; you should not have mock'd me before ; but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man !

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

Ros. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, while Charles and Orlando wrestle, Charles is thrown.*)

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace ; I am not yet well breath'd.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles ?

Touch. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away.

(*Charles is carried away by the Guards, L.H.*

Touchstone going before them.)

What is thy name, young man ?

Orl. Orlando, my liege ; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable ;
But I did find him still mine enemy ;

I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick, Eustace, Louis, Le Beau, and Gentlemen, L.H.*]

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that
calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this ?

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind ;
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him ;
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. (*They cross to Centre.*)—Sir, you
have well deserv'd ;

If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
(*Giving him a Chain from her Neck.*)
Wear this for me ; one out of suits with fortune ;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz ?

Cel. Aye ;—fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you ? My better parts
Are all thrown down ; and that which here stands up,
Is but a quintain*, a mere lifeless block.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Ros. He calls us back ; my pride fell with my fortunes ;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir ?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz ?

Ros. Have with you ;—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Celia and Rosalind, R.H.*]

* The object to dart at in martial exercises.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando ! thou art overthrown ;
Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.

Enter LE BEAU, L.H.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place ; albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love ;
Yet such is now the duke's condition*,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous ; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir ; and, pray you, tell me this ;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling ?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
manners ;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter ;
The other is daughter to the banished duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that, of late, this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece ;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake ;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well ;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you ; fare you well !

[*Exit Le Beau, L.H.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother ;—
But heavenly Rosalind !

[*Exit, L.H.*]

* Temper, disposition.

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter ROSALIND, and CELIA, R.H.*

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid, have mercy! Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it for my father's child. O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you!—But turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father, loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly*? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do.

(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, L.H.)

* Inveterately.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, EUSTACE, LOUIS, and Gentlemen, L.H.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin—
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. (Kneels.) I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me;
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
As I do trust I am not, then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors!
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's
enough.

Ros. (Rises.) So was I, when your highness took
his dukedom;
So was I, when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor;
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Aye, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse*.

* Compassion.

If she be a traitor,
 Why so am I ; we still have slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupled, and inseperable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee ; and her
 smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience,
 Speak to the people, and they pity her.
 When she is gone, then open not thy lips ;
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her ; she is banish'd :

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege ;
 I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide
 yourself ;

If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
 And in the greatness of my word, you die.

(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.)

*[Exeunt Duke Frederick, Eustace, Louis, and
 Gentlemen, &c.]*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind ! whither wilt thou go ?
 Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.
 I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin ;
 Pr'ythee, be cheerful ; know'st thou not, the duke
 Hath banish'd me, his daughter ?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No ? hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love
 Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one ;
 Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ?
 No ; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us ;
 For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
 Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel. To seek my uncle.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far ?
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
The like do you ; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man ?
A gallant curtle-axe* upon my thigh ?
A boar-spear in my hand?—and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will),
We'll have a swashing† and a martial outside ;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man ?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
page, *

And therefore look you call me, Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd ?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state ;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court ?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together ;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight.

Ros. Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt, L.H.*

Cutlace.—† Swaggering.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Oliver's Orchard and House.*

Enter ORLANDO, R.H. and knocks at the Door.

Orl. Who's there?

Enter ADAM, L.H.

Adam. What! my young master?—O, my gentle master,

O, my sweet master, O, you memory
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make* you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond† to overcome
The bony prizer of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home to you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him, and his practices,
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

* What do you here?—† So simple.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go.

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do;

Yet this I will not do; do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood*, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,

Which I did store, to be my foster nurse,

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown;

Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age! here's the gold;

All this I give you; let me be your servant;

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly; let me go with you;

I'll do the service of a younger man

In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O, good old man! how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,

When service sweat for duty, not for meed!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat, but by promotion;

And, having that, do choke their service up

Even with the having; it is not so with thee.

But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,

That cannot so much as a blossom yield,

In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:

But, come thy ways, we'll go along together;

* Blood turned from its natural course.

And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on ; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—

[*Exit Orlando*, R.H.]

From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;

But, at fourscore, it is too late a-week :

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, JACQUES, and four other
Lords, all in the dress of Foresters*, L.H.]

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp ? are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court ?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference ; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind ;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
'This is no flattery ; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing ;
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
 Being native burghers of this desert city,—
 Should, in their own confines, with forked heads*
 Have their round haunches gor'd.

Jaq. Indeed, my lord, I've often griev'd at that;
 And, in that kind, think you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
 To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
 Did steal behind
 An oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting: and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In pitious chase: and thus the hairy fool
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said you?
 Did you not moralize this spectacle?

Jaq. O, yes, into a thousand similies.
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
 Poor deer, quoth I, thou mak'st a testament
 As worldings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much; then, being alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
 'Tis right, quoth I; this misery doth part
 The flux of company. Anon, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him; ah, quoth I,
 Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
 'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
 Thus pierc'd I through
 The body of the country, city, court,

* Barbed arrows.

Yea, and of this our life ; for we, my lord,
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke S. Show me the place ;
I love to cope you in these sullen fits,
For then you're full of matter.

Jaq. I'll bring you to it straight. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, EUSTACE, LOUIS,
Gentlemen, and Guards, L.H.*

Duke F. Can it be possible, that no man saw them?
It cannot be ; some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

Louis. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed ; and in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

Eust. My lord, the roynish* clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother ; fetch that gallant
hither ;
I'll make him find him ; do this suddenly ;
And let not search and inquisition quail†
To bring again these foolish runaways.

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

[*Exeunt Duke F. R.H. Lords, L.H.*]

* Scurvy.—† Sink into dejection.

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter JAQUES, AMIENS, and three other Lords, as Foresters, R.H.

Jaq. More, more, I prythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it ; I do love it better than laughing.

Ami. Those that are in the extremity of either, are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is polittick ; nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's which is all these ; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects ; and indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humourous sadness.—Sing, I pr'ythee, sing.

Ami. My voice is ragged ; I know, I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing.—I can suck melancholy out of a song, as weazel sucks eggs.—Come, warble, warble.

AMIENS, sings.

*Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail
against all the first-born of Egypt. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Ami. And we will go seek the duke: his banquet is
prepar'd. [*Exeunt*, L.H.]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, TOUCHSTONE,
and CELIA, drest like a Shepherdess,
leaning on him, L.H.*

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not
weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's
apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort
the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show
itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good
Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me, I cannot go no fur-
ther.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you,
than bear you: yet I should bear no cross*, if I did
bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your
purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I;
when I was at home, I was in a better place; but tra-
vellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who
comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn
talk.

Enter SILVIUS, and CORIN, R.H.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love
her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;

* A piece of money stamped with a cross.

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
 As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :
 But if thy love were ever like to mine,
 As sure I think did never man love so,
 How many actions most ridiculous
 Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy ?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily :
 If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
 That ever love did make thee run into,
 Thou hast not lov'd :
 Or if thou hast not talk'd as I do now,
 Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
 Thou hast not lov'd :
 Or if thou hast not broke from company,
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
 Thou hast not lov'd : O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe !

[*Exeunt Silvius, and Corin, R. II.*]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound, I
 have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine : I remember, when I was in
 love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him
 take that, for coming anight to Jane Smile : and I re-
 member the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs
 that her pretty chopp'd hands had milk'd : and I re-
 member the wooing of a peascod instead of her ; from
 whom I took two cods, and giving her them again,
 said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We,
 that are true lovers, run into strange capers ; but as
 all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal
 in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit,
 till I break my shins against it.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
 If he for gold will give us any food ;
 I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla ; you, clown ! (*Calls off, R. H.*)

Ros. Peace, fool ; he's not thy kinsman.

Enter CORIN, R.H.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say :—

Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed :
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My misfortunes were more able to relieve her :
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze ;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality :
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale ; and at our sheepecote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture ?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but ere-while,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty.
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages : I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold :

Go with me : if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, and ADAM, R.H.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further : O, I die for food ! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave, Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little : if this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable ; hold death awhile at the arm's end : I will here be with thee presently ; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die : but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said ! thou look'st cheerily ; and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air : Come, I will bear thee to some shelter ; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert, Cheerly, good Adam !

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Forest.*

A Banquet prepared.—(*Musick of Horns.*)

Enter Duke Senior, AMIENS, and four Lords, as Foresters, R.H.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast ;
For I can no where find him like a man.

Ami. My lord, he parted from me even now,
And he was merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars*, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres :—
Go, seek him ; tell him, I would speak with him.

Ami. He saves my labour, by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life is
this,
'That your poor friends must woo your company ?

Enter JAKES, L.H.

What ! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool !—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool ;—a miserable world !—

As I do live by food, I met a fool ;

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

Good morrow, fool, quoth I : No, sir, quoth he,

Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune :

And then he drew a dial from his poke ;

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says, very wisely, *Is it ten o'clock :*

Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags :

'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine ;

And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven ;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,

And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,

That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;

And I did laugh, sans intermission,

An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !

A worthy fool ! Motley's† the only wear.

(They all go to the Table.)

Enter ORLANDO, with his Sword drawn, L.H.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

* Made up of discords.—† The fool was anciently dressed in a party coloured coat.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,

That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred*,

And know some nurture†: but forbear, I say;

He dies, that touches any of this fruit,

Till I and my affairs are answered.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you; I thought, that all things had been savage here;

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern commandment; but,—whate'er you are,

That, in this desert inaccessible,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,—

If ever you have look'd on better days;

If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;

If ever sat at any good man's feast;

If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,

And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;

In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

(*Sheaths his sword.*)

Duke S. True is it, that we have seen better days;

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;

And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,

* Well brought up.—† Good manners.

And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love ; till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye ; and be bless'd for your good com-
fort ! *[Exit Orlando, L.H.]*

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy ;
'This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players ;
They have their exits, and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover ;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier ;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden* and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice ;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern† instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide

* Violent.—† Trite, common.

For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter ORLANDO, with ADAM, L.H.

Duke S. Welcome ; set down your venerable
 burden,
 And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need ;
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome ; fall to :—I will not trouble you
 As yet, to question you about your fortunes :—
 Give us some musick ; and, good cousin, sing.

*(During the latter part of the Song, the Duke
 and Orlando talk apart.)*

AMIEENS sings.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind**

*As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.*

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not hite so nigh*

*As benefits forgot ;
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd† not.*

Duke S. If that you were the good sir Rowland's
 son,—
 As you have whispered faithfully you were ;
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness

* Unnatural.—† Remembering.

Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,—
 Be truly welcome hither; I am the duke,
 That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
 Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is:
 Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, EUSTACE, LOUIS,
 Gentlemen, and Guards, L.H.*

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot
 be;

But, were I not the better part made mercy,
 I should not seek an absent argument
 Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it;
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
 Bring him dead or living,
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
 To seek a living in our territory.
 Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
 Till thou canst quit thee, by thy brother's mouth,
 Of what we think against thee.

Oli. Oh, that your highness knew my heart in this!
 I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out
 of doors;
 And let my officers of such a nature

Make an extent upon his house and lands ;
Do this expediently*, and turn him going.

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

[*Exeunt, R.R. Lords, L.H.*

SCENE II.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ORLANDO, with a Paper, L.H.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love :
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando ; carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive† she. [*Exit, L.H.*

Enter CORIN, and TOUCHSTONE, L.H.U.K.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone ?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life ; but, in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well ; but, in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ; but, in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well ; but, as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends.—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn : that good pasture makes fat sheep ; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun : that he, that hath learn'd no wit by nature nor art,

* Expeditiously.—† Inexpressible.

may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,——

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve-month, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, who takes down the Paper, which ORLANDO just now fix'd on the Tree, and reads it. L.H. U.E.

Ros. *From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.*

All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
 Are but black to Rosalind.
 Let no face be kept in mind,
 But the fair† of Rosalind.*

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together;
 dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted;
 it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste;—

If a hart do lack a hind,

Let him seek out Rosalind.

If the cat will after kind,

So, be sure, will Rosalind.

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,

Such a nut is Rosalind.

They that reap, must sheaf and bind;

Then to cart with Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Enter CELIA, reading a Paper, L.H. U.E.

Cel. Why should this desert silent be?

For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree;

That shall civil‡ sayings show.

Some, of violatèd vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence' end,

Will I Rosalinda write;

Teaching all that read, to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show;

Helen' cheek, but not her heart;

Clopatra's majesty;

* Delineated.—† Complexion, beauty.—‡ Grave, solemn.

Atalanta's better part ;

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

*Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live, and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back friends?—Shepherd, go off a little;—go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone, L.H.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here, what I found on yonder tree.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!*

* Out of all measure.

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? Quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this conceal'd marrow out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings. What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, heaven will send more, if the man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's† mouth first. 'Tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies‡, as to resolve the propositions of a lover;—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it droppeth forth such fruit.

* How was he dressed.—† The giant of Rabelais.—‡ Motes.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded night. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden : thou ring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know, I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out;—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

[*Celia and Rosalind retire, R.H.*]

Enter JAQUES, and ORLANDO, L.H.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. Heaven be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favourably.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when he was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings? Will you sit down with me? and the two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault, I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.
[*Exit Jaques, R.H.*]

CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a-clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else, sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? Had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal?

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man

that hath not the gout : for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study ; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain. These time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal ?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows : for, though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal ?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation : for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister ; here in the skirts of the forests, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so remov'd* a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many : but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man ; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it ; and I thank heaven, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women ?

Ros. There were none principal ; they were all like one another, as half-pence are : every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee recount some of them.

Ros. No ; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind ; if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shak'd ; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's masks upon you ; he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not a prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks ?

Ros. A lean cheek ; which you have not : a blue eye, and sunken ; which you have not : an unquestionable spirit* ; which you have not : a beard neglected ; which you have not :—but I pardon you for that ; for, simply, your having† in beard is a younger brother's revenue :—Then, your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man : you are rather point-device‡ in your accoutrements ; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it ? You may as soon make her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does ; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admir'd ?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak ?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness ; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark-house and a whip, as mad-men do : and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cur'd, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too : yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so ?

* A spirit averse to conversation.—† Estate.—‡ Over exact.

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish* youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing; as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick: and thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, and there shall not be one spot of love in't,

Orl. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt, R.H.]

Enter TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY, L.H.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: and how, Audrey: am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious† poet, honest Ovid, was among the

* Variable.—† Lascivious.

Goths.—When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly; unless thou wert hard favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut; though, I thank the gods, I am foul*.

Touch. Well, prais'd be the gods for thy foulness! sluttrishness may come hereafter. But, be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and, to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest; and to couple us.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen.—A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end

* Homely.

of his goods : right : many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife ; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns ? Even so.—Poor men alone ?—No, no ; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal*. Is the single man therefore bless'd ? No : as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor.—Come, sweet Audrey ;

We must be married, or we must live in hawdry.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Lawn, before a Cottage in the Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA, R.H.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prythee ; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep ?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire ; therefore weep.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning and comes not !

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so.

Cel. Yes ; I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer ; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love ?

* Lean deer are called rascal deer.

Cel. Yes, when he is in ; but I think, he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was, is not is ; besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster ; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings ; he attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question* with him ; he ask'd me, of what parentage I was ; I told him, of as good as he ; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando ?

Cel. O, that's a brave man ! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely ; but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides ;—Who comes here ?

Enter CORIN, L.H.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft enquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love ;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him ?

Cor. If you will see pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove ;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love ;—
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say,
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt, L.H.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS, and PHEBE, R.H.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not, Phebe,
Say, that you love me not ; but say not so

* Conversation.

In bitterness ; the common executioner,
 Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes
 hard,
 Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
 But first begs pardon ; will you sterner be
 Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.
 L.H.S.E.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner ;
 I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
 'Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye :
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;
 And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
 If ever, as that ever may be near,
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,*
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
 Come not thou near me ; and, when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;
 As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you ? (*Advancing.*) Who
 might be your mother,
 That you insult, exult, and all at once,
 Over the wretched ? What though you have some
 beauty,

As, by my faith, I see no more in you,
 Than without candle may go dark to bed,
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless ?—
 Why, what means this ? Why do you look on me ?
 I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
 Of nature's sale-work.—Od's my little life !
 I think she means to tangle my eyes too :—
 No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it ;
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
 That can entame my spirits to your worship.—

• Love.

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her?
 You are a thousand times a properer man,
 Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you,
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her:
 But, mistress, know yourself; down on your kness,
 And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
 Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.—
 Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
 So, take her to thee, shepherd.—Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together;
 I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me;
 For I am falser than vows made in wine:
 Besides, I like you not.—

Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard:
 Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
 And be not proud: though all the world could see,
 None could be so abus'd in sight as he,

(Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin. L.H.)

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.

Phe. Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee:
 And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
 But, since that thou canst talk of love so well,
 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
 I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
 But do not look for further recompense,
 Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.—
 Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
 And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds,
 That the old carlot* once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him ;
 I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
 I have more cause to hate him than to love him :
 For what had he to do to chide at me ?
 I marvel, why I answer'd not again :
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it : wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight ;
 The matter's in my head, and in my heart :
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short :
 Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt*, 1..H.]

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, R.H. and ORLANDO, L.H.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind !

Ros. Why, how now, Orlando ! where have you
 been all this while ? You a lover ?—An you serve me
 such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my
 promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love ? He that
 will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break
 but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the
 affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath
 clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-
 whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, and you be so tardy, come no more in
 my sight ; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail ?

Ros. Ay, of a snail ; for, though he comes slowly,
 he carries his house on his head ; a better jointure, I
 think, than you can make a woman. Come, woo me,
 woo me ; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like
 enough to consent.—What would you say to me now,
 an I were your very very Rosalind ?

Orl. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first : and, when

you were gruelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit : and for lovers, lacking matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied ?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.—Am not I your Rosalind ?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say,—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club ; yet he did what he could to die before ; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander,—he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night : for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned ; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies ; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind ; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly.—

Enter CELIA, R.H.

But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition ; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me ?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou ?

Ros. Are you not good ?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good

thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—what do you say, sister?

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,——*Will you, Orlando,*—

Cel. Go to.——Will you, Orlando, have to wife, this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now: as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando: men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen: more clamorous than a parrot against rain: more new-fangled than an ape: more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,* and I will do that, when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a hyena, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

Orl. Will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors † upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement: shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*

* Statues, and particularly that of Diana, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains.

† Bar the doors.

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that ?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

ROSALIND, sings.

*When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,—
Cuckoo,—
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !*

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,—
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !*

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner:—By two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much

and I thought no less :—that flattering tongue of yours won me ; 'tis but one castaway, and so—come death.—(*Crosses to R.H.*) Two o'clock is your hour ?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. (*Crosses to centre.*) By my troth, and in good earnest, and so heaven mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful ; therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind ; so, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try ; adieu !

[*Exit Orlando, L.H.*]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love ! but it cannot be sounded ; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless ; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought,* conceived of spleen, and born of madness,—that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love :—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando : I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS, L.H.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth ;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this :

(*Giving a letter.*)

* Melancholy.

I know not the contents ; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour : pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer ! bear this, bear all.
She says, I'm not fair ; that I lack manners ;
She calls me proud ; and, that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phoenix : od's my will !
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt ;
Why writes she so to me ?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents ;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and cruel style,
A style for challengers ; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian ; woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. —Will you hear the letter ?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet ;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me ; mark how the tyrant writes.
(*Reads.*) *Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?—

Can a woman rail thus ?

Sil. Call you this railing ?

Ros. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart ?

Did you ever hear such railing ?—

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—*

Meaning me a beast.—

If the scorn of your bright eyne†
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect ?

* Mischief.

† Eyes.

*Whiles you chid me, I did love ;
 How then might your prayers move ?
 He, that brings this love to thee,
 Little knows this love in me :
 And by him seal up thy mind ;
 Whether that thy youth and kind*
 Will the faithful offer take
 Of me, and all that I can make ;†
 Or else by him my love deny,
 And then I'll study how to die.*

(Crosses to R.H.)

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd !

Ros. Do you pity him ? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman ?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee !—not to be endured !—Well, go your way to her, (for, I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her ;—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee : if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word ; for here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius*, L.H.]

Enter OLIVER, L.H. S.E.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones ! Pray you, if you know

Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
 A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees ?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
 The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
 Left on your right hand, brings you to the place :
 But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
 There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
 Then I should know you by description:
 Such garments, and such years,—are not you

* The old word for nature.—† Raise as profit.

‘The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask’d, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both ;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin*.—Are you he ?

Ros. I am : What must we understand by this ?

Oli. Some of my shame ; if you will know of me
What man I am,—and how, and why, and where
‘This handkerchief was stain’d.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,—†
Lo, what befel !—he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself !
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss’d with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o’ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath’d itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach’d
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink’d itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush : under which bush’s shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for ’tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;
And he did render† him the most unnatural
That liv’d ’mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,

* Handkerchief.

† Love, which is always thus described by our old poets, as composed of contraries.—‡ Describe.

For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando ;—did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. 'Twice, did he turn his back, and purpos'd so ;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling*
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Ros. Are you his brother ?

Cel. Was it you he rescu'd ?

Ros. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?—

Oli. By, and by.—

When, from the first to last, betwixt us two,
'Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place :—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love ;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
'There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound ;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

(Rosalind faints.)

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede ? Sweet Gany-
mede ?

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it.—Cousin—Ganymede !

* Scuffle.

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth.—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited.—I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit,—there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come you look paler and paler; pray you draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us,

Oli. That will I; for I must bear answer back,
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something.—But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.

[*Exeunt Ros. led by Oliver and Celia, R.H.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A part of the Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY, L.H.*

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

* Audrey, is a corruption of the word Etheldreda.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis—he hath no interest in me in the world—here comes the man you mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown.—By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for—we shall be flouting—we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM, L.H.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. Give ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend.—Cover thy head, cover thy head—nay, pr'ythee be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir,

Touch. A ripe age.—Is thy name, William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name.—Wast born i'the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank heaven.

Touch. *Thank heaven*:—a good answer. Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not—it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying:—*The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand.—Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have: for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: for all you writers do consent that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which, in the common is,—woman,—which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; to wit, I kill thee, make thee away. translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. Rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit R.H.*]

Touch. Trip, Audrey; trip, Audrey. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Lawn, before a Cottage in the Forest.*

Enter OLIVER, and ORLANDO, L.H.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? That, but seeing, you should love her? And, loving, woo? And, wooing, she should grant? And will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting: but say with me, I love Aliena: say with her, that she loves me: consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers.

Enter ROSALIND, R.H.

Go you, and prepare Aliena: for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. Heaven save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—*I came, saw, and overcame*: for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd: no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason! no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them.*

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is, to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose), I can do strange things; I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in this art, and yet not damnable. If you do

* It was a custom, in Shakspear's time, on the breaking out of a fray, to call "*Clubs—clubs,*" to *part*, the combatants.

love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her : I know into what straits of fortune she is driven ; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes, human as she is,* and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings ?

Ros. By my life, I do ; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician : therefore, put you in your best array ; bid† your friends ; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall ; and to Rosalind, if you will.—Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter PHEBE, and SILVIUS, L.B.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have : it is my study, To seem spiteful and ungentle to you : You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd ; Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;— And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service— And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman—Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, (*To Silvius.*) if I can :—I would love you, (*To Phebe.*) if I could.—Anon meet me all to together.—I will marry you, (*To Phebe.*) if

* That is not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rite of incantation.

† Invite. .

ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow :—I will content you, (*To Silvius.*) if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow :—I will satisfy you, (*To Orlando.*) if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you love Rosalind, meet ;—as you, love Phebe, meet ;—and, as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well ; I have left you commands.

[*Crosses to L.H. and Exit.*]

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Pha. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter DUKE senior, ORLANDO, OLIVER, CELIA, JAQUES, SILVIUS, and PHEBE, R.H. U.E.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised ?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not ; As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, L.H.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd ;—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

(*To the Duke.*)

You will bestow her on Orlando here ?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her ?

(*To Orlando.*)

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing ?

(*To Phebe.*)

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you 'll have Phebe, if she will ?
(*To Silvius.*)

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me ;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd ;—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me :—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, and Celia, R.H.*]

Duke. S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter ;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born :
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

(*TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY without, L.H.*)

Touch. Come along, Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and
these couples are coming to the ark ! Here comes a
pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are
call'd fools.

Enter TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY, L.H.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all !

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome ; this is the
motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met
in the forest ; he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to

my purgation. I have trod a measure;* I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. Heaven 'ild† you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:‡—a poor virgin, sir,—an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own;—a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause: how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times remov'd;—bear your body more seeming,§ Audrey;—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was. This is call'd the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself. This is call'd the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment.—This is call'd the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true:—This is called the *Reproof*

* A stately solemn dance.—† Reward.

‡ When a man marries he swears to keep only to his wife; but when he leaves her for another, blood breaks his matrimonial obligation, and he is forsworn.—§ Seemly.

valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie.—This is call'd the *Countercheck quarrelsome* : and so to the *Lie Circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the lie direct, and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book ; as you have books for good manners : I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous—the second, the Quip modest—the third, the Reply churlish—the fourth, the reproof valiant—the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome—the sixth, the Lie with circumstance—the seventh, the Lie direct—all these you may avoid, but the lie direct—and, you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel ; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so ; then I said so* ; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker ; much virtue in *If*.

(*Touch. Aul. and Syl. go up the stage, L.H.*)

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord ? He's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,* and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS, L.H.

Ja. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two, I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly ;—
Duke Frederick hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power ; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take

* A horse, either real or factitious, by which the fowler anciently sheltered himself from the sight of the game.

His brother here, and put him to the sword ;
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;
 Where meeting with an old religious man,
 After some questions with him, was converted
 Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
 His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
 And all their lands restor'd to them again
 That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
 I do engage my life,

Duke S. Welcome, young man,
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's, wedding.

Enter two Cupids, waving on eight Masquers.
(A Dance.)

Enter HYMEN, L.H. U.E.

HYMEN, SINGS.

*Then is there mirth in heaven,
 When earthly things made even
 Atone together.
 Good duke, receive thy daughter,
 Hymen from heaven brought her,
 Yea, brought her hither ;
 That thou might'st join her hand with his,
 Whose heart within her bosom is.*

(At the end of the song, Hymen leads forward Rosalind in Women's Clothes from R.H.—she is followed by Celia, in her own dress,—and Hymen leads away the Cupids and Masquers. During the ballet, Jaques, Oliver, Jaques de Bois, and Orlando, are R.H.)

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

(To Duke S.)

To you I give myself, for I am yours. *(To Orlando.)*

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father if you be not he;—

(*To Duke S.*)

I'll have no husband, if you be not he; (*To Orlando.*)

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. (*To Phebe.*)

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

First, in this forest let us do those ends

That here were well begun and well begot;

And after, every of this happy number,

That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,

And fall into our rustick revelry:—

Play, musick;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life,

And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I; out of these convertites

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—

You to your former honour I bequeath;

(*To Duke S.*)

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it;—

You (*To Orlando.*) to a love, that your true faith doth
merit;—

You (*To Oliver.*) to your land, and love, and great
allies;—

You (*To Silvius.*) to a long and well deserved bed;—

And you (*To Touchstone.*) to wrangling; for thy
loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd.

Touch. Come along, Audrey.

[*Exeunt Touchstone and Audrey, L.H.*]

Jaq. So to your pleasures;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I;—what you would have, I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Duke S. Proceed, proceed; we will begin these rites, And we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

Ros. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush**, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue.—Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am nor furnish'd† like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you—and, I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them;—and so I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as, I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them), that, between you and the women, the play may please. If I were among you, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, and complexions that lik'd me‡: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, will, for my kind offer, when I make my curt'sy, bid me farewell.

* It was formerly the fashion to hang a tuft of ivy at the door of a vintner, probably, as it has a relation to Bacchus.

† Dressed.—‡ That I liked.





MR C. KEMBLE,
AS FAULCONBRIDGE.

Engraved by T. Hodgkiss from a Drawing by J. Hodgkiss

Oxberry's Edition.

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. Remarks.

KING JOHN.

KING JOHN, though certainly not the best, is amongst the best, of Shakspeare's Tragic Dramas; there is in it, a great variety of characters and all distinguished with most wonderful precision. The great defect is, that the interest does not sufficiently centre in any one individual of the play, and the death of King John, the ultimate object, is not obviously connected with the minor incidents; yet, even this last censure must be admitted within certain limits, for a connexion does exist between the general events and the catastrophe, though not perhaps very strongly marked; the quarrel with France, respecting Arthur, leads to the invasion of that country, the invasion to a treaty; and from the breaking of this treaty, by the papal ban, arises the violent seizure of the property of the Church, and this again induces the poisoning of the monarch, by a revengeful monk.. In all this, there seems to be no want of context; not a link in the chain is broken; the fact seems to be, that the beginning and the end are too remote from each other; there are too many connecting links between the first and the last object, that when we have attained the one, we lose sight of the other.

The character of John, though drawn with great accuracy and vigour is not precisely one of those which affect our sympathy or excite our admiration; vice, when accompanied by any splendid quality, whether it be wit, or mind, or courage, is sure to obtain our reluctant approbation; in the scale of depravity, Richard is infinitely above King John, yet the giant iniquities of the former always delight; while the cold, weak, suspicious John lives without our pleasure and dies without our regret. Not that we would infer that the character of John is less true to nature; far from it, but there are some virtues as well as vices, which are too quiet to excite our sympathy.

Faulconbridge, is one of those characters which Shakspeare apparently delighted to draw, and in which he has never found a rival. In Congreve, and in the French Comedies, all the witty characters seem to be wits by profession; their aim is, ever to say, smart pointed things; and certainly, these efforts are successful;—but Shakspeare's **Faulconbridge** has no effort; he is humorous from the overflowing abundance of his fancy, and from animal spirits that are incapable of restraint; with him wit is a part of his nature, a quality which he can no more change than the height of his stature;—with the French, wit is an assumption; a thing of education, or rather of habit.

The grief of **Constance**, on the loss of her darling child, is another proof of Shakspeare's admirable knowledge of the human heart; it is not only true to nature, but true to character; it is indeed royal grief.

The scene between **Hubert** and the child, though it has been much praised, has little deserved it; the wretched conceits put into the mouth of young **Arthur**, are fatal to it; and, neither on the stage, or in the closet, does it produce the least effect.

As a whole, though the plot is far from excellent, and the language with few exceptions is not of the first order, yet the variety and exquisite truth of the characters, place it high in the scale of dramatic composition.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is two hours and thirty minutes. The first act occupies the space of thirty minutes;—the second, twenty-nine;—the third, thirty;—the fourth thirty-five;—and the fifth, twenty-six. The half price commences, generally, at a quarter before nine o'clock.

Costume.

KING JOHN.

Orange kerseymere tunick, richly embroidered, purple velvet robe embroidered, chain armour for the legs and arms, gauntlets, and helmet.

PRINCE HENRY.

Scarlet kerseymere old English dress embroidered with gold.

PRINCE ARTHUR.

White kerseymere old English dress.

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Black velvet old English dress, amber satin puffs, and dress richly embroidered.

EARL OF ESSEX.

A green old English dress, white satin puffs and richly embroidered.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

A fawn coloured old English dress, and white satin puffs embroidered with silver.

HUBERT.

A black velvet old English dress, and black satin puffs.

FAULCONBRIDGE.

First dress.—Brown old English tunick with buff satin trimming, and buff kerseymere pantaloons. Second dress.—Mail armour.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.

A fawn coloured old English tunick, and pantaloons trimmed with sky-blue.

JAMES GURNEY.

A green tunick, and pantaloons trimmed with amber coloured satin.

ENGLISH HERALD.

A buff old English dress trimmed with silver, and a Herald's coat.

FRENCH HERALD.

A blue jacket and trunks, and a Herald's coat.

ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.

A complete suit of armour.

KING OF FRANCE.

White tunick, and crimson robe, richly embroidered.

DAUPHIN.

First dress.—A white purple dress, richly embroidered. Second dress.—A complete suit of armour.

CARDINAL.

A scarlet chemise and robe, a scarlet hat, and dress trimmed with point lace.

CONSTANCE.

Black velvet dress trimmed with gold.

QUEEN.

Purple velvet dress trimmed with gold.

BLANCH.

White satin dress trimmed with point lace and beads.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Grey cloth dress trimmed with black velvet, open in the front, and white satin petticoat.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-lane.</i>	<i>Covent-garden.</i>
<i>John, King of England</i>	Mr. Kean.	Mr. Young.
<i>Prince Henry</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Menage.
<i>Earl of Pembroke</i>	Mr. S. Stanley.	Mr. Treby.
<i>Earl of Essex</i>	Mr. Kent.	Mr. T. Matthews.
<i>Earl of Salisbury</i>	Mr. Bengough.	Mr. Connor.
<i>Hubert</i>	Mr. Pope.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Faulconbridge</i>	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Robert Faulconbridge</i>	Mr. Coveney.	Mr. King.
<i>English Herald</i>	Mr. Minton.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>James Gurney</i>	Mr. Miller.	Mr. Crumpton.
<i>1st Executioner</i>	Mr. Ebsworth.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>2nd Executioner</i>	Mr. Buxton.	Mr. Banks.
<i>Philip, King of France</i>	Mr. R. Phillips.	Mr. B. Thornton.
<i>Lewis, the Dauphin</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Prince Arthur</i>	Miss C. Carr.	Miss Boden.
<i>Archduke of Austria</i>	Mr. T. P. Cooke.	Mr. Comer.
<i>Cardinal Pandulph</i>	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Chatillon</i>	Mr. Carr.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>French Herald</i>	Mr. Marshall.	Mr. Faucit.
<i>Citizens of Angiers</i>	} Mr. Powell.	Mr. Duruset.
		Mr. Collet.
		Mr. Platt.
<i>Queen Elinor</i>	Miss Tidswell.	Mrs. Egerton.
<i>The Lady Constance</i>	Miss Macauley.	Miss O'Neill.
<i>Blanch, of Castile</i>	Mrs. Robinson.	Miss Foote.
<i>Lady Faulconbridge</i>	Mrs. Coveney.	Miss Logau.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.	is meant,	Right Hand.
L.H.		Left Hand.
S.E.		Second Entrance.
U.E.		Upper Entrance.
M.D.		Middle Door.
U.F.		Door in Flat.
R.H.D.		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.		Left Hand Door.

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*England.—The Palace.*

(Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.)

King JOHN upon the Throne, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, HUBERT, French Gentlemen and CHATILLON, on his R.H. SALISBURY, and ESSEX, on his L.H.—Guards and English Gentlemen on each side the Throne.

John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us ?

Cha. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
(Puts on his cap.)

In my behaviour* to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning,—borrow'd majesty !

John. Silence, good mother ; hear the embassy.

Cha. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother, Geffrey's son,

* In the manner I now do.

Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
 To this fair island and the territories;
 To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine :
 Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
 Which sways usurpingly these several titles ;
 And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
 Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

John. What follows, if we disallow of this ?

Cha. The proud control* of fierce and bloody war,
 To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

John. Here have we war for war, and blood for
 blood,
 Controlment for controlment—so answer France.

Cha. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
 The furthest limit of my embassy.

(*Takes off his cap.*)

John. Bear mine to him : and so depart in peace :
 Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France ;
 For ere thou canst report I will be there,
 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
 So, hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
 And sullen presage of your own decay.—
 An honourable conduct let him have ;
 Hubert, look to't.—Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt Chatillon, Hubert, and the French
 Gentlemen, R.H.*]

Eli. What now, my son ? have I not ever said,
 How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
 Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
 Upon the right and party of her son ?
 This might have been prevented and made whole,
 With very easy arguments of love ;
 Which now the manage† of two kingdoms must
 With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

Enter English Herald, who whispers Essex, L.H.

John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

* Opposition.—† Conduct, administration.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me.

Ess. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men?

John. Let them approach.—

[*Exit English Herald, L.H.*

Our abbies, and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.—

*Enter English Herald with PHILIP, and ROBERT
FAULCONBRIDGE, L.H.*

What men are you?

[*Exit English Herald, L.H.*

Faul. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir of that same Faulconbridge.

John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Faul. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father;
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy
mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Faul. I, madam? No, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.
Heav'n guard my mother's honour and my land!

John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger
born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance ?

Faul. I know not why, except to get the land.—
But once he slander'd me with bastardy :
But whether I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head ;
But that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me !)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him :—
O, old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us
here !

Eli. He hath a trick* of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.—
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man ?

John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land ?

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much—

Faul. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak :
But truth, is truth : large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed, he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me : and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his—

And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers ;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives.—

Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his ?

Faul. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather, be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land ;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence*, and no land beside ?

Faul. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him ;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd ; my face so thin ;
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face ;
I would not be sir Nob† in any case.

Eli. I like thee well.—Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me ?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Faul. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance—

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year ;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Faul. Our country manners give our betters way.

John. What is thy name ?

* Great in thine own person.

† Sir Nob is used contemptuously for Sir Robert.

Faul. Philip, my liege,—so is my name begun ;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

John. From henceforth bear his name, whose form
thou bear'st.

Kneel thou down, Philip, but arise more great ;
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Faul. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your
hand ;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

John. (*Comes down.*) Go, Faulconbridge ! now hast
thou thy desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—

[*Exit, Robert Faulconbridge, L.H.*

Come, madam, and come, Richard,—we must speed
For France, for France : for it is more than need.

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

[*Exeunt all but Faulconbridge.*—*King John,*
and Elinor, led by Pembroke, R.H.—*Salisbury,*
Essex, and two English Gentlemen and La-
adies, R.H. U.R.

Faul. A foot of honour better than I was ;
But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.—

“ *Good den* sir Richard* ” — “ *God-a-mercy fel-*
low ! ”

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter ;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names ;
But who comes in such haste ?

What woman-post is this ? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her ?—
O me ! it is my mother.

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, and GURNEY, L.H.

How now, good lady ?

What brings you here to court so hastily ?

* Good evening.

L. Faul. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Faul. My brother Robert? Old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

L. Faul. Sir Robert's son! Aye, thou unreverend boy,

Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?

He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Faul. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?
(Crosses to Centre.)

Gur. Good leave,* good Philip.

Faul. Philip?—Sparrow!—James,
There's toys abroad†; anon I'll tell thee more.

[Exit Gurney, L.H.]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good Friday, and ne'er broke his fast.

Sir Robert could do well;—marry, (to confess,)

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;

We know his handy-work.—Therefore, good mother;

To whom am I beholden for these limbs?

Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

L. Faul. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Faul. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like‡!—

What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.—

But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;

I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land—

Legitimation, name, and all is gone:

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;—

Some proper man, I hope.—Who was it, mother?

L. Faul. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Faul. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

* A ready assent.—† Rumours, idle reports.—‡ A character in an old drama, called Soliman and Perseda.

L. Faul. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father ;

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed :
Thou art the issue of my dear offence.—
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge !

Faul. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours ; your fault was not your folly :
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ah, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father !
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.—

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin ;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin—
Who says, it was, he lies ; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*France.—The Walls of Angiers.*

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, R.H.*)

*Enter PHILIP, King of France, LEWIS, the Dauphin,
L.H. ARTHUR, CONSTANCE, the Archduke of
AUSTRIA, French Herald, Gentlemen, a Trumpet,
and Guards, R.H.*

Phil. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,

Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,*
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave;
 And, for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance† hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.—
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. (To Austria.) Heaven shall forgive you
 Cœur de-lion's death,
 The rather, that you give his offspring life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love.
 Welcome, before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love;
 That to my home I will no more return,
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,‡
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Salute thee for her king; till then, fair boy,
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Con. (Crosses to Austria.) O, take his mother's
 thanks, a widow's thanks,
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
 To make a more§ requital to your love.

* It is sayd that a lyon was put to kynge Richard, beynge in prison, to have devoured him, and when the lyon was gapyunge he put his arme in his mouth and pulled the lyon by the harte so hard, that he slewe the lyon; and therefore some say he is called Rycharde Cure de Lyon. Some say he is called Cure de Lyon, because of his boldness and hardy stomake.—*Rastal's Chronicle.*

† Importunity.

‡ England is supposed to be called Albion from the white rocks facing France.

§ Greater. .

Aus. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their
swords

In such a just and charitable war.

Phil. Well then, to work ; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Con. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood :
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war ;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

(*A Trumpet sounds, L.H.*)

Phil. A wonder, lady !—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—

Enter CHATILLON, and two French Gentlemen, L.H.

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord ;
Chatillon, speak.

Cha. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms—the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.—
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Atè*, stirring him to blood and strife :
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain :
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd ;
And all the unsettled humours of the land.—
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath† in Christendom.—

(*A March at a distance, L.H. U.B.*)

* The Goddess of Revenge,—† Destruction, harm.

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance—they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight ; therefore, prepare.

Phil. How much unlook'd for is this expedition !
(*A March in Orchestra.*)

*Enter King JOHN, FAULCONBRIDGE, ELINOR, SALIS-
BURY, BLANCH, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, HUBERT,
English Herald, Gentlemen, a Trumpet, and
Guards, L.H.*

John. Peace be to France ; if France in peace
permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own !
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven !

Phil. Peace be to England : if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace !—
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face :—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his :
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son ; England was Geoffrey's right,
And this is Geoffrey's. In the name of heaven,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'er masterest ?

John. From whom hast thou this great commission
France,
To draw my answer from thy articles ?

Phil. From that supernal Judge, that stirs good
thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy ;
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong.

John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

Phil. Excuse ;—it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France ?

Con. Let me make answer :—thy usurping son.

Arth. Good my mother, peace !

I would, that I were low laid in my grave ;

I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him 'so, poor boy, he weeps.

Con. His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ;

Ay, with these crystal heads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth !

Aust. Peace !

Faul. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou ?

Faul. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide* and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard ;
I'll smoke your skin-coat and I catch you right ;
Sirrah, look to't : i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Phil. King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

John. My life as soon ;—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.

Phil. Some trumpet summon hither to the walls,
These men of Angiers : let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's, or John's.

(The French trumpet sounds a parley.)

Enter Three Citizens upon the walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls ?

Phil. 'Tis France for England.

* Austria, who killed Richard Cœur de Lion, wore, as the spoil of that prince, a lion's hide, which had belonged to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the bastard very natural.

John. England, for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

Our trumpet called you to this gentle parle.

John. For our advantage ;—therefore, hear us first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here

Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Have hither march'd to your endamagement : .

All preparation for a bloody siege,

And merciless proceeding by these French,

Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates ;*

But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,

Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle :

And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,

To make a shaking fever in your walls,

They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,

To make a faithless error in your ears ;

Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,

And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,

Forweary'd† in this action of swift speed,

Crave harbourage within your city walls.

Phil. When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo, in this right hand,

Stands young Plantagenet ;

Son to the elder brother of this man,

And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :

For this down-trodden equity, we tread

In warlike march these greens before your town ;

Being no further enemy to you,

Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,

In the relief of this oppressed child,

Religiously provokes.

Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,

In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?

Or shall we give the signal to our rage,

And stalk in blood to our possession ?

* Gates, hastily closed from an apprehension of danger.

† Worn out.

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects ;—

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not ; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal ; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king ?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Faul. Bastards, and else.

John. To verify our title with their lives.

Phil. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

Faul. Some bastards too.

Phil. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

John. Then heaven forgive the sin of all those
souls,

That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king !

Phil. Amen, amen !—Mount, chevaliers ! to arms !
(*Flourish of Drums, and Trumpets.*)

[*Exeunt, all but Austria, and Faulconbridge, the
English, L.H. and the French, R.H.*]

Faul. Saint George, that swing'd the dragon, an
e'er since,

Sits on his horseback, at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence !—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace ; no more.

Faul. O, tremble ; for you hear the lion roar.

[*Exeunt Austria, R.H. and Faulconbridge, L.H.
(Alarms R.H. and L.H.)*]

Enter French Herald, R.H. with a trumpet, who sounds a parley.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in ;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground ;
While victory with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French ;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, L.H. with a trumpet, who sounds a parley.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells ;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day !
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Died in the dying slaughter of their foes :
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies ; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured ;*
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
blows ;

One must prove greatest ; while they weigh, so even,
We hold our town for neither : yet for both.

(*A charge.*)

* Cannot be estimated.

*Enter the two Kings, with their Powers, as before,
the English, L.H. the French, R.H.*

John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast
away ?

Say, shall the current of our right run on ?

Phil. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of
blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France ;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth, this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we
bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead.

Faul. Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !
Why stands these royal fronts amazed thus ?
Cry, havock, kings !* back to the stained field,
You equal potents,† fiery kindled spirits !
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace : till then, blows, blood, and death !
(*Goes up to the Gates.*)

John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit ?

Phil. Speak, citizens, for England ; who's your
king ?

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

John. In us, that are our own great deputy ;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this ;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates.

Faul. By heaven, these scroyles‡ of Angiers flout
you, kings ; (*Comes down between the Kings.*)

* That is command slaughter to proceed.—† Potentates.

‡ Escrouilles, *Fr. i. e.* scabby, scrophulous fellows.

Your royal presences be ruled by me :
 Be friends a while and both conjointly bend
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town ;
 By east and west let France and England mount
 Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths ;
 Till their soul-fearing clamours* have brawl'd down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again ;
 Turn face to face and bloody point to point ;
 Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion ;
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?
 Smacks it not something of the policy ?

John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
 I like it well ;—France, shall we knit our powers,
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;
 Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

Phil. Let it be so :—Say, where will you assault ?

John. We from the west will send destruction
 Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

Phil. Our thunder from the south
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faul. O prudent discipline ! From north to south ;
 Austria and France shoot in each others mouth ;—
 I'll stir them to it ;—(*Aside.*) Come, away, away !

(*Each party move, R.H. and L.H.*)

Cit. Hear us, great kings Vouchsafe a while to stay,
 And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league ;
 Win you this city without stroke or wound.
 Persevere not, but hear me, mighty kings.

John. Speak on, with favour ; we are bent to hear.
 (*All sheath their swords.*)

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
 Is near to England : Look upon the years

* Soul appalling.

Of Lewis the dauphin, and that lovely maid,
 O, two such silver currents, when they join,
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in :
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
 To these two princes^k, if you marry them.
 This union shall do more than battery can,
 To our fast-closed gates ;

(*Elinor gives Blanch to King John.*)

Without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
 More free from motion : no, not death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

Faul. Here's a stay,
 That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
 Out of his rags ! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas ;
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs !
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?
 Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words
 Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

Phil. What say'st thou, boy ? look in the lady's
 face.

Lew. I do, my lord ; and in her eye I find
 A wonder or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow of myself,
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye

(*King John, King Philip, Lewis, and Blanch,
 talk apart.*)

Faul. Drawn in the flattering table* of her eye !—
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow !
 And quarter'd in her heart !—he doth espy
 Himself love's traitor. This is pity now,

* Table, is picture, or rather, the board or canvas on which any
 object is painted.

That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

John. What say these young ones? What say you,
my niece?

Blan. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

John. Speak then, prince dauphin; can you love
this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

John. Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

Phil. It likes us well;—Young princees, close your
hands. (*Gives Blanch to Lewis who is R.H.*)
Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made.—

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Is not the lady Constance in this troop?

Lew. She is, sad and passionate*, at your highness'
tent.

Phil. Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady!

(*The Citizens open the gates, and enter, to pre-
sent the keys of the town.*)

John. We will heal up all:
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance,
Some speedy messenger; bid her repair
To our solemnity.—

[*Exit Salisbury, L.H.*]

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared, pomp.

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

[*Exeunt all but Faulconbridge, into the town.*]

Faul. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part: †

* Passionate, in this instance does not signify disposed to anger,
but a prey to mournful sensations.

† To part and to depart were formerly synonymous.

And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on ;
 Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
 As heaven's own soldier,) rounded in the ear *
 With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil ;
 That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity. †
 This bawd, this broker, ‡ this all-changing word,
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,
 To a most base and vile concluded peace.—
 And why rail I on this commodity ?
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :
 Not that I have the power to clutch § my hand,
 When his fair angels ¶ would salute my palm ;
 But for || my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich ;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say,—there is no vice, but beggary :
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord ! for I will worship thee !

[*Exit into the town.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*France. The French King's Tent.*

*Enter ARTHUR, CONSTANCE, L.H. and SALISBURY,
 R.H. through the tent.*

Con. Gone to be married ! gone to swear a peace !
 False blood to false blood join'd ! Gone to be friends !
 Shall Lewis have Blanch ? and Blanch those provinces ?

* Whispered.— † Interest.

‡ A broker in old language meant a pimp or procuress.

§ To grasp close. ¶ Gold coin, || Because.

It is not so ; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard ;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.—

Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?
Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true ?

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That gave you cause to prove my saying true.

Con. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die.
Lewis marry Blanch ! O, boy, then where art thou ?
France friend with England ! what becomes of me ?—
Fellow, be gone ; I cannot brook thy sight.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Con. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content :
But thou art fair ; and at thy birth,—dear boy !—
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great :
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose : but fortune, O !
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee :
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John ;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty.
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France, forsworn ?
Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone,
Am bound to underbear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Con. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with
thee :

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great,

That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up : here I and sorrow sit ;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
*(Throws herself on the ground, L.H.—Arthur stands
 on her L.H.)*

(Flourish of Drums and trumpets, L.H. U.E.)

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,
 AUSTRIA, ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE, CHATILLON,
 PEMBROKE, ESSEX, HUBERT, *English Herald,*
French Herald, English and French Gentlemen,
and Guards, from the Tent, L.H. U.E.

*(King John, on his entrance takes his seat L.H. Elinor
 is at his L.H. and behind his chair Faulconbridge,
 next to the Queen stands Hubert then Essex, Pem-
 broke and Salisbury—then Lewis, Blanch, and
 Chatillon.)*

Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day,
 Ever in France shall be kept festival ;
 The yearly course, that brings this day about,
 Shall never see it but a holyday.

Con. (Rising.) A wicked day, and not a holy day !
 What hath this day deserv'd ? What hath it done ;
 That it in golden letters should be set,
 Among the high tides,* in the kalendar ?
 Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week ;
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury ;
 This day, all things begun come to ill end ;
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

Phil. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day ;
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

Con. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
 Resembling majesty ; which, being touch'd, and tried
 Proves valueless ; you are foresworn, foresworn ;
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,

* Solemn seasons.

But now in arms you strengthen it with yours ;
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league ;—

(*King Philip seats himself, R.H.*)

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings !
 A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day
 Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sun-set,
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !
 Hear me, O, hear me !

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Con. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war :
 O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil. Thou slave, thou wretch, thou
 coward :

Thou little valiant, great in villainy !
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight,
 But when her humourous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety !
 Thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
 Been sworn my soldier ? Bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
 Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
 And hang a calf's-skin* on those recreant limbs.

(*Crosses to R.H.—Arthur follows her.*)

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to
 me !

Faul. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
 limbs. (*From behind King John's chair.*)

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life :

Faul. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
 limbs. (*Rushing down to the front of the stage.*)

* When fools were kept for diversion in great families, they were distinguished by a calf's-skin coat, which had the buttons down the back, and this they wore that they might be known for fools, and escape the resentment of those whom they provoked with their waggeries.

John. We like not this : thou dost forget thyself.
(Faulconbridge and Austria return to their former situations.)

(A Trumpet sounds, L.H.)

Enter Cardinal PANDULPH, attended.

Phil. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pan. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven !—
 To thee king John, my holy errand is.
 I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
 And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
 Do, in his name, religiously demand,
 Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
 So wilfully does spurn, and force perforce
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see ?
 This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
 Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

John. What earthly name to interrogatories
 Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?
 Thou canst not, cardinal devise a name
 So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,
 To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
 Tell him this tale ; and from the mouth of England,
 Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions :
 But as we under heaven are supreme head,
 So, under him that great supremacy,
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand :
 So tell the pope ; all reverence set apart
 To him and his usurp'd authority.

Phil. Brother of England you blaspheme in this.

John Though you, and all the kings of Christendom
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out ;
 And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,

Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
 Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
 Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
 Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pan. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
 Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate:
 And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
 From his allegiance to an heretick;
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 That takes away by any secret course
 Thy hateful life.

Con. O, lawful let it be,
 That I have leave with Rome to curse awhile!
 Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
 To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pan. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretick;
 And raise the power of France upon his head,
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Faul. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
 Because—

Faul. Your breeches best may carry them.

John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Con. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Phil. Good reverend father, make my person
 yours,

And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
 This royal hand and mine are newly knit:
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret? *
 My reverend father, let it not be so:
 Out of your grace; devise; ordain, impose
 Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
 To do your pleasure; and continue friends.

* Exchange of salutation.

Pan. All form is formless, order-orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.
 Therefore, to arms ! be champion of our church !
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
 France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pan. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith ;
 O, let thy vow
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd ;
 That is, to be the champion of our church !
 If not, then know,
 The peril of our curses light on thee,
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion !

Faul. Will't not be ?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?

Lew. Father, to arms !

Blan. Upon thy wedding-day ?
 Against the blood that thou hast married ?
 What ! shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men ?
 O husband, hear me !—Even for that name,
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
 Against mine uncle.

Con. O, upon my knee,
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
 Thou virtuous dauphin, alter not the doom
 Forethought by heaven.

Blan. Now shall I see thy love. What motive
 may
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?

Con. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
 His honour : O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour !

Lew. I muse ! your majesty doth seem so cold,
 When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pan. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

Phil. Thou shalt not need :— (*The King's rise.*)
England, I'll fall from thee.

(*Pandulph retires up the stage.*)

Con. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[*Exit Faulconbridge, L.H.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of France.

Phil. Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

John. No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie!

(*A Charge.*)

[*Exeunt, The English, L.H. French, R.H.*

SCENE II.—*France. A Field of Battle. Alarums.*

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, L.H.

Faul. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy * devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. (*A Charge.*)

Enter AUSTRIA, R.H.

(*Faulconbridge and Austria engage; Faulconbridge drives Austria off the stage, R.H. and presently re-enters, R.H. with the lion's skin in his hand.*)

Faul. Austria's head lie there;
While Philip breathes. (*A Charge.*)

* Shakspeare here, probably alludes to the distractions and divisions of some of the demonologists, so much regarded in his time. They distributed the devils into different tribes and classes; each of which had its peculiar qualities, attributes, &c.

*Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, English Gentlemen, and
HUBERT, L.H.*

John. Hubert, keep this boy; (*He passes Arthur over to Hubert, who hurries off with him, R.H.*)
Philip, make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Faul. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. (*A Charge.*)
[*Exeunt, R.H.*

SCENE III.—*France. Another Part of the Field.*

(*A Retreat sounded. R.H. till the King sheaths his sword.*)

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, HUBERT, English Gentlemen, English Herald, and Guards, R.H. Faulconbridge stands in front at the King's L.H.—Arthur next the king, at his R.H. and at Arthur's R.H. Elinor—Hubert a little retired towards L.H.—Pembroke, Salisbury and Essex, in the centre, at the further end of the stage—English Gentlemen &c. on each side of them.

John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:
(*To Arthur.*)

Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

John. Cousin, away for England: haste before:
(*To Faulconbridge.*)

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels

Set at liberty : the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon :
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Faul. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me
back,

When gold and silver beckons me to come on.
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your fair safety ; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

John. Coz, farewell.

[*Exit Faulconbridge, L.H.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.
(*Taking Arthur aside, R.H. U.E.*)

John. Come hither, Hubert.—(*Hubert advances, L.H.*)

O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love :
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so
yet :

But thou shalt have : and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say ;—but let it go :
The sun is in the heaven ; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,*
To give me audience :—if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;

* Showy ornaments.

KING JOHN.

Or if that surly spirit, Melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;—
Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, Laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes ;—
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit * alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts ;
But, ah ! I will not ;—yet, I love thee well ;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I'd do't.

John. Do not I know, thou would'st ?—
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way ;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me ?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

John. Death.

Hub. My lord ?

John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

John. Enough.—

I could be merry now.—Hubert, I love thee ;—
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee.—

Remember.—(*The King crosses to L.H. Hubert takes
Arthur by his left hand.*) Madam fare you well ;
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee !

[*Exeunt Elinor, and English Gentlemen, R.H.*]

John. For England, cousin ; go :
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

* Conception.

With all true duty, On, toward Calais, ho!—
Hubert, remember.—

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, L.H.*)
[*Exeunt King John, Hubert, and Arthur, L.H.*
Lords, Gentlemen, Herald, and Guards, L.H. U.E.]

SCENE IV.—*France. The French Court.*

Enter LEWIS, King PHILIP, and PANDULPH, R.H.

Phil. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado * of convicted † sail
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pan. Courage and comfort; all shall yet go well.

Phil. What can go well, when we have run so
ill?

Are we not beaten? It not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner?
And bloody England into England gone.
O'erbearing interruption? spite of France?
Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—

Enter CONSTANCE, R.H.

I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Con. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

Phil. Patience, good lady! Comfort, gentle Con-
stance!

Con. No, I defy ‡ all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

(*Crosses between the King and Cardinal.*)

* Armado, is a spanish word signifying a fleet of war.

† To convict and to convince were in our authors time synony-
mous.

‡ To defy anciently signified to refuse.

Phil. O fair affliction, peace.

Con. No, no, I will not, having[†] breath to cry :
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !
Then with a passion would I shake the world ;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern * invocation.

Pan. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Con. Thou art not holy to belie me so ;
I am not mad : this hair I tear, is mine ;
My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife ;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :
I am not mad ;—I would to heaven, I were !
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :
O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—

Phil. Bind up those tresses.

Con. To England, if you will.

Phil. Bind up your hairs.

Con. O, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :
If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire, †
There was not such a gracious ‡ creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pan. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Con. He talks to me, that never had a son.

Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Con. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;

* Trite, ordinary, common. † Breathe. ‡ Graceful.

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !

(Crosses to R.H.)

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure !

[Exit R.H.]

Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[Exit R.H.]

Lew. There's nothing in this world, can make me
joy :

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields naught, but shame and bitterness.

Pan. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest ; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil :
What have you lost by losing of this day ?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pan. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
John hath seiz'd Arthur ; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest :
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's
fall ?

Pan. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's
life,
But hold himself safe in his imprisonment.

Pan. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him.
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent:

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go;
If you say, Ay, the king will not say, No.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*England.—A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT, *with irons in his hand, and two Executioners*, L.H.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot: and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me:—
Be heedful:—hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you:—look
to't.— [*Exeunt Executioners*, L.H.U.B.]
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR, R.H.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince,) as may be.—(*Crosses to R.H.*)
You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I :
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness. By my christendom,*
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be as merry as the day is long ;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me :
 He is afraid of me, and I of him :
 Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son ?
 No, indeed, is't not : And I would to heaven,
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
 Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick ;
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you :
 I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
 Read here, young Arthur.— (*Gives him a warrant.*)
 How now, foolish rheum !—

I must be brief: lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
 Can you not read it ? Is it not fair writ ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

(*Takes the warrant from him.*)

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head did
 but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
 And I did never ask it you again :
 And with my hand at midnight held your head ;

* This word is used for baptism, or rather the baptismal name.

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time ;
 Saying, *What lack you?* and, *Where lies your grief?*
 Or, *What good love may I perform for you?*
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
 And call it, cunning : do, and if you will :
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes ?
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you ?

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. And if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd him ; no tongue, but Hu-
 bert's.

Hub. Come forth.—

(*Hubert stamps, and the Executioners enter,
 L.H.U.F. with irons and cords ; one with
 the iron and a pan.*)

Do as I bid you.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are
 out, (*Executioner lays hold of Arthur.*)
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough ?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !
 Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angrily :
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed. . . .
 [*Exeunt Executioners, L.H.U.F.*

Arth. Alas ! I then have chid away my friend :
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven !—that there were but a mote* in
yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense !
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ! Go to, hold your
tongue.

Arth. Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hu-
bert !

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes ; O, spare mine eyes ;
Though to no use, but still to look on you !
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with
grief ;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.

Hub. I will not touch thine eyes,
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.†

(Throws away the iron, and embraces Arthur.)

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more ;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead.—
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports :

* A mote is a small particle of straw or chaff.—† Owns.

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: go closely* in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*England.—The Palace.*

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

*King JOHN discovered upon his throne, ESSEX,
PEMBROKE, and SALISBURY, R.H. English Gen-
tlemen, L.H.*

John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness
pleas'd,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt:
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard† a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong:—
Meantime, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear, and grant you, your requests.

Sal. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
Request

* Secretly, privately.—† To guard, is to fringe.

The enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent.
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty.

John. Let it be so ; I do commit his youth
To your direction.— (*Rises to meet Hubert.*)

Enter HUBERT, L.H.

Hubert, what news with you ?

Pem. This is the man, should do the bloody deed.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience.

John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
[*Exit Hubert, L.H.*]

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead :
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Ess. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past
cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he
was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick :
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on
me ?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny ?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?
(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Sal. It is apparent foul play ; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it :—
So thrive it in your game ! and so, farewell.

[*Exeunt Esses, Pembroke, and Salisbury, L.H.*]

John. They burn in indignation ;—I repent ;

There is no sure foundation set on blood :—
 No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

[*Exeunt King John, and English Gentlemen, R.H.*

SCENE III.—*England. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King JOHN, R.H.—Meeting the English Herald, L.H.

John. A fearful eye thou hast ! Where is that blood,
 That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?—
 How goes all in France ?

E. Her. From France to England.—Never such a power,
 For any foreign preparation,
 Was levy'd in the body of a land !
 The copy of your speed is learn'd by them,
 For, when you should be told they do prepare,
 The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk ?
 Where hath it slept ? Where is my mother's care,
 That such an army could be drawn in France,
 And she not hear of it ?

E. Her. My liege, her ear
 Is stopp'd with dust ; the first of April, died
 Your noble mother : and, as I hear, my lord,
 The lady Constance in a phrenzy died
 Three days before.

John. What, mother ! dead ?
 How wildly then walks* my estate in France !
 Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
 That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here ?

E. Her. Under the dauphin.

* The verb to walk, is used with great license by old writers. It often means, to go ; to move.

John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings :—

(*Herald retires.*)

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, L.H.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news; for it is full.

Faul. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
(*Going, L.H.*)

Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

John. Bear with me, cousin; for I am amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Faul. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travel'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasy'd,
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.

John. O, my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Faul. The French, my lord; men's mouth are full
of it:

Besides, I met lord Essex and lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again.
Bring them before me.

Faul. I will seek them out.

John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot be-
fore.—

O, let me have no subjects enemies,

When adverse foreigners affright my towns
 With dreadful pomp of stout invasion !
 Be mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
 And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faul. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit, L.H.*

John. Go after him ; for he, perhaps, shall need
 Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ;
 And be thou he.—

[*Exit the English Herald, L.H.*

John. My mother dead !—

Enter HUBERT, L.H.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-
 night ;
 Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about
 The other four, in wondrous motion.

John. Five moons ?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
 Do prophesy upon it dangerously :
 Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :
 And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
 And whisper one another in the ear ;
 And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;
 Whilst he that hears, makes fearful action,
 With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
 I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news ;
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,
 That were embattled and rank'd in Kent :
 Another lean unwash'd artificer
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these
 fears ?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?
 Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had a mighty cause
 To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord ! why, did you not provoke me ?

John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life ;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
(*Crosses to L.H.*)

More upon humour, than advis'd respect.*

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation !—
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done ! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted,† and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind :
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed :
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
And bid me tell my tale in express words ;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name—

* Deliberate consideration, reflection.—† Observed, distinguished.

Out of my sight, and never see me more !

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,*
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
This hand of mine

Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,†
And you have slander'd nature in my form ;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
Young Arthur is alive.

John. Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the
peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience !
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.—
O, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient‡ haste.

[*Exeunt, King John, R.H. and Hubert, L.H.*]

* His own body.

† Nothing can be falser than what Hubert here says in his own vindication ; for we find from a preceding scene, the *motion of a murd'rous thought had entered into him*, and that very deeply ; and it was with difficulty that the tears, the intreaties, and the innocence of Arthur had diverted and suppressed it.

‡ Expeditious.

SCENE III.—*England.—The Gates of a Castle.*

Enter ARTHUR on the walls of the Castle, L.H.U.E.

Arth. The wall is high: and yet will I leap down:*

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—

I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.

If I get down, and do not break my limbs,

I'll find a thousand shifts to get away;

As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

(Leaps down.)

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—

Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

(Dies.)

Enter SALISBURY with letters, PEMBROKE, and ESSEX, R.H.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmund's-bury;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. Count Chatillon, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me,† of the dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Ess. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

* In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life is not ascertained. The French historians, say, that John coming in a boat during the night-time, to the Castle of Rouen, where the young Prince was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him while supplicating for mercy, the King fastened a stone to the dead body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the Prince attempting to escape out of a window of the tower of the castle, fell into the river and was drowned.

† Whose private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cause, is much more ample than the letters.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, L.H.

Faul. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd*
lords !

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us ;
We'll not attend the foot

That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks :
Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

Faul. Whate'er you think, good words, I think,
were best.

Ess. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason
now.

Faul. But there is little reason in your grief ;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Faul. 'Tis true ; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison :—what is he lies here ?

(Seeing Arthur.)

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely
beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Ess. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you be-
held,

Or have you read, or heard,—or could you think,—
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see ?—This is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Faul. It is a damned and a bloody work ;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

* Ruffled, out of humour.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
 We had a kind of light, what would ensue :
 It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;
 The practice, and the purpose, of the king :—
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
 And breathing to this breathless excellence
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow ;
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
 Till I have set a glory to this head,
 By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT, L.H.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :
 Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law ? *(Draws his sword.)*

Faul. Your sword is bright, sir : put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. *(Draws.)* Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand
 back, I say ;

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours :
 I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
 Nor tempt the danger of my true* defence :
 Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
 Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Sal. Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a noble-
 man ?

Hub. Not for my life : but yet I dare defend
 My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so ;†

* Honest.—† By compelling me to kill thee.

Yet, I am none :—whose tongue so'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

(Pembroke and Essex draw.)

Faul. Keep the peace, I say.

(Draws, and interposes.)

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Faul. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :—

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Sal. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge ?
Second a villain, and a murderer ?

Hub. Lord Salisbury, I am none.

Sal. Who kill'd this prince ?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

(Goes to the body.)

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum ;
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor

(Crosses to R.H.)

The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house ;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

[Exit, R.H.]

Essex. Away, toward Bury, to the dauphin there !

[Exit R.H.]

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[Exit, R.H.]

Faul. Here's a good world !—Knew you of this fair
work ?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Upon my soul,—

Faul. If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair,
 And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
 That ever spider twisted from her womb
 Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be
 A beam to hang thee on ; or would'st thou drown thy-
 self,

Put but a little water in a spoon,
 And it shall be as all the ocean,
 Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
 I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
 Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
 Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
 Let hell want pains enough to torture me !
 I left him well.

Faul. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
 I am amaz'd,* methinks ; and lose my way
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
 Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
 Meet in one line : and vast confusion waits,
 As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.†
 Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture‡ can
 Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
 And follow me with speed : I'll to the king :
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt, L.H. Hubert bearing Arthur in
 his arms.*]

* Confounded.

† Greatness obtained by violence.

‡ Girdle.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*England.—The Palace.*

(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets, L.H.)

King JOHN, PANDULPH, his Attendants, English Gentlemen, and Herald, discovered.—The Cardinal seated, having in his hand a cushion on which the Crown is placed ;—King John kneeling before him.

John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pan. Take it again,

(Gives King John the Crown.)

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness.

(He gives the Crown and Cushion to the King, who rising delivers them to the Herald, who places them on the table ;—the Cardinal leaves the chair.)

John. Now keep your holy word ; go meet the
French ;

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches.

Pan. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope ;
But, since you are a gentle convertite,*
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.

[Exit Pandulph, with his Attendants, R.H.]

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, L.H.

Faul. All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there holds
out,

* Convert.

But Dover Castle : London hath receiv'd,
 Like a kind host, the dauphin and his powers :
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy ;
 And wild amazement hurries up and down
 The little number of your doubtful friends.

John. Would not my lords return to me again,
 After they heard young Arthur was alive ?

Faul. They found him dead, and cast into the
 streets,

An empty casket, where the jewel of life
 By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Faul. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
 But wherefore do you droop ? Why look you sad ?
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought ;
 Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye ;
 Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
 Threaten the threat'ner, and out-face the brow
 Of bragging horror ; so shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,
 Grow great by your example, and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away ; and glister like the god of war,
 When he intendeth to become the field ;
 Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
 What, shall they seek the lion in his den ?
 And fright him there ? And make him tremble there ?
 O, let it not be said !—Forage, and run
 To meet displeasure further from the doors ;
 And grapple with him, e'er he come so nigh.

John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
 And I have made a happy peace with him ;
 And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
 Led by the dauphin.

Faul. O, inglorious league !
 Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
 Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
 Insinuation, parley, and base truce,

To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
 A cocker'd* silken wanton brave our fields,
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms;
 Sweep off these base invaders from the land;
 And above all, exterminate those slaves,
 Those British slaves, whose prostituted souls,
 Under French Banners, move in vile rebellion,
 Against their king, their country, and their God.

John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Faul. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*England.—The Dauphin's Camp at
 St. Edmund's-Bury.*

Enter LEWIS, CHATILLON, L.H. (*a parchment in his
 hand.*) PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, ESSEX, *French
 Herald, and Guards*, R.H.

Lew. Let this be copied out, Chatillon,
 And keep it safe for our remembrance:
 Return the precedent to these lords again;
 That, having our fair order written down,
 Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.

Lew. Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
 And on our actions set the name of right,
 With holy breath.

Enter Cardinal PANDULPH, attended, L.H.

Pan. Hail, noble prince of France!
 The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd

Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,
 That so stood out against the holy church,
 The great metropolis and see of Rome.
 Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;
 That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
 And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back ;
 I am too high-born to be property'd ;*

Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;
 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart :
 And come you now to tell me, John hath made
 His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to me ?
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome ?
 Am I Rome's slave ?

No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

(Trumpet sounds.)

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us ?

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, and English Gentlemen, L.H.

Faul. According to the fair-play of the world,
 Let me have audience ; I am sent to speak :—
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him ;
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pat. The dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
 And will not temporize with my entreaties ;

He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faul. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well.—Now hear our English king;—
For thus his royalty doth speak in me ;—
He is prepar'd, and reason too, he should,
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?
No: know, the gallant monarch is in arms ;
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame !

Lew. We grant, thou canst out-scold us : fare thee
well ;

We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pan. Give me leave to speak.

Faul. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither :—
Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Faul. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry
out :

And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate as loud as thine ;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's* ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder :—for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums to find this danger out.

Faul. And thou shalt find it, dauphin, do not doubt. (*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

[*Exeunt, Faulconbridge, Pandulph, and attendants, L.H.—Lewis, Chatillon, Lords, &c. R.H.*

SCENE III.—*England.—A Field of Battle.*

(*Drums, Trumpets, Shouts, &c.*)

Enter HUBERT, King JOHN, English Gentlemen, and Guards, R.H.

John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long, Lies heavy on me.—O, my heart is sick!

Enter English HERALD, R.H.

E. Her. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me, which way you go.

John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

E. Her. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the dauphin here,
Are wreck'd* three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now;
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

[*Exit English Herald, R.H.*

John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weal^{less} possesseth me, and I am faint.

(*Drums, Trumpets, &c. R.H.*)

[*Exeunt, L.H.*

* Are wreck'd.—Supply is here, and in a subsequent passage in Scene V. used as a noun of multitude.

SCENE IV.—*England.—The French Camp*

(Alarums.)

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, and ESSEX, R.H.

Ess. I did not think the king so stored with friends.

Pem. Up once again ; put spirit in the French ;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That mis-begotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter CHATILLON wounded, and led by two French Gentlemen, L.H.

Cha. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is Chatillon.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Cha. Fly, noble English ; you are bought and sold ; *

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet ;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He† means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads.

Sal. May this be possible ? May this be true ?

Cha. Have I not hideous death within my view ;
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours

* A proverb intimating treachery.—† Lewis.

Behold another day break in the east :
 But even this night,
 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire.—
 Commend me to one Hubert, with your king :
 The love of him,—and this respect besides,
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field :
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul,
 But I do love the favour and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight ;
 And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience,
 Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence ;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right * in thine eye.—Away, my friends !

(Drums Trumpets, &c.)

[Exeunt, leading off Chatillon, L.H.]

SCENE V.—*England.—A different Part of the
 French Camp.*

(A Retreat sounded.)

Enter LEWIS, French Gentlemen, and Guards, R.H.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to
 set ;
 But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
 When the English measur'd backward their own ground,
 In faint retire : O, bravely came we off,

* Right signifies immediate. It is now obsolete.

When with a volley of our needles shot,
 After such bloody toil, we bade good night:
 And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

Enter French HERALD, R.H.

F. Her. Where is my prince, the dauphin?

Lew. Here.—What news?

F. Her. Chatillon is slain: the English lords,
 By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
 And your supply which you have wish'd so long,
 Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,
 As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
 King John did fly, an hour or two before
 The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

F. Her. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter,* and good care to-night:

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
 To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

(Drums, Trumpets, &c.)

[Exeunt, L.H.]

SCENE VI.—*England.—The Entrance to Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, L.H. meeting HUBERT, R.H.

Hub. Who's there? Speak, ho! speak quickly.

Faul. A friend.—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Faul. Hubert, I think.—What news abroad?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night.
 Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

* In our posts or stations.

Faul. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk :
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil.

Faul. How did he take it ; who did taste to him ?

Hub. A monk, I tell you ; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out : the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Faul. Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty ?

Hub. Why, know you not ? The lords are all come
back,

And brought prince Henry in their company :
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Faul. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power !—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power* this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them ;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.—
Away, before ! conduct me to the king ;
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE VII.—*England.—The Orchard of Swin-
stead Abbey.*

*Enter English Guards, with torches, Prince HENRY,
and ESSEX, L.H. S.E.*

P. Hen. It is too late : the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure brain
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Enter SALISBURY, and English Gentlemen, with a
couch, L.H.*

Sal. His highness yet doth speak : and holds belief,
* Forces.

That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him:

P. Hen. Doth he still rage?

Sal. He is more patient
Than when you left him: even now he sung.

*Enter King JOHN, attended by PEMBROKE, and
English Gentlemen, L.H. S.E.*

John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, not at doors.—
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn out with a pen
Upon a parchment: and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. (L.H.) How fares your majesty?

John. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tear
That might relieve you!

John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell: and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE and HUBERT, R.H.

*(Faulconbridge runs to the front of the couch and
kneels.—Hubert goes behind the couch.)*

Faul. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye :
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd ;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module* of confounded royalty.

Faul. The dauphin is preparing hitherward ;
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him :
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

(The King dies, Prince Henry falls on his body.)

Pem. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—

My liege ! my lord !—But now a king,—now thus !

Faul. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge ;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

Ess. At Worcester must his body be interr'd ;
For so he will'd it.

Faul. Thither shall it then.

And happily may you, sweet prince put on

(P. Henry rises, and Hubert quitting the couch comes down between Faulconbridge and Essex.)

The lineal state and glory of the land !

To whom with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services

And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore. *(All kneel.)*

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you
Thanks,

knows not how to do it, but with tears.

(Prince Henry throws himself on his knees by his father's body.)

KING JOHN

Faul. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
 Since it hath been beforehand with your griefs.—
 This England never did, nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.
 Now these her princes are come home again,
 To see the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them : nought shall make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.

